The Saturday Evening
POST
November 30, 1957 – 15¢

NOV 2 6 '57

HAL MARCH'S OWN STORY:
The $64,000 and I

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Norman Rockwell

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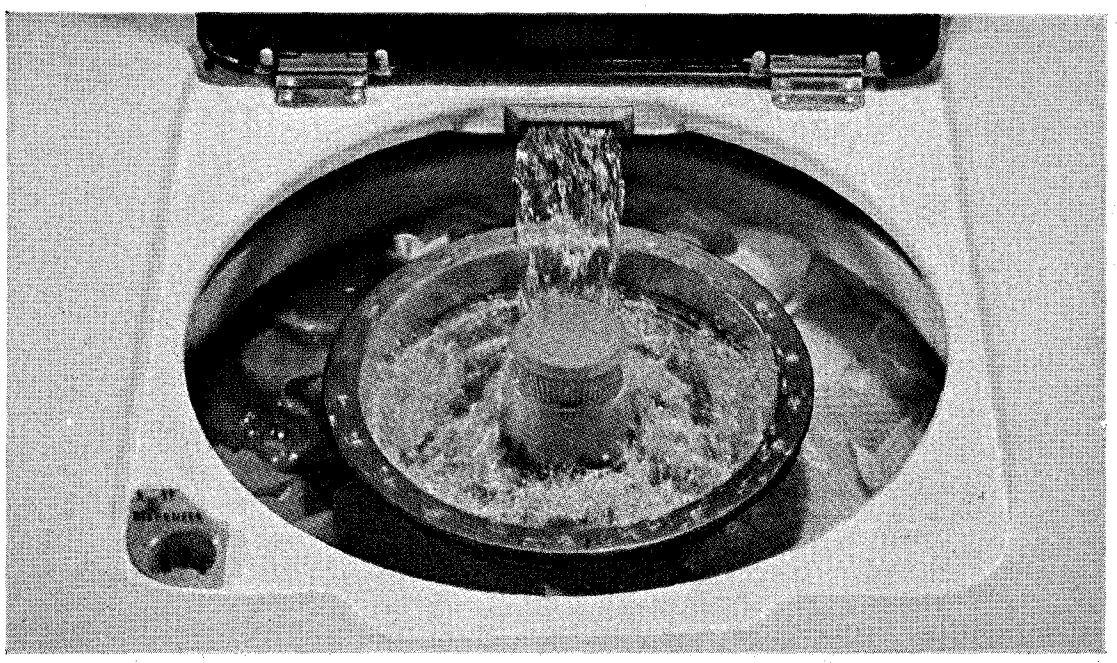
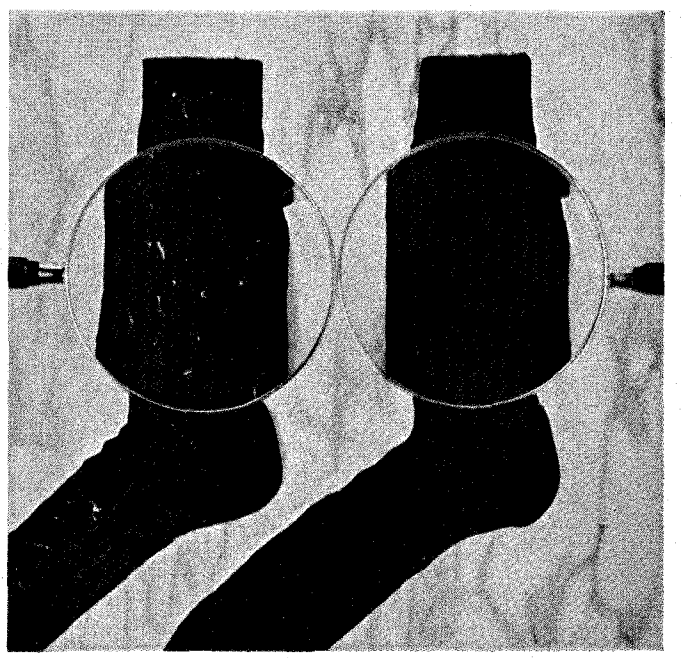


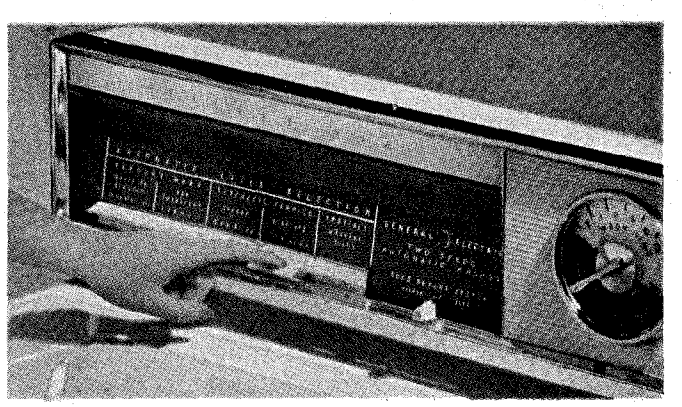
Lint can't get through this filter to dull your clothes. As the Filter-Flo Washer circulates and filters the water, lint, sand, and soap scum are removed automatically. Clothes wash brightly clean! This filter won't clog . . . lets cleansed, sudsy water flow through continuously. Handily in view, it's *easy to remove . . . easy to clean.* And the General Electric filter is also an ideal detergent dispenser. It dissolves detergent *evenly* throughout your wash—no lumps touch clothes.



Proof—no lint! No dulling dark colors! After 7 washings in an ordinary washer, the sock at left was flecked with unsightly lint. After 7 washings in a General Electric Filter-Flo Washer, the sock at right washed in an identical washload showed *practically no lint.*

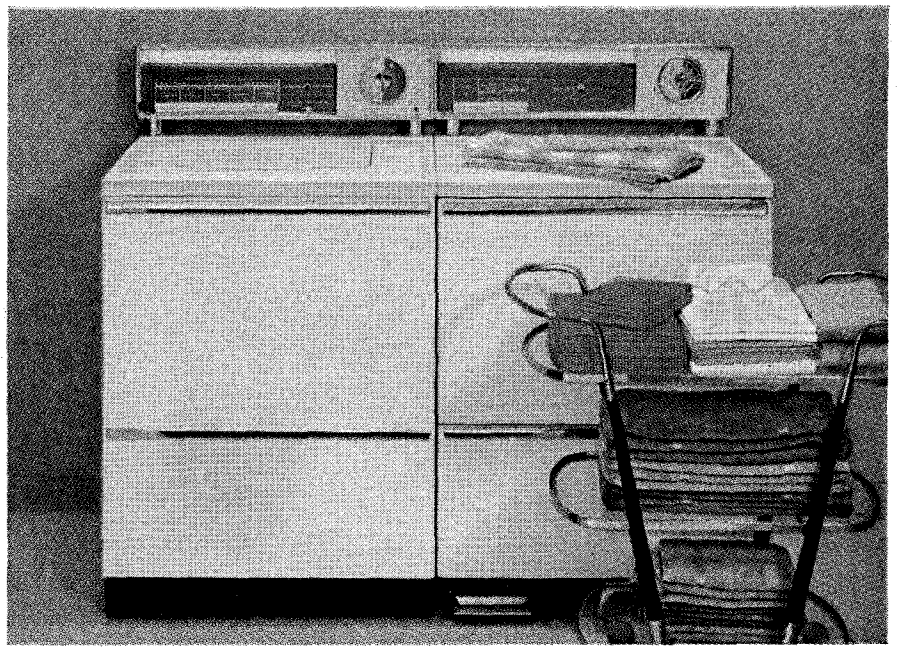
How General Electric Filter-Flo® Washer gives you exactly right clothes care—no lint fuzz

Here's the washing system that cleans and recleans the water as it washes . . . now combined with simple Wash-to-Order Fabric Keys—and Rinse Conditioning, too, for soft, fluffy, sure-white washes



No more guessing—with simple new Wash-to-Order Fabric Keys! Just touch the key to fit your type of wash—regular, synthetic or special—it automatically selects the exactly right wash and rinse temperatures, wash and spin speeds for best care of your fabrics. Five key settings.

Such perfect results for *all* your family's clothes. Nylon shirts, synthetic fabrics come out *without set-in wrinkles*—save ironing. Finest lingerie needn't be hand-washed. And the new Rinse Conditioner gives clothes static-free softness. Just pour a fabric or water softener into the automatic dispenser beforehand. *General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.*



Straight-line styling—Filter-Flo Washer Model WA-950R, about $3.40* a week. Suds Return System extra. Mix-or-Match colors or white. 5-year written warranty on transmission parts. Dryer Model DA-920R, about $2.80* a week.

*After small down payment. See your General Electric dealer for his prices and terms. Most models available in Canada.

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2. Bufferin's tremendous speed of action brings wonderful relief from aches and pain in minutes.
3. Because Bufferin combines aspirin with an exclusive combination of special antacid ingredients, it cannot upset your stomach as aspirin often does.
4. Because it's so gentle in action, you can take Bufferin as directed, with complete safety—from the beginning to the end of your illness.

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Wind . . . rain . . . penetrating cold, they all combine to make a cold even more unbearable.

That's when you'll be grateful for BUFFERIN! It starts bringing relief from headaches and other painful cold miseries in minutes, actually acts *twice as fast* as aspirin!

And you can take Bufferin right from the beginning to the end of a cold! For it's so safe and gentle that you can use it continually—when taken as directed—without fear of upset stomach.

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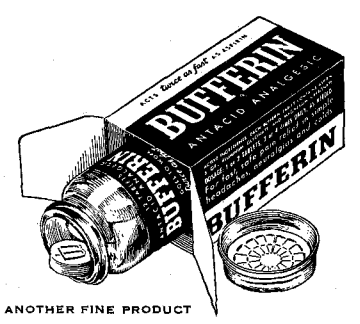

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THE COVER

The homing train wheels efficiently go clickety-click, but Mr. Hall's brains aren't clicking very well. An expense account has reared its dreadful head. Ernest's problem is to state so logically where the money went that Mr. Approved won't take the position he has been spending it like an inebriated sailor. Question: if there were no such word as "entertainment," would business travelers disappear from the earth? Ernest Hall is a friend of Norman Rockwell's in Stockbridge, Mass.; because he owns a taxi company, he can make out his expense accounts to himself. The Santa Fe railway (though it doesn't clickety-click in the East) graciously sent Rockwell that car chair, and later the loan was sent back. We guess the chair will never forget that vacation.

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The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly . . . Column No. 229 — The greatest star of the screen!

Take note of the foreword of M-G-M's happily anticipated comedy "Don't Go Near The Water":

★ ★ ★ ★

"*This is a story of some of those fearless and wonderful guys of the Navy Public Relations 'Corps'. They push a perilous pencil, pound a dangerous typewriter and fire a deadly paper clip. But they* DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER!"

★ ★ ★ ★

We got a hint of what's ahead from Hollywood reports.

★ ★ ★ ★

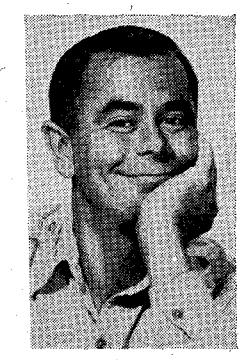
Louella Parsons: "The preview audience never stopped laughing. Don't miss it!"

★ ★ ★ ★

Hedda Hopper: "You'll howl your head off."

★ ★ ★ ★

Groucho Marx: "One of the funniest pictures I've ever seen!"



Of course, there was the rollicking best-seller by William Brinkley to start off with, and the perfect casting: Glenn Ford, Gia Scala, Earl Holliman (of "Rainmaker" fame), Anne Francis, Keenan Wynn, Fred Clark, Eva Gabor, Russ Tamblyn, with the screen's newest funny man, Mickey Shaughnessy.

★ ★ ★ ★

Glenn Ford plays Ensign Siegel, and the embattled captain of "Teahouse of the August Moon" is even better —and more embattled now.

★ ★ ★ ★

Not only does Ford get entangled in typewriter ribbon and red tape, but also in the love-life of a lowly seaman and an officer nurse for whom he plays Cupid against all regulations.

★ ★ ★ ★

His own intermittent pursuit of the native beauty Melora brings additional romance to the infinitely romantic setting of the island.

★ ★ ★ ★

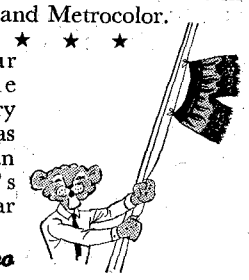
Highlights to watch for: the bold maneuvering of the beautiful, blonde magazine correspondent who crashes a cruiser, from the mast of which are flown her dainty black lace panties; and the inept building of a clubhouse by the officers whose only scars of battle are acquired here.

★ ★ ★ ★

We salute producer Lawrence Weingarten, director Charles Walters, scenarists Dorothy Kingsley and George Wells for this Avon Production in CinemaScope and Metrocolor.

★ ★ ★ ★

So hang your cares on the nearest hickory limb and get as close as you can to M-G-M's "Don't Go Near The Water."



—*Leo*

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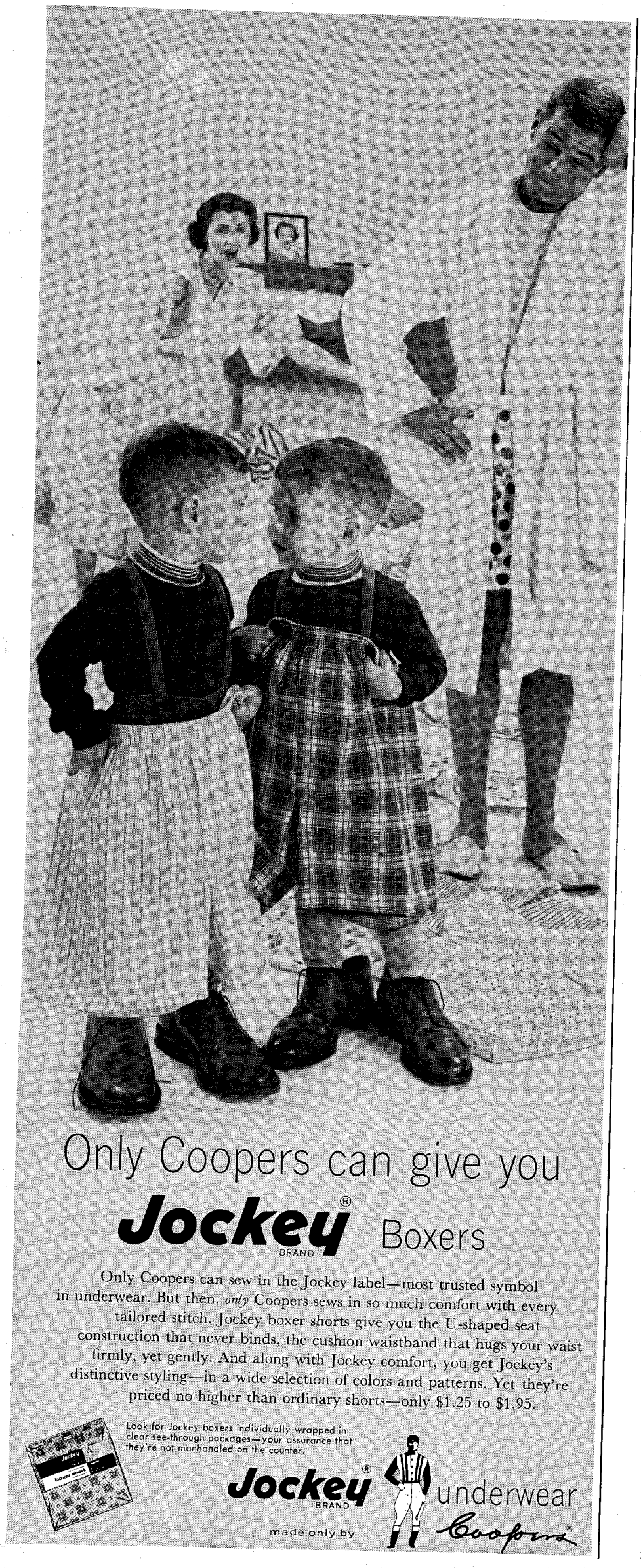
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Letters

Should Troops be Used to Enforce Integration?

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial in the October 26th issue on the subject of integration and military action [INTEGRATION WON'T BE HASTENED BY MILITARY ACTION] was the best-balanced, most sensible comment I have seen on the subject.

R. H. SMITH
Roanoke, Va.

Dear Sirs:

I don't believe many were "chilled" by the Federal invasion of Arkansas. Most of us feel that the President's only mistake was waiting too long. I feel mighty proud that we have a strong government that can and *will* enforce law and order when states cannot or will not do so.

C. WAYNE CLOSE
Glendale, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

You say: "Although the great mass of Southerners do not believe in 'integration,' it is only a few of the hotheads who join mobs." If you would do a little more research, you would find that "the great mass of Southerners" are silently on the sidelines cheering for the hecklers at schools trying to be integrated.

FRANK L. HAILE
Knoxville, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

Just like the kid who needed to know that Pop meant business, the white supremacist needs to know that anarchy gets prompt treatment at the seat of the trouble.

MRS. JULIET W. DONNER
Elmira, N.Y.

Haunting Story

Dear Sirs:

When I finished reading THE PRISONER by Max Gunther (Oct. 19) my first thought was "how utterly fantastic." But the story would not leave me, and the more I thought about it, the more convinced I became that it was entirely within the realm of possibility. . . .

How can we be so sure that the other planets are not inhabited, if not by man, then by other beings—and these beings may be centuries ahead of us in scientific knowledge. Perhaps they look down upon us with amusement—and with great pity, I am sure, if they are benign.

MRS. ADAH H. WICK
Waterloo, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

Compliments to you for being on your toes, wide awake, intuitive, no stuffed shirts.

Perchance, our grandchildren will be functioning in more dimensions than three; one suspects that some members of the human anthill do so here and now, indeed.

E. M. SMOLA
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I read and reread the story by Max Gunther . . . to grasp the story behind the story, either direct or implied . . . and must say I was profoundly moved by the deep-seated interpretation of it.

If it is understood by the average reader as to its real meaning and upon due reflection, it may well be regarded as a revelation to mankind.

HOMER F. DE GROOT
Kingsport, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

In the Oct. 19th issue I am fascinated by the grim and exciting yarn called THE PRISONER. . . .

The SEP is so timely your author should have provided a little soft moonlight with beeps.

FAITH BALDWIN
Norwalk, Conn.

They Call it Golf

Dear Sirs:

Have just finished Mr. James A. Skardon's article [GOLF WITH NO HOLDS BARRED, Oct. 19] which is a swell one. I would like him to know that 25 years ago things on public links were just about as bad. I was playing with a friend on a public course in Newark and a foursome had their hot breaths on our backs.

I was hit twice—not seriously, however. I solved the problem when two balls reached the green while we were putting by throwing them both in a nearby swamp. That did it!

MRS. KATHERINE W. MORGAN
Scotch Plains, N.J.

Engineers Aplenty

Dear Sirs:

This is in reply to your question addressed to engineers in the October 19th issue Letters section. ["What do other engineers say? Are there enough of you?"]

I am an engineer, six years out of college, and believe there is no shortage of people with an engineering degree. However, there definitely is a shortage of people with an engineering degree that are capable of thinking with an engineering mind, rationally and independently.

ROBERT C. TERWILLIGER
Syracuse, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Any industry, whether large or small, can hire any number of engineers that they want. The method is simple: offer the engineer a good salary, more than a manual worker like a plumber, an electrician, a carpenter, a crane operator or mill operator. Offer him WORK, a lot of work, one big job or many small ones, but lots of work. Offer him responsibility, respect for his opinion and authority to do a job. Then, and only then, reward him for his actions by either giving him more jobs or bluntly telling him he did a lousy job, what he did wrong and what is expected of him in the future. . . .

(Continued on Page 6)

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Make It A Keystone Christmas . . . See your dealer's wide selection of Keystone 8mm and 16mm movie cameras; movie and slide projectors. Easy budget terms. For free booklet, write Dept. 7-9, Keystone Camera Co., Inc., Boston 24, Mass. Prices slightly higher in Canada. © 1957.
Keystone
Registered in your name with a lifetime guarantee . . . backed by 35 years of precision engineering in the photographic field.

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

The persons who cry the loudest about the shortage of engineers, the aircraft-engineer supervisors, are the very ones who hire many engineers to sit on stools and draw absurdly simple tracings. These same supervisors say they wish they could find men to perform stress calculations, cost analysis, and lay out manufacturing processes while the very men who can do this are sitting on idiot stools, practicing their pencil sharpening.

FRANK R. BOYD
Santa Monica, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

In the face of our rapidly expanding technological civilization, there cannot be a real surplus in our profession. Neither is it likely that, for the moment, there is any true shortage. But with the decreasing college enrollment in many branches of engineering, we will be faced with an appalling and possibly fatal shortage in the not too distant future. This is cause for real concern.

C. E. LAITSCH
Manager of Engineering
Grand Rapids Brass Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

There is a shortage of engineers of high ability. This is true of every profession and trade, and always will be. There is no shortage in the mediocre category. The best engineers are not made by sending just any good student to an engineering school; they have to be born with something and then trained. You cannot get more of them by pouring more money into the schools and "turning the crank" faster. . . .

The heated bidding for engineers that has gone on for the past two or three years is the result of the incredible childishness of the Defense Dept. procurement practices, particularly with regard to aircraft and missiles. The pattern is so invariant that it must have been established by directive.

There is a real shortage of administrative ability in the Defense Dept., which really demands attention. Congress could wipe out the talk of an engineering shortage with an iron-clad law against cost-plus contracts.

NAME WITHHELD
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

They Read for Fun

Dear Sirs:

So JOHNNY CAN READ IN JOPLIN [by Roul Tunley, Oct. 26]. Well, that's just dandy, but I have some news for you!

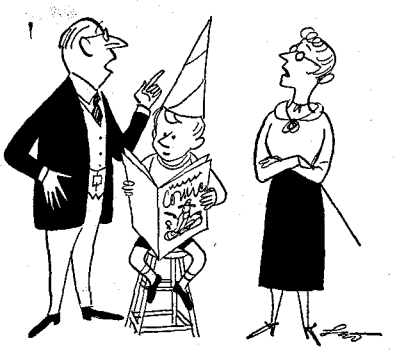
Barton (my son) can read in Miami, and I'll be glad to give you any odds that he can read better than any third-grader in Joplin! . . .

Let's stop telling Johnny he can't read. Why should he try when we tell him he can't?

MRS. FRANCES GRAVATT
Miami, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

I can only assume that copy is low . . . at your publishing establishment when you resurrect that perennial journalistic whipping-boy, "Why Johnny Can't Read!" It appears to me that the subject



is somewhat like the subject of the weather, everyone talks about it but no one does anything about it.

MERLE R. CRANER
Benge, Wash.

Hornblower Sails Again

Dear Sirs:

Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! Hornblower sails the seas again! [HORNBLOWER AND THE STAR OF THE SOUTH, by C. S. Forester, Oct. 19–26.]

I haven't missed a C. S. Forester story since I discovered him and think that the Hornblower tales rank with the "Blue Chip Haggerty" stories as the all-time best in fiction of our era.

F. C. HERVEY
Appleton, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

Obviously author C. S. Forester has written at least one too many Hornblower stories. When the hero of a story must borrow ideas from his subordinates for his own ego boosting, he ceases being a hero and becomes an object of pity.

JAY PINCKNEY HESTER
Phoenix, Ariz.

Wrong Church

Dear Sirs:

In BATTLER FROM THE BACKWOODS [by W. C. Heinz, Oct. 5] Roy Harris is described as "a Sunday-school teacher in the Seventh-Day Adventist Church." Because Sunday-school-teaching boxers are unknown in a church which observes Saturday as its day of worship and does not commend the pugilistic art, we have inquired into Roy's church affiliation.

It seems he is a member of the Church of God (Seventh-Day), which has no connection with the Seventh-Day Adventist Church.

HERBERT FORD
General Conference of
Seventh-Day Adventists
Washington, D.C.

● *Our error.—ED.*

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Reading across pages, then down:

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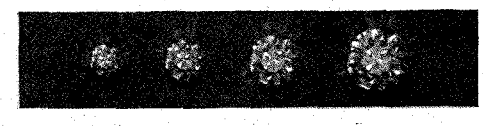

¼ carat $90 to $205 ½ carat $200 to $475
1 carat $550 to $1200 2 carats $1400 to $3180

Average prices for top-grade engagement diamonds (unmounted) offered by representative jewelers in October, 1957. Add tax.

DIAMOND IS FOREVER

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"Mile after mile you'll like

Elegance and originality make the 1958 Edsel a car you will own with endless pride

Edsel styling and Edsel coachwork are only the first things you will note with pleasure when you walk up to this newest of all cars.

When you slide behind the wheel of a 1958 Edsel, you'll find you are in for a new experience.

Handsome and carefully matched fabrics cover the Edsel's new and unusually comfortable contour seats.

And when you turn the ignition switch you'll find that the Edsel was made to be driven with a totally new kind of ease, tirelessly, mile after mile.

Close at hand, you'll find the shift buttons. For, with Edsel Teletouch Drive, the buttons are where they belong: on the steering-wheel hub. In this car, you shift at a touch, while both hands stay at the wheel.

Under the long, straight hood that stretches out ahead of you is one of the big, new Edsel engines—the newest V-8 engines in the world. You have

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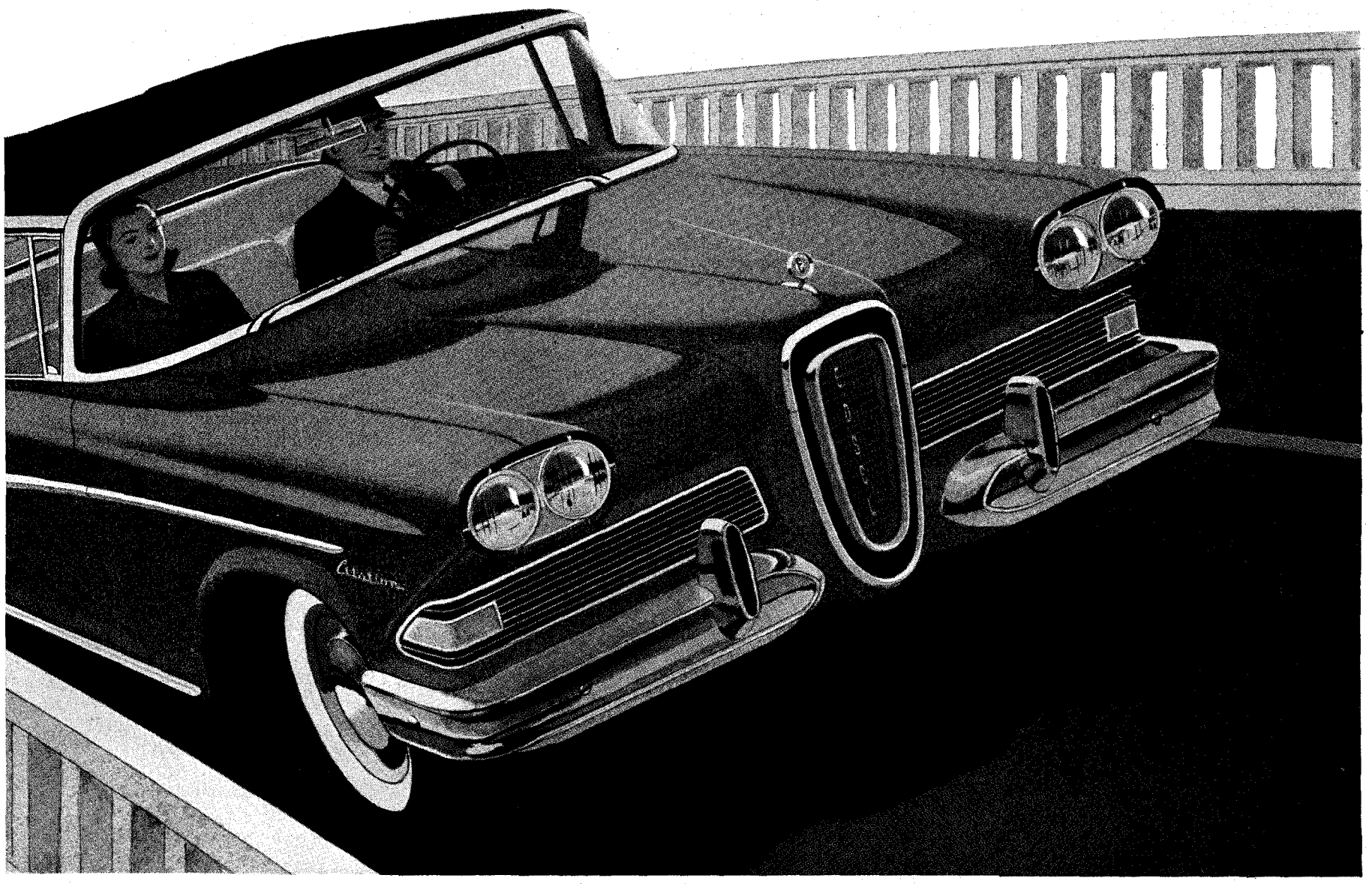
your EDSEL more"



Edsel Citation 2-door Hardtop

never before handled a car with this kind of usable power.

No matter how heavy the load or how rough the road, your car rides true as an arrow—*cradled on self-adjusting cushions of air*. For with new Edsel Air Level Ride you can now enjoy the added comfort and luxury of the ultimate in suspension systems—air suspension—available on all Edsel models.

Anyone can tell at a glance that the Edsel looks like no other car—in its magnificent lines, its classic vertical grille, its low, wide flight deck. To get in and drive is an equally different experience—and one you owe yourself.

Your Edsel Dealer invites you for a drive. Why not accept his cordial invitation this week? (Edsel prices range from just above the lowest to just below the highest. You can afford an Edsel. And you can choose from four series, 18 models.)

EDSEL DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY

EDSEL

New member of the Ford family of fine cars

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Editorials

West Can't Accept Red Control of the Middle East

It was probably no surprise to Secretary of State John Foster Dulles that his reaction to Moscow's fake threat to Turkey set off a new "liberal" barrage. One radio reporter told his audience that Mr. Dulles' statement that the U.S.S.R. could not expect its territory to be a "privileged sanctuary" if the Red Army attacked Turkey was greeted with shocked astonishment. And, of course, some of the column writers dug up the old theory that Mr. Dulles was a sort of daredevil sword rattler who was always embarrassing Americans in front of their astonished Allies, and prided himself on his "brinkmanship"—the art of coming to the brink of war without actually dropping over the side.

This must be old stuff to Mr. Dulles, who has been denounced and urged to resign as a bumbling old warmonger every time he has taken a solid position for the U.S.A. against the Red conspiracy. Senator Humphrey of Minnesota, Wayne Morse and Adlai Stevenson have got into the act—as have the more progressive columnists. So, of course, has The Daily Worker. The late James Forrestal could have told Mr. Dulles how these things happen.

Actually Mr. Dulles' declaration was made quite deliberately and reportedly after consultation with the Joint Chiefs of Staff, leaders of both parties in Congress and the British Foreign Office. It appears to be agreed that, despite the spate of Sputniks, the Kremlin is in no shape right now to push bellicosity to the point of hostilities. Experience shows that it is safer to let the Communists know in advance what our reaction to an attack in the Middle East would be, instead of suggesting by evasions and diplomatic indirect discourse that we might be counted on to stand aside in such a crisis.

The immediate result of Mr. Dulles' brinkmanship was a noticeable cooling of tensions in the Middle East. The Soviet propaganda barrage continued, as has to be expected, but in a less strident key. The general feeling is that, for the moment at least, it can be assumed that the Kremlin will review the bidding before precipitating a military adventure.

This could be all wrong because, as Mr. Dulles pointed out in a later statement, anything can happen when you are dealing with dictators. Nevertheless, the Dulles statement, coupled with Chancellor Adenauer's breaking of diplomatic relations with Tito's Yugoslavia, indicates an important revitalization of Western diplomatic policy in relation to the Communist bloc. The Adenauer action, which was taken only after consultation with the diplomatic representatives of the Western powers, followed Tito's recognition of the Communist regime in East Germany. Khrushchev can hardly fail to understand from all this that the non-Communist West, bowed down by "imperialism," corruption and "hooliganism" though it may be, is in no mood to hand itself over without a struggle.

Some critics assume, as does Walter Lippmann, that our policy in the Middle East is "based on the extraordinary notion that Russia, the greatest power bordering on the Middle East, can, like Czarist Russia in the days of the supremacy of Britain, be excluded" from the Middle East. Of course, our policy is based on no such notion. It is based on the not exactly fantastic belief that the objective of Soviet policy is, by means of "inside job" conquests of Syria and possibly other Middle Eastern countries, to exclude the West from access to the oil in that area. Thus Western Europe would be deprived of an essential power resource. Lenin gave the formula for this procedure years ago. Khrushchev is simply moving according to plan.

Mr. Dulles' brinkmanship, plus a convincing show of Western unity, may conceivably have thrown at least a little monkey wrench into the Soviet machinery by indicating that aggression in the Middle East cannot be undertaken without risk of Western resistance. This warning, along with certain domestic difficulties in the Soviet Empire, may just possibly persuade the rulers in the Kremlin that, while there is no disposition to deny to Russia a share of the Middle East's resources, the West will certainly oppose the Communist plan to use that area as a steppingstone to world conquest.

The American position on this critical matter will be clearer to all if our own politicians and commentators can refrain from kicking Mr. Dulles around for talking the only kind of language that Khrushchev *et al.* understand.

Where Do Our Young People Get Such Crazy Ideas About What Scientists Do?

The American Association for the Advancement of Science recently made a careful study in 145 typical high schools, public and private. It asked the students to write their opinions of scientists as people. The whole matter is explained in a brilliantly interesting article by Dr. Margaret Mead and Dr. Rhoda Metraux in the association's magazine, Science.

The authors show both the favorable and the unfavorable side of the "image of the scientist" in the minds of high-school students—and of Americans generally. Let's take the unfavorable side first. Here it is, in the exact words of the boys and girls. Each of the following phrases was used by many of them in their efforts to picture a scientist:

"The scientist is a brain. . . . His work is uninteresting, dull . . . and, though he works for years, he may see no results or may fail. . . .

"He may live in a cold-water flat. . . . If he works by himself, he is alone and has heavy expenses. If he works for a big company, he . . . is just a cog in a machine. If he works for the Government, he has to keep dangerous secrets. . . .

"He neglects his family—pays no attention to his wife, never plays with his children. He has no social life, no other intellectual interest, no hobbies or relaxations. He bores his wife, his children and their friends . . . with incessant talk that no one can understand. . . . He is never home. He is always reading a book. He brings home work and also bugs and creepy things. . . ."

But the same boys and girls also reveal the favorable side of their image of the scientist: "He is a very intelligent man—a genius (or almost a genius). . . . He is careful, patient, devoted, courageous, open-minded.

"He works for long hours in the laboratory, sometimes day and night, going without food and sleep. He is prepared to work for years without getting results and face the possibility of failure without discouragement; he will try again.

"He is a dedicated man who works not for money or fame or self-glory, but . . . for the benefit of mankind and the welfare of his country. . . . The scientist is a truly wonderful man."

Well, then, if he is a wonderful man, do you want to be a scientist or to marry one? The answer from the boys and girls is "Absolutely no! Not me. Never!"

Too many young Americans today do not want very hard, responsible work, with little prospect of a comfortable income. "The present trend," say Doctors Mead and Metraux, "is toward earlier marriage, early parenthood, early enjoyment of an adult form of life." The husband's career and the wife's job, if any, are "subordinated to the main values of life—good human relations," which chiefly means a pleasant family and a congenial group of friends. And nowadays, in the era of steady dating, a girl strongly influences her future husband's choice of a career.

Boys and girls, and Americans in general, don't understand that most scientists aren't lone wolves or cogs in a machine. They usually work in a team. And their work, far from being dull, is keenly interesting. Observers have long noted that scientists are commonly happier than businessmen, lawyers, politicians, teachers, writers or artists.

One reason for the shortage of scientists is the misunderstanding of what a scientist is really like and what he does. High schools and scientists should do something to change all that, and fast.

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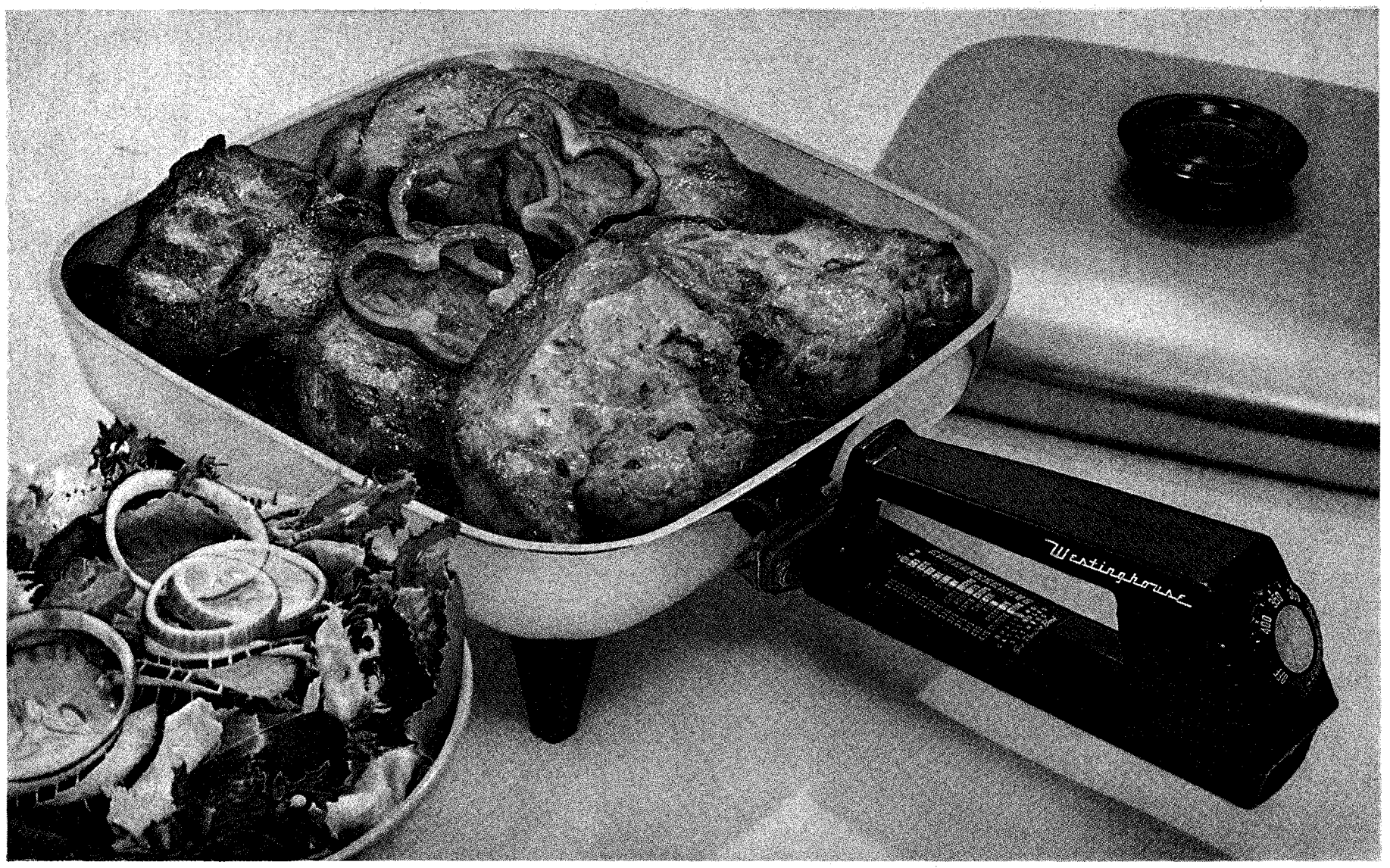
Only Westinghouse Automatic Fry Pan with Spread-Even Heat makes pork chops this good!

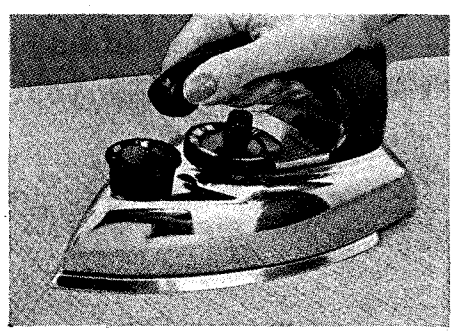


$22.95

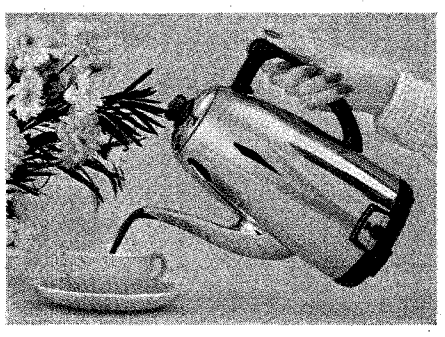
Here's the surefire way to cook pork without drying it out. The exclusive Westinghouse square-shaped heating element matches the pan's square shape—eliminates hot spots, cold spots, gives even heat and even browning. Accurate new thermometer-type control measures heat from edge to edge . . . not just at one spot like other fry pans do. Use the Westinghouse Fry Pan for pizza and popcorn—chuck roasts and cakes. Its Controlled Heat cooks everything better! Metal or glass covers, slightly extra.

Ask for Westinghouse—the square pan with the square element!

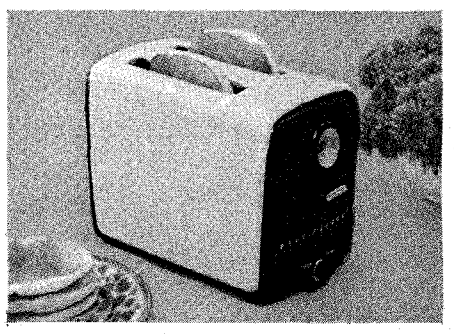
Westinghouse . . . the gift with something extra!



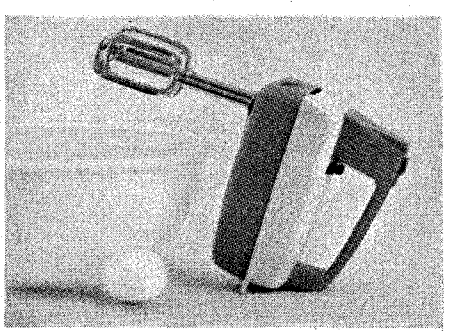
Cuts ironing time! 15 specially placed vents give more moist, penetrating steam over a wider area. Special open handle ends wrist strain. Uses plain water from tap. *Steam-N-Dry Iron:* Coppertone finish, $18.95; Deluxe Chrome, **$16.95**



Makes coffee the fastest way! New "Full Flavor Fountain" sprays water right on the coffee to extract *all* the flavor from *all* the coffee. Coffee stays at serving temperature. Brews 2 to 10 cups. *Coffee Maker,* **$29.95**



Color-clad in porcelain! The first toaster in color, and the easiest to clean. Smudges wipe off in a wink. Extra lift up raises small slices of toast an extra inch. Hinged crumb tray. Also Chrome Toaster, $19.95. *Confection Color Toaster,* **$21.95**



Mixes with more power! . . . even thick refrigerator cookie dough. Thumbtip Stop-N-Go Switch. Ejector pops beaters into sink for cleaning. Sits on heel or hangs on wall. White, Aqua, Pink, Yellow. *Portable Mixer,* **$19.95**

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S Westinghouse

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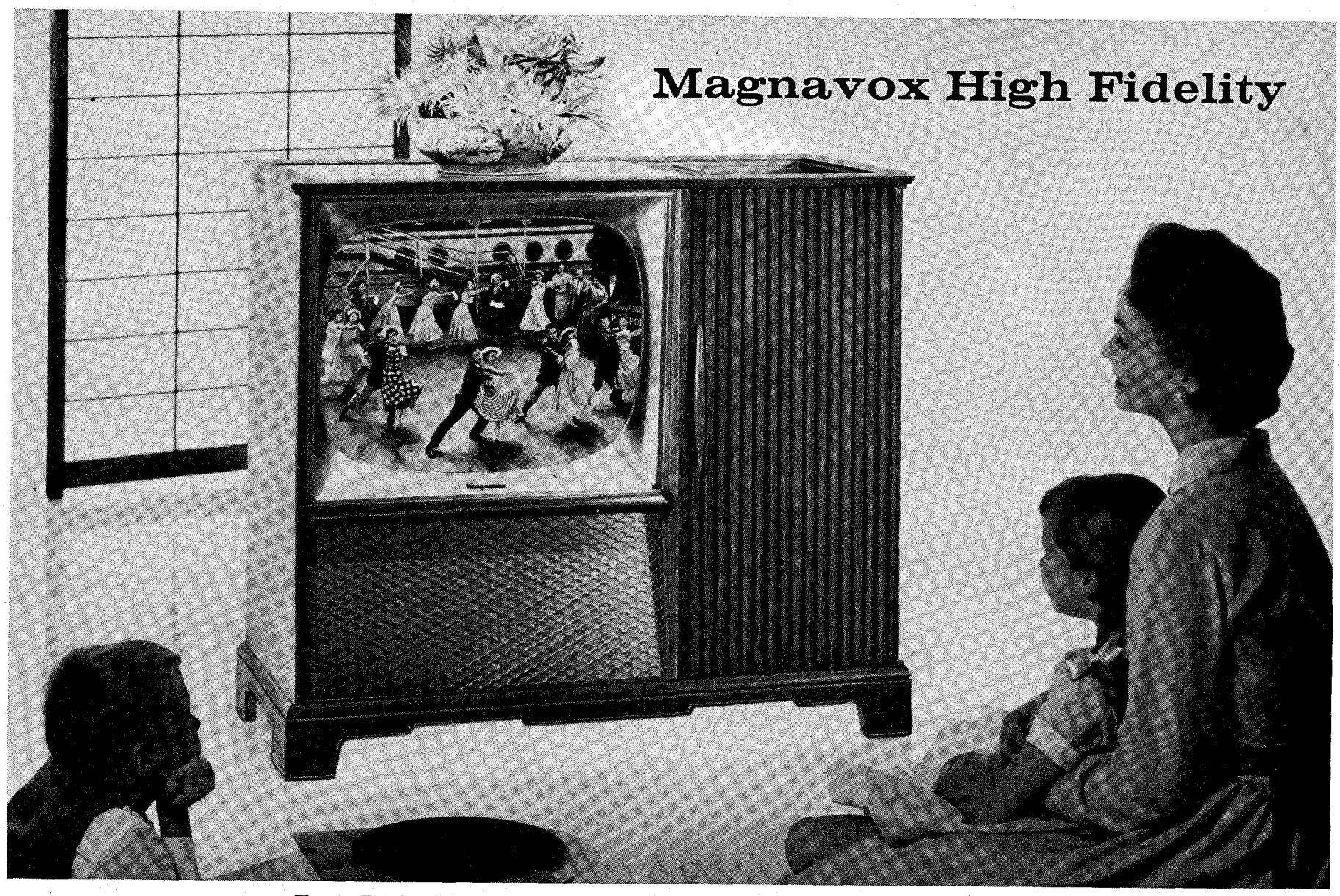


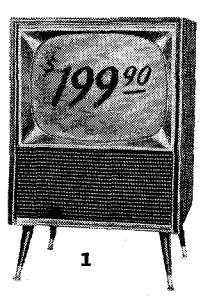
The new High Fidelity Theatre, *20-watt, 4-speaker HiFi system re-creates the world's great music on records or AM-FM, adds "living sound" to big "chromatic" TV picture. Decorative glass top conceals Diamond pickup record changer. Beautiful cabinet in a variety of woods. In mahogany, $650.00.*

MAGNAVOX

The Finest in Television and High Fidelity

MAGNIFICENT MAGNAVOX INSTRUMENTS cost you no more than others. You can choose from dozens of beautiful styles to suit your taste, and in every price range. They are the best you can buy on any basis of comparison ♦ Only Magnavox Gold Seal Models are so dependable that all parts are guaranteed for a full year and all service for ninety days ♦ Magnavox is sold direct only through America's finest stores. Prove to yourself that Magnavox is the finest—at the best price. See your Magnavox dealer for a convincing demonstration.

1. The Constellation. *Big picture TV, in selection of finishes. In cordovan $199.90.* **2. The Continental.** *Superb HiFi radio-phonograph. 25-watt dual channel amplifier, exponential treble horn and 15" bass speaker. In a variety of woods. From $389.50.* **3. The Duette HiFi.** *3-speaker automatic with Diamond pickup. In mahogany, $129.90.* **4. The Diplomat 24.** *Chromatic picture, 10-watt, 4-speaker HiFi sound system. In a variety of genuine woods. In mahogany, $399.50.* **5. The Magnasonic 410.** *Magnificent music from powerful 4-speaker sound system. 15" bass, 8" and 2-5" treble speakers. Diamond pickup record changer is concealed by gliding glass panel. In mahogany, $199.50.*



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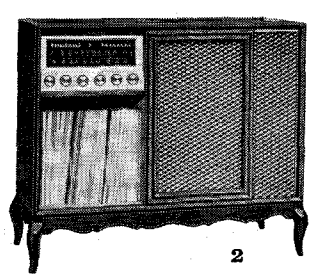
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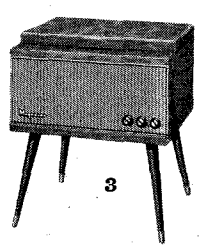
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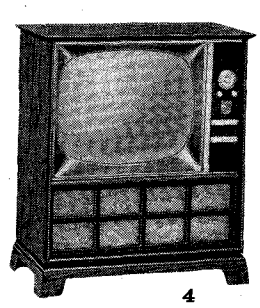
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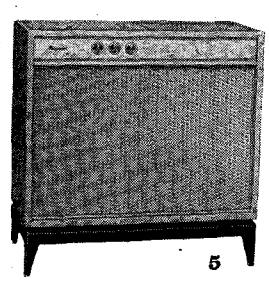
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Prices and specifications subject to change without notice. The Magnavox Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana

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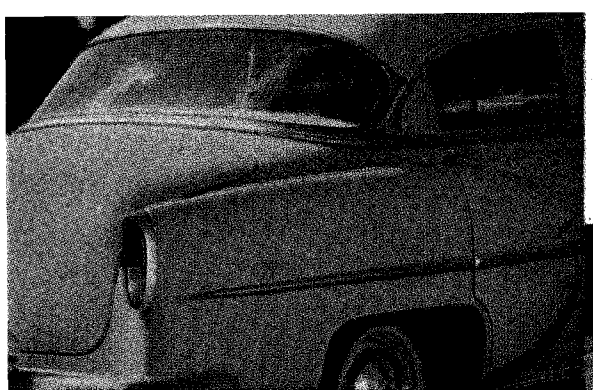
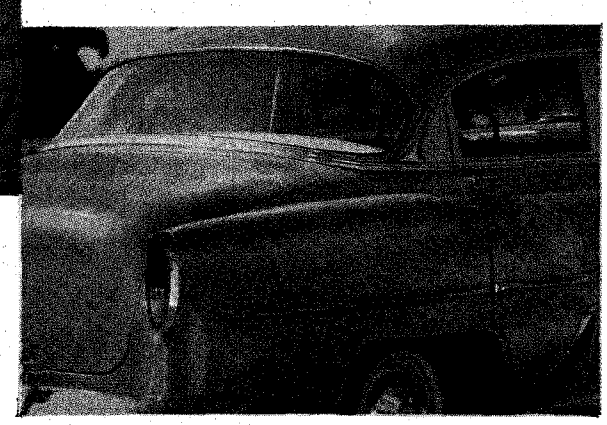
The most important tire tracks in the U.S.A.

Gulfpride
Good Gulf
Gulf
Gulf



They're here now in

NEW DU PONT



COMPARE BRILLIANCE of Du Pont "Lucite" Lacquer finish (right) with weathered appearance of conventional finish (above) after both cars have gone *36 months* with no more care than ordinary washing. "Lucite" Lacquer is not only more durable and stain-resistant, but also far easier to clean!

DU PONT

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING

. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

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LUCITE* LACQUER

You'll thrill to color so deep you can "see into" it—and this finish keeps its showroom brilliance three times longer!

On display now are startlingly beautiful '58 cars finished in new Du Pont "Lucite" Acrylic Lacquer. Easier to care for than any previously known finish, "Lucite" Lacquer achieves dramatic new hues with metallic powders and pigments that sparkle in a diamond-clear "Lucite" base. The color effects are so rich and exciting you'll have to see them to appreciate what happens. It's like looking into a pool of liquid color and seeing the subtle changes from pastels to deeper values. And whether in the new metallics, or in traditional colors, Du Pont "Lucite" Lacquer is so *durable* it stays bright and beautiful three times longer than the best conventional finishes. Water rolls off . . . dirt slides off the jewel-smooth surface. So it is easier to clean and stays clean longer. You'll want this remarkable new finish on your new car. Look for the many makes and models now available in Du Pont "Lucite" Lacquer.

*REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR DU PONT'S ACRYLIC LACQUER

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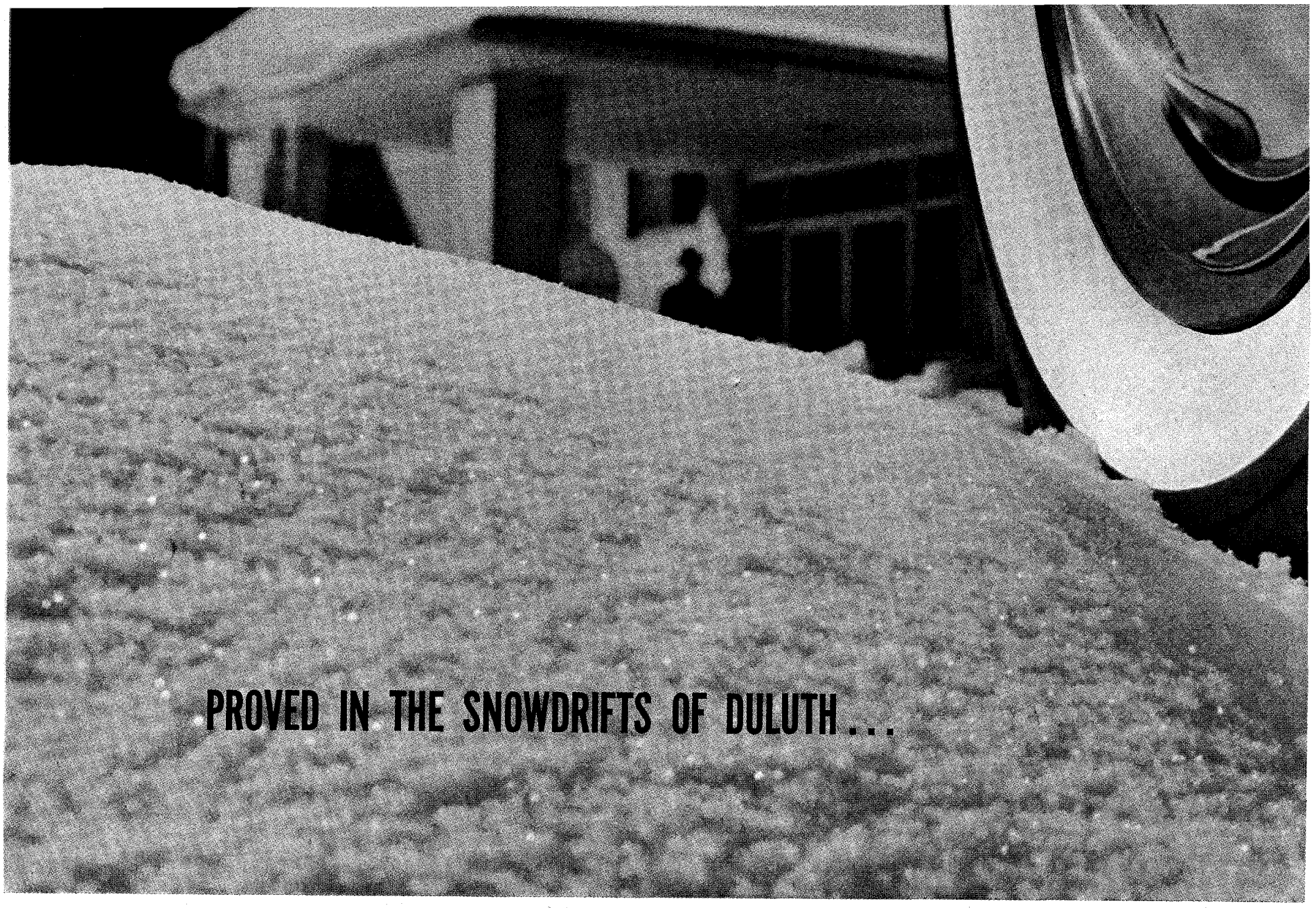

GUARANTEED TO GO THRU ICE, MUD

Firestone Town & Country Tires with

Thousands of Duluth motorists last year bought Firestone Town & Country Tires backed by this famous guarantee. And they discovered that even the long Minnesota winter couldn't stop their exclusive Triple-Action Traction!

In Duluth, where snow and icy roads last for months, just *any* snow tires won't pull you through. But Firestone dealer records prove that Minnesota motorists who bought Firestone Town & Country Tires took winter's worst driving conditions right in stride!

Incredible, you say? Not when you consider the exclusive benefits of Firestone Triple-Action Traction. Take pulling power . . . Firestone Town & Country Tires haul you through snow, slush or mud with husky, deep-biting traction bars. And continuous self-

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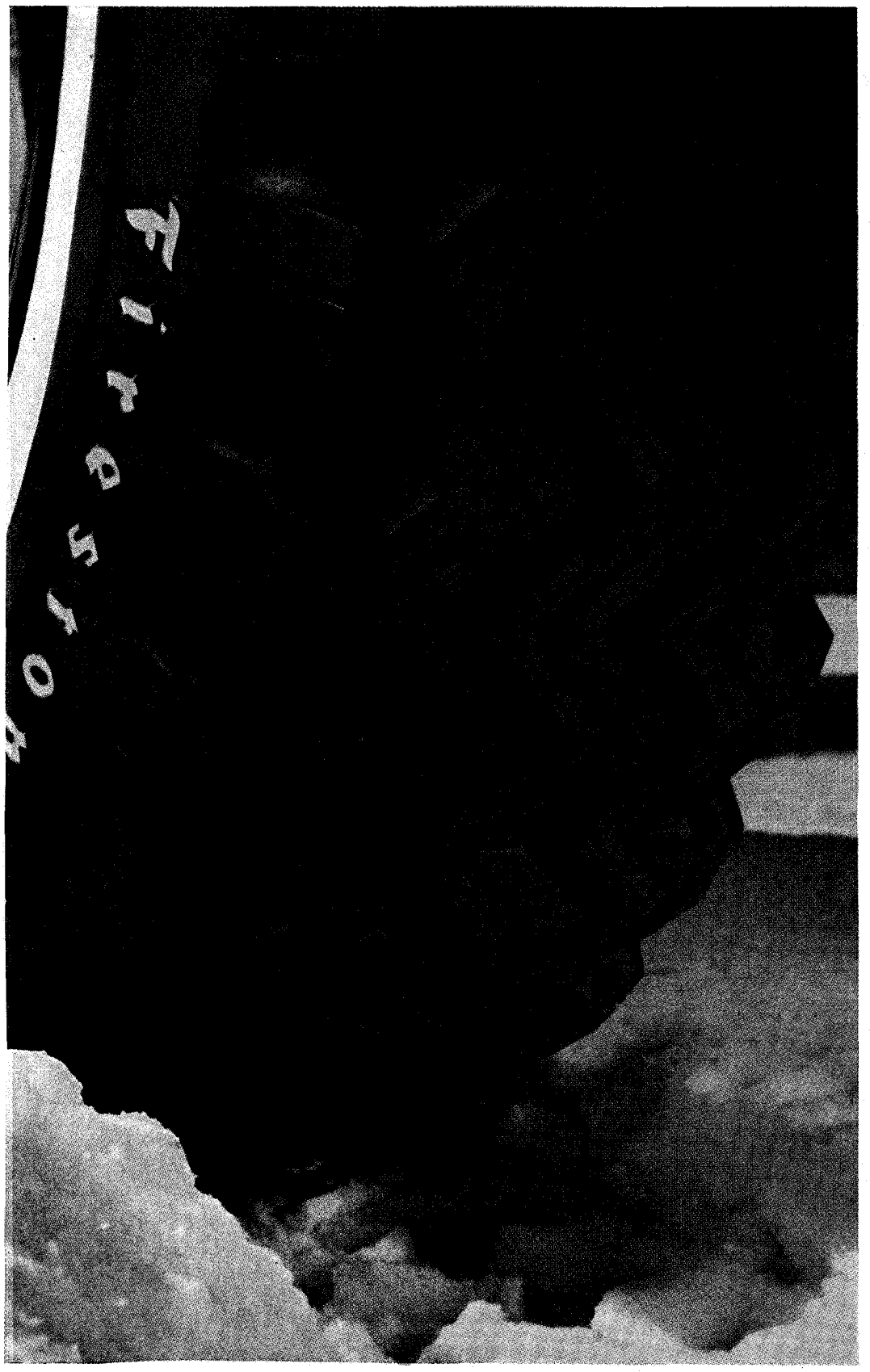
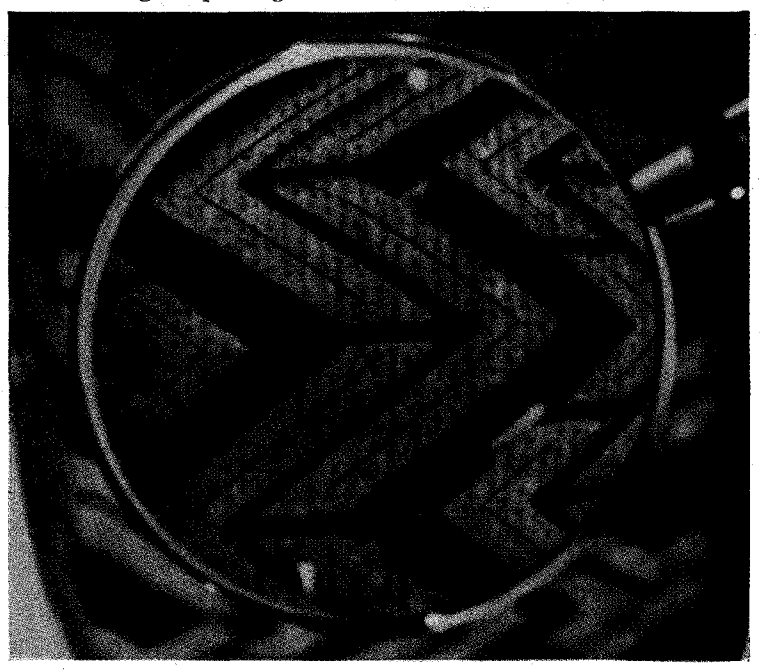
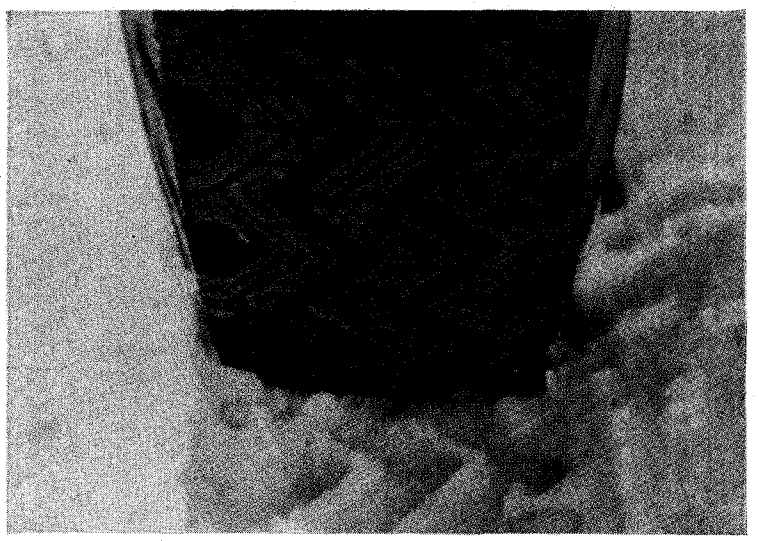


1 **TERRIFIC PULLING ACTION**—***With husky, deep-biting traction bars.*** No more spinning in snow, slush or mud when these traction-action bars bite in and take hold! Yet on dry roads you get hum-free, whine-free riding comfort and long, carefree mileage comparable to a regular passenger car tire.



2 **NON-SKID ACTION**—***With built-in skid-resisters and sharp-angled cleats.*** Those action-angled cleats, molded in the extra-width tread, are powerful non-skid forces in themselves. But that's not all! Their design also includes thousands of almost invisible skid-resisters for extra gripping action on slick surfaces.



3 **SELF-CLEANING ACTION**—***Prevents traction loss due to "packing up."*** As your Firestone Town & Country Tires revolve, centrifugal force ejects snow or mud from the exclusive Firestone tread to prevent it from "packing up." This self-cleaning action keeps the tread clean and sharp—always ready for instant traction action!

OR SNOW OR WE PAY THE TOW!

Triple-action traction!

cleaning action *keeps* these traction bars sharp—always ready for the next bite. In addition, Firestone Town & Country Tires give you top skid-resistance on ice; and on dry pavement they deliver long mileage and whine-free quiet, and greater safety on all roads.

So get Firestone Town & Country winter tires today. They're guaranteed to go through ice, mud or snow or your Firestone Dealer or Store will refund your tow charge. When you try them, you'll know they have the pull *you* need this winter!

Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH

Enjoy the Voice of Firestone every Monday evening on ABC television.

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OLDSmobility

EXCITING "ROCKET AGE" STYLE THAT REFLECTS YOUR OWN GOOD TASTE!

OLDSMOBILE'S SUPER 88 FOR '58 . . . GEARED FOR SUPER PERFORMANCE!

A 1958 Oldsmobile is waiting for you . . . a car that's in a class by itself! A new Rocket Engine car . . . a magnificent performer in the famous Rocket tradition, and offering the *greatest improvement in fuel economy* in Oldsmobile history. Beneath the exciting distinction of line and color . . . beyond the renowned power plant . . . are new expressions of Oldsmobile's style and engineering leadership. For example, New-Matic Ride* (Oldsmobile's *true* air suspension) is the greatest advance in riding comfort since air was first put in tires! And this is only the beginning. In every way, this is *your* car for this mobile era! OLDSMOBILE DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORP.

*Optional at extra cost.

OLDSMOBILE

GM 1908 1958

FORWARD FROM FIFTY . . . INTO THE ROCKET AGE

1908-1958

SEE YOUR NEAREST AUTHORIZED OLDSMOBILE QUALITY DEALER

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POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benjamin Franklin

THE $64,000 AND I

The star of TV's first big-money quiz show has handed winners more than a million and a half dollars. Here is his story, with his views on some notable contestants.

By HAL MARCH

He was a plain man, sandy-haired, unassuming, a cab driver from Lockport, New York. But this Thomas J. Kane was more than a taxi jockey; he was a poet, a philosopher, a man with a fiery desire to know. He had just answered an incredibly difficult question on the English language. Randolph Churchill, the London journalist, had been defeated by a much simpler question in this same category. Here was Tom's problem:

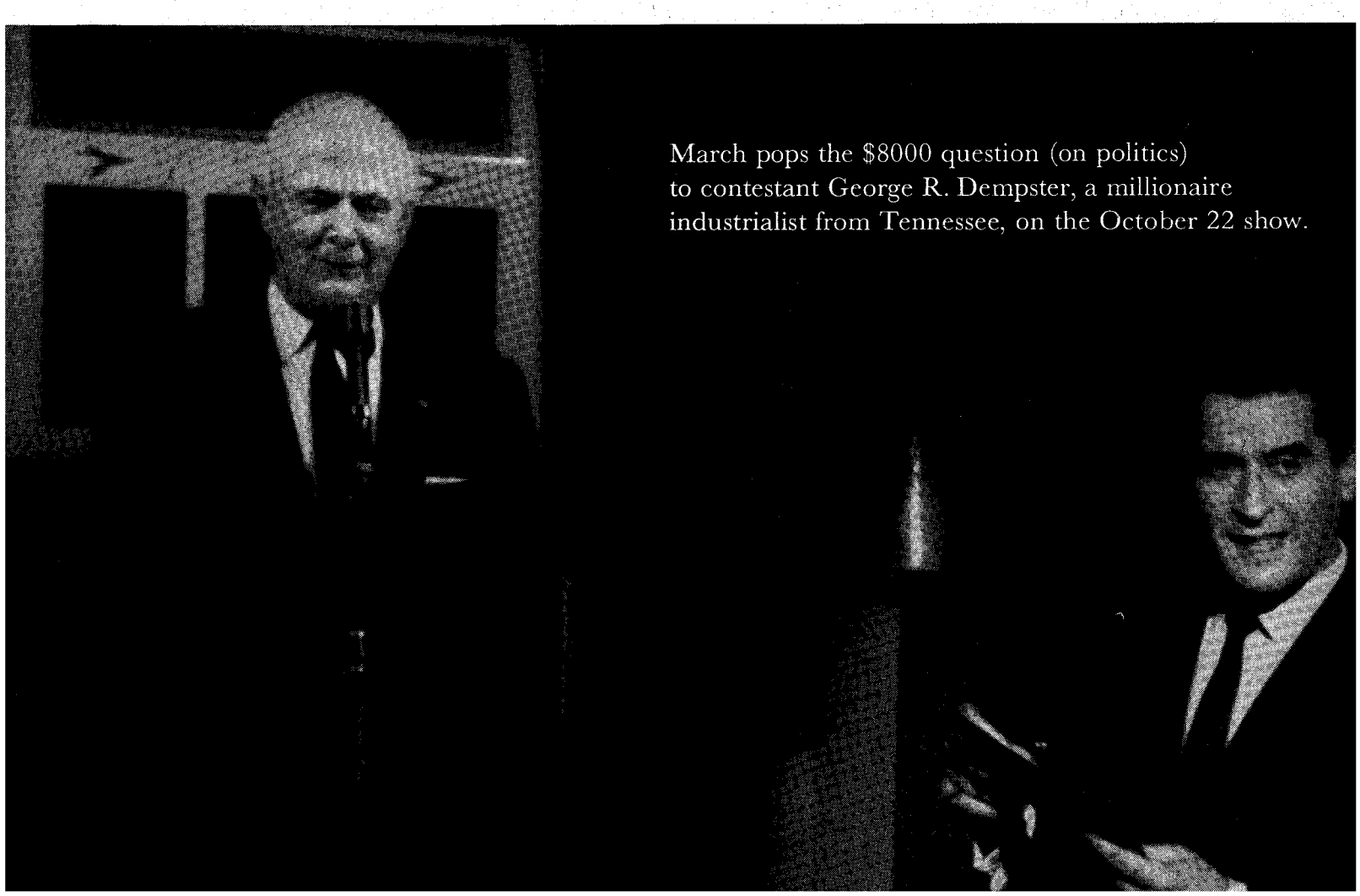
Using only the letters in the name "Eisenhower," give the words for which the following are definitions: The smallest of the mammals. An evening party. A willow whose flexible twigs are used for furniture. The short title of a Utopian novel. A generic term for any important Greek temple. A plural for a wide-mouthed pitcher. A large net for fishing. A frame on which skins are dried, as for parchment. The answers, as given by Tom Kane, were shrew, soiree, osier, Erewhon, hieron, ewers, seine and herse. For this I handed over a prize check for $64,000.

Tom Kane wasn't the first big winner on our television show, The $64,000 Question. I remember him particularly because I've done a lot of writing and, up to that moment, I had thought I knew the English language.

I forget what I said as I handed him his prize. But I remember thinking, *Tom, what can money buy that you haven't already had from your dream, your passion, your desire to know?*

The answer was: nothing. And Tom knew it. He wasn't overcome by all that loot.

Not that I want to give money a bad reputation. I've handed out $1,556,192 in cash prizes and twenty-one



March pops the $8000 question (on politics) to contestant George R. Dempster, a millionaire industrialist from Tennessee, on the October 22 show.

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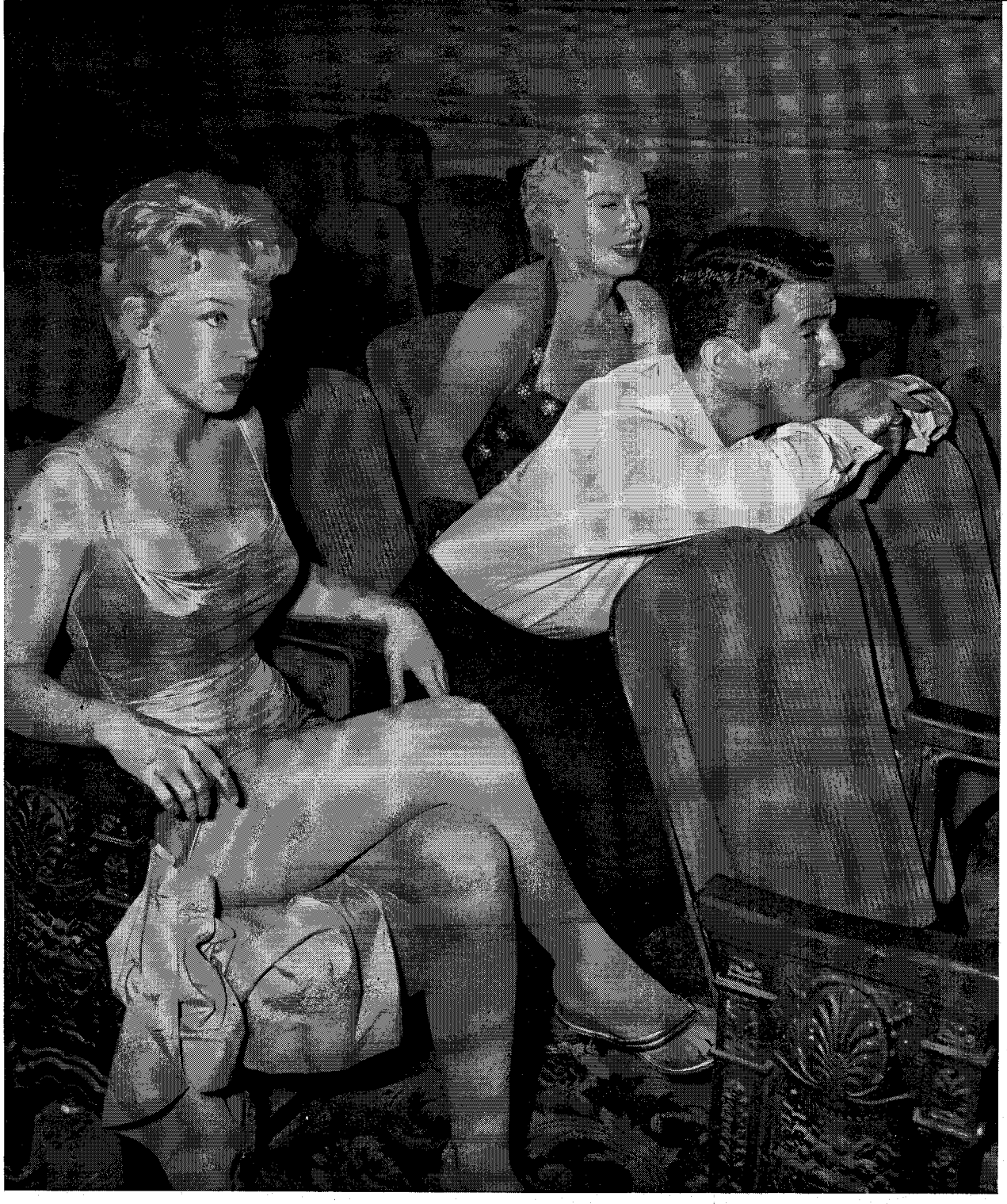

In Hollywood, March watches the shooting of a scene for his movie Hear Me Good, with actress Merry Anders (left). In the film she wears a dress which is supposed to "melt" under the hot lights of the beauty-contest episode. At right is actress Jean Willes.

Cadillacs worth $5200 each. The average income of our contestants is between $5000 and $7000 a year. Now here they are, suddenly shooting for a score in five figures, with an enormous TV audience looking on.

Well, how would you feel? We get around 10,000 letters a week from people who want to appear on the show. The most interesting letters are passed on to an editorial committee. If this committee likes your letter, it sends you a questionnaire. If your answers look good, you come in for a personal interview, where your special knowledge is tested by experts; they must eliminate the people who want to star for $128 for one night, and go home.

You and I meet for the first time when Lynn Dollar leads you onstage. Lynn hands me a card on which is an outline of your background and interests. I can ask the right questions, but I don't know what you'll say.

What you'll say? I don't even know what I'm going to say. Take the night Catherine Kreitzer announced that she was quitting. Mrs. Kreitzer was a grandmother who worked in the shipyards; her category was the Bible. By the time she got to $32,000, we all hoped she'd quit while she was still ahead.

So when she said she was going to quit, my job became simple—to express the happiness everyone felt, to say that in addition to the spiritual help she had received from her Bible, here was an unexpected blessing we were glad to see her get. And how do you think it came out on the air? "Well, Mrs. Kreitzer, the Bible has finally paid off for you!"

So far, our biggest winner has been Robert Strom, the boy who won $192,000 on our show and another $32,000 on The $64,000 Challenge. That makes our show expensive, but look at it this way: To win that money, Robbie had to appear ten times, an average of $19,200 a week. Show me a star—any star!—who can command the audience that Robbie

The author, his wife Candy and their children in the Marches' Scarsdale, N.Y., home. In Candy's lap is their own son Peter Lindsey March, who was born last June on the anniversary of The $64,000 Question's debut. The other two are Stephen, 4, and Melissa, 2, Mrs. March's children by her former husband, singer Mel Torme.

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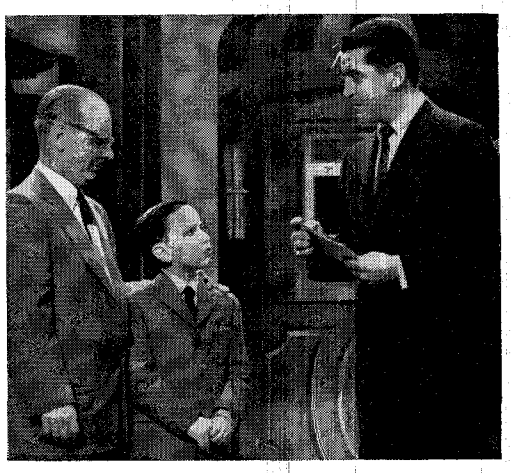
SOME JOYOUS WINNERS—AND ONE BAFFLED LOSER

Gino Prato (Opera) $32,000; Count Lukawiecki (Hot Rods); Herbert Flam (Finance), $16,000 each.

Journalist Randolph Churchill, whom March was accused of helping, blanked out at $128.



Robert Strom, ten-year-old science prodigy (here with his father), as he called a halt at $192,000.

Expert cook McCutchen, $64,000, and spelling ace Lockerman, $16,000.

Boxing authority Joyce Brothers with Sugar Ray Robinson (left) and Bobo Olson.

held in the palm of his hand for ten straight weeks, and I'll get him a lot more than $19,200 a week.

Who can forget pretty Dr. Joyce Brothers, the young, blond psychologist whose category was boxing? She was our second $64,000 winner, and the night she made the grade, we ran out of time and the phone company pulled the transcontinental plug before I could announce her victory. Millions of listeners immediately placed phone calls to the network.

I've heard that Joyce framed us—that she wasn't a boxing fan at all. According to this story, she had picked the least likely category for a beautiful young blonde and then boned up on it. In any case, she was entitled to her money. Beneath all that beauty and charm was a formidable mind.

I'm often asked, "Who was your favorite contestant?" Usually I duck by saying I pull for all of them—and I do. Once I was accused of helping a loser, Randolph Churchill, who blanked out on the $128 question. I gave him a few seconds more than the rules allowed, and I admit it.

The question was on the origin of the word "boycott." It comes from the Irish family of the same name, and Mr. Churchill had to know it because he had been a college classmate of one of the Boycotts. But we got bales of irate letters demanding, "What do you have to be, a prime minister's son to get a break?"

My favorites? It would be hard to choose between Marine Captain Richard McCutchen, whose category was food, and Gloria Lockerman, the twelve-year-old Negro girl whose poise and sweetness enchanted everyone. Gloria won $16,000 spelling words I could hardly pronounce.

I suppose no one will be surprised when I say that 99 per cent of the stuff I hear from our contestants is over my head. You see, I'm not the star of this show. The contestants are the stars. I'm just a straight man, feeding lines that set up the payoff. It's a job I know well. I've played straight man to such people as Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Lucille Ball, Donald O'Connor, Jackie Gleason, Eve Arden, Eddie Cantor, Jack Carson, Red Skelton and Imogene Coca.

I was born in San Francisco in 1920, and brought up in the tough south-of-Market district. My father, Leon Mendelson, ran a neighborhood grocery and delicatessen. His first wife had died, after bearing him a son and a daughter. To him and his second wife were born three girls and a boy.

I was that boy—Harold Mendelson. I worked in the family store, but not enough to qualify me for the Horatio Alger bit. From earliest childhood I had wanted to be a doctor. Then I won the lead in a high-school operetta, Melinka of Astrakhan. I got a lot of laughs. Going home that evening, I said to myself, *This acting is for me.*

I killed time all through school, except when we were staging a term play. A couple of years before I (Continued on Page 89)

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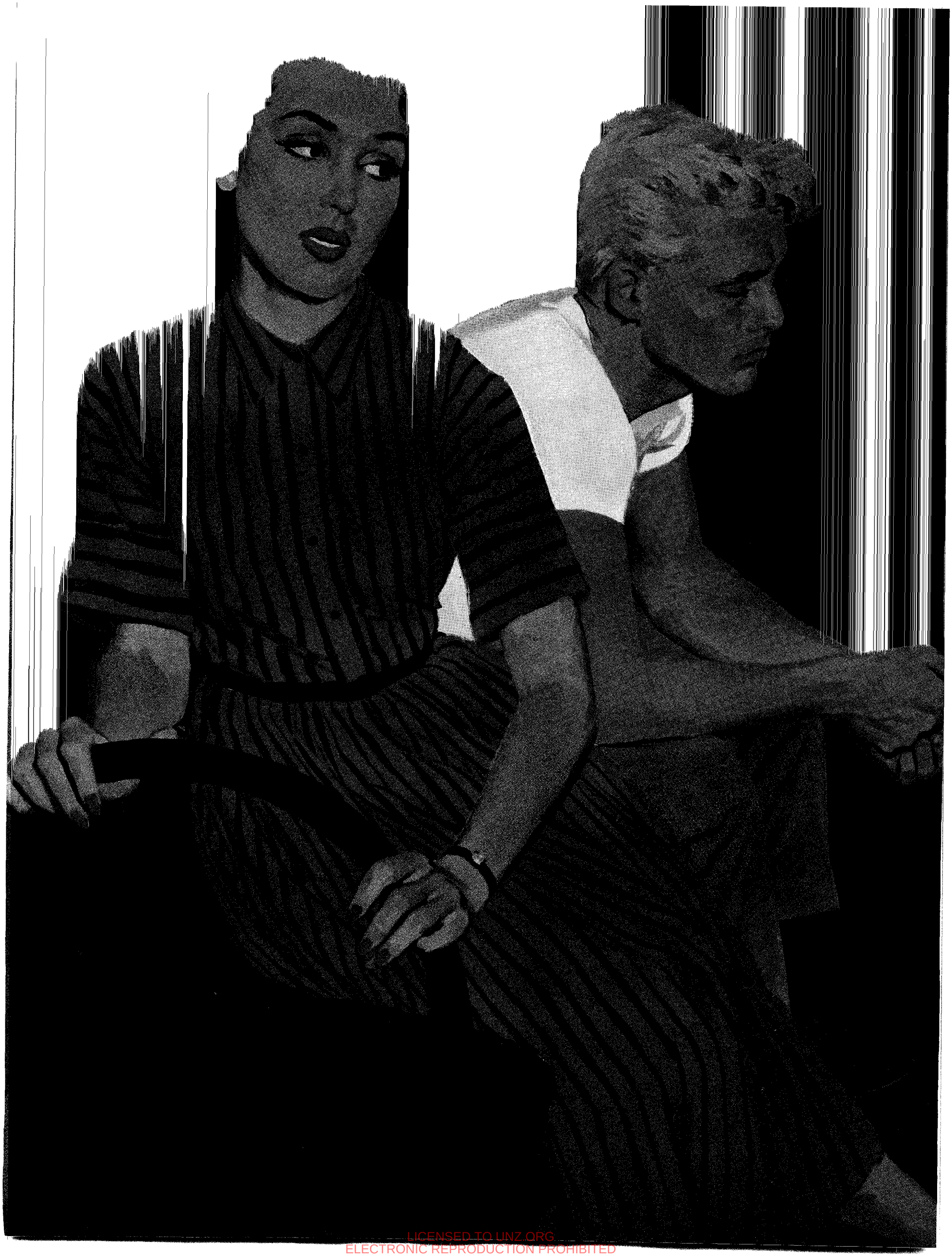

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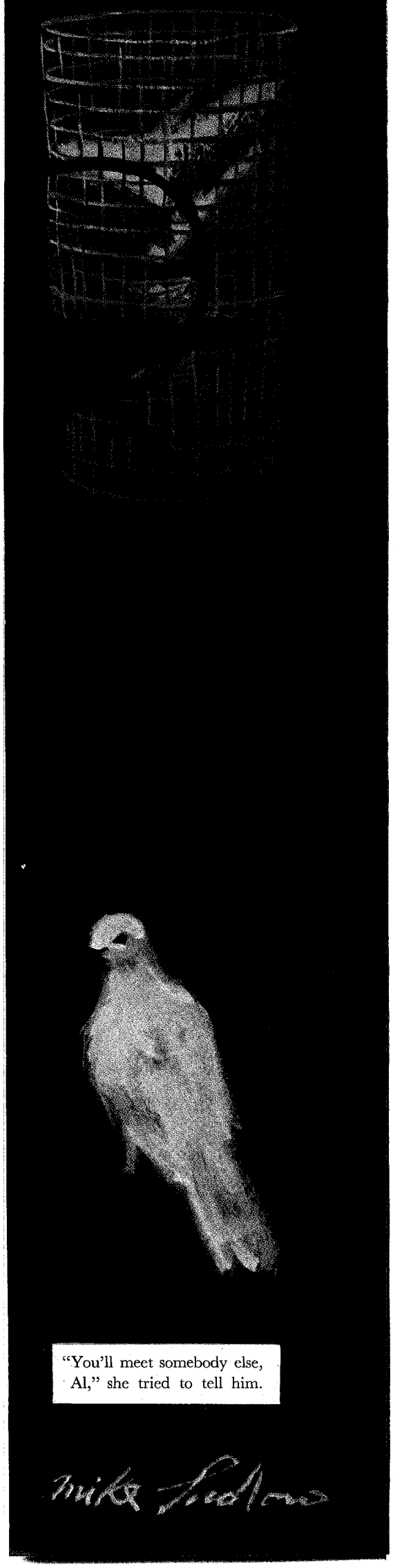

"You'll meet somebody else, Al," she tried to tell him.

HEARTBREAKER

It hadn't seemed such a terrible thing to hurt him, until she was paid back in kind . . .

By WILLIAM HEUMAN

It was quarter past nine in the evening when Fran's train came into Grand Central Station, and she'd left Lake Kiamichi at five o'clock that afternoon, Sunday afternoon. She still found it hard to believe that the two weeks' vacation was over, and that tomorrow morning she'd be back in New York at her desk in the office.

Thinking about that, and the fact that it would be another fifty-odd weeks before she'd be going back to the lake, made her almost physically ill. When she thought about Donald Norton, though, it helped. It would be only two weeks before he came down for that weekend in New York, and even though two weeks was a long time to wait, she knew she could stand that.

Carrying her heavy bag, she made her way through the crowd in the station, and then down stairways until she came to the train platform where she could get the subway out to Brooklyn. She was glad that it wasn't hot, the way it had been when she'd left two weeks before. This was the last week in August now and, luckily, the city had been having a cool spell. She thought how terrible it would have been to come back from beautiful, cool Lake Kiamichi and Seneca Lodge to a heat wave.

The subway seemed noisier than ever, after she had been away from it for two weeks, and the people scattered through the half-empty car, listless, pale and uninteresting. She was remembering how tanned and healthy-looking and happy everyone had looked up at the lodge, sitting around the long white-clothed tables which overlooked the lake. Coming back to Brooklyn was like coming back to another world, and if it hadn't been for meeting Donald, and having those two glorious weeks with him, this return home would have been almost unendurable. But she was to meet Donald in two weeks. Less than two weeks, only thirteen days. He'd promised to come in early Saturday afternoon.

It was only about a half hour's ride out to her station in Brooklyn, but it seemed longer, with the train stopping at every station, and people getting off, and occasionally someone getting on.

A boy of about her own age, nineteen, came on at one station and sat down across from her, looking at her with some interest as she sat with her tanned hands in her lap, the suitcase on the floor beside her. Noticing him, she thought of Al Carver and, thinking of Al, a slight frown came to her face. Al would have to understand how things were. There had never really been anything between them. They weren't engaged or anything; they'd just been having a few dates now and then, and Al would have to understand that that was over.

Al had carried her bag to the subway station when she'd left that Friday night, and he'd even offered to go over to Grand Central with her, but she'd asked him not to. It had been hot, and he wouldn't have got back till late, and he was working on Saturdays in the shop.

Getting off at her station, Fran carried the heavy bag up the steps to the street level. She lived less than a block from the subway station, and as she turned the corner to head up toward her house she could see it with its iron railings on the stoop, and the house next to it, exactly alike, and the ones beyond like peas in a pod.

It was almost ten o'clock now and dark, but the street lights were on, and there was a light across the way from her house which threw light across her stoop, and the one next to hers. A boy in white T shirt and khaki pants was sitting on the stoop next to hers, and he got up when she turned the corner and crossed under the street light there.

She told herself that she might have known Al would be sitting around, kind of waiting for her to show up, knowing that she would be coming Sunday evening. Al lived in the house next door, and he'd lived there for nearly two years, whereas Fran had been born in the house in which she lived. (Continued on Page 65)

Illustrated by Mike Ludlow

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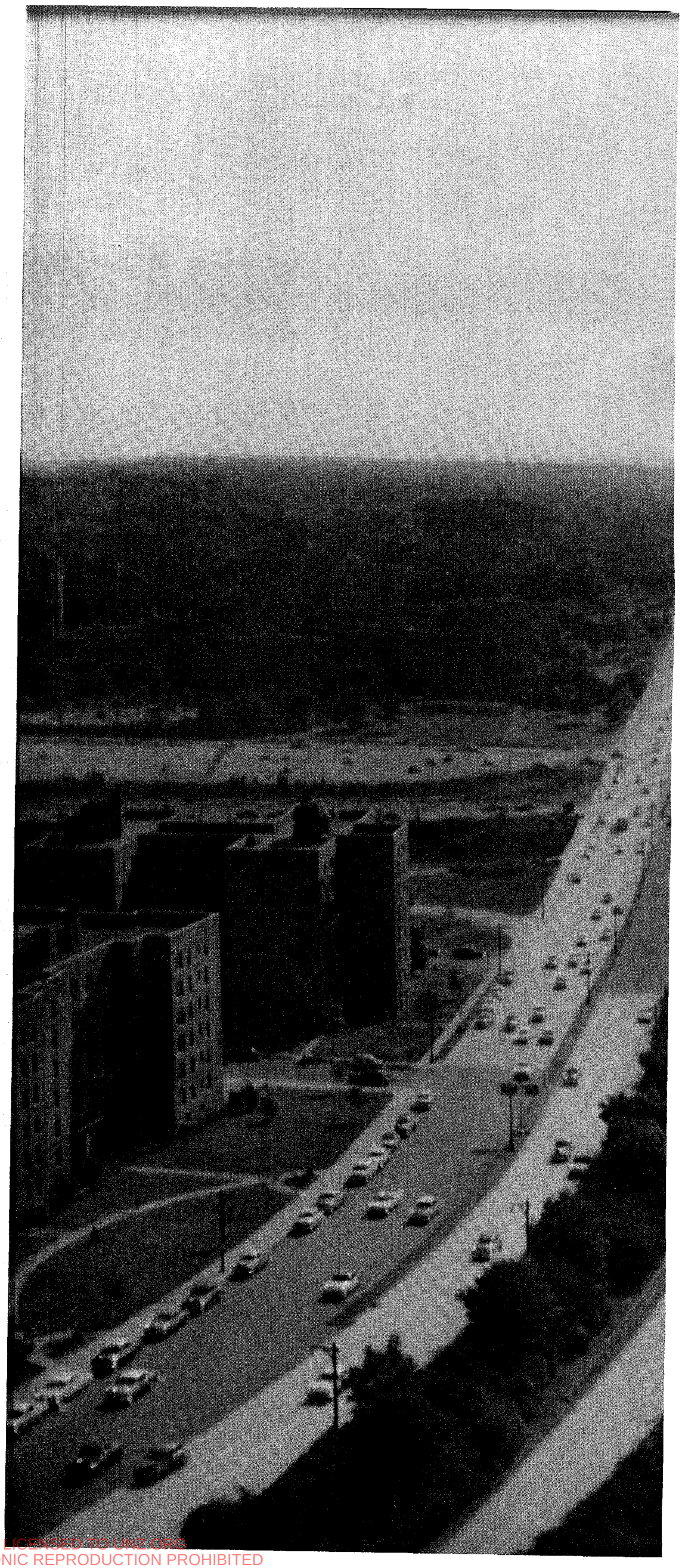
The Face of AMERICA

Aerial Traffic Cop

To millions of motorists, the weekend stampede to the country is a temper-taxing experience. But here in Queens, outbound from Manhattan's traffic-choked streets, the endless streams of autos flow smoothly. Shepherding them from above is a new breed of traffic cop—patrolling in helicopters instead of motorcycles or automobiles. At right is one of four "choppers" in New York's Air Police unit. The helicopters hover over the highways to spot "spontaneous congestion" in the making. From their aerial vantage point, the radio-equipped watchdogs can direct a tow truck to the scene of a breakdown, dispatch an ambulance to a smashup, or help their earth-bound colleagues untangle unexpected snarls. The flying cops do their job in silent anonymity. Few of the freewheeling motorists below realize that they are under aerial observation. ● Photograph by Frank Ross



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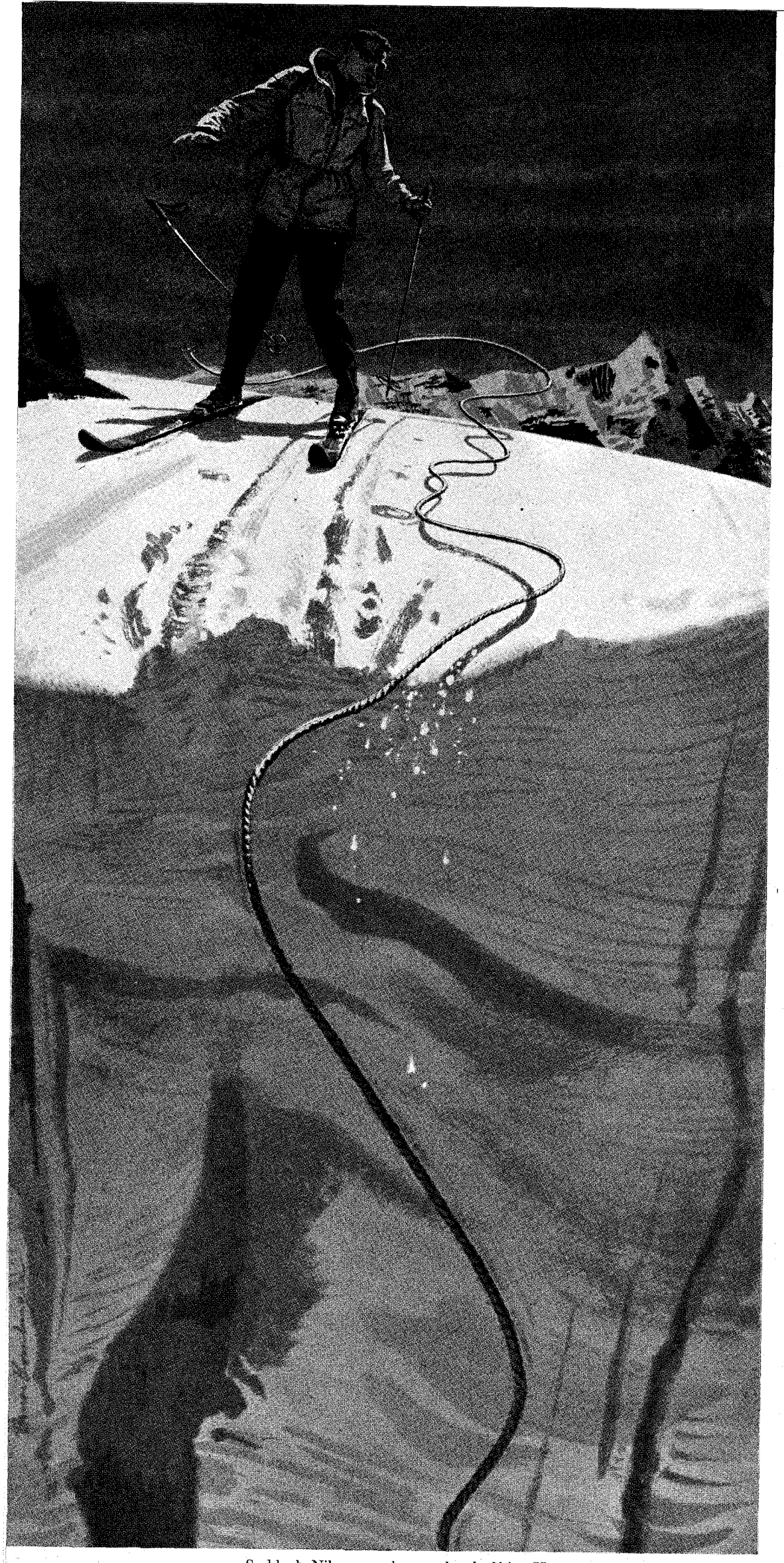

Suddenly Nils was no longer ahead of him. Hans watched the safety rope snaking past him, his heart freezing.

Vengeance on the Mountain

His best friend had betrayed him. On this treacherous mountain it would be easy to get even . . .

By ERIC HATCH

The two men, wearing rucksacks and coils of mountaineering ropes, carrying skis and poles over their shoulders, tumbled out of the sleigh and walked through a grove of wind-stunted pines toward the glacier. They were young men, burned by the glare of winter sun on snow. They walked with the lithe grace of the professional skier, and in companionable silence, as close friends walk. Now that the season was over at St. Moritz and Davos, where, respectively, they labored, they could take a busman's holiday they had looked forward to taking together all winter—skiing straight across country over the glaciers and mountains to Austria. They had reached Klosters the afternoon before, stayed the night there at the inn, where Hans Brucher's fiancée had met them. Hans had wanted her to meet his friend. Now they were really off. Until they reached Sol Baden, across the border, they would not see another human being.

At the edge of the stand of wind-stunted pines, they stopped to put on their skis and glacier goggles—the aluminum shells with tiny slits to see through that would keep them from going snow-blind. Nils Svengaard, a fair-haired viking of a man, turned to his friend.

"Hans, what did Nancy have to say in that note the manager gave us when we paid our bill at the inn?"

Hans, a smaller man with dark, wavy hair and steady eyes the color of gun metal, laughed sheepishly.

"Isn't it silly?" he said. "I should be ashamed! I put it in my pocket and forgot about it." He shrugged. "It would be just a love note, saying good-by until Sol Baden."

He unzipped a pocket in his black nylon parka, feeling uncomfortably disloyal for having forgotten Nancy's note. It was, he thought, most ungallant, considering they were going to be married within the week at Sol Baden. He looked at Nils. The young viking was ostentatiously devoting himself to the business of adjusting the bindings on his skis. Hans knew they needed no adjusting. He smiled, thinking, "Good old Nils! It embarrasses him to have me read a love letter in front of him!"

He took the letter from his pocket, tore open the envelope, drew out a sheet of (Continued on Page 48)

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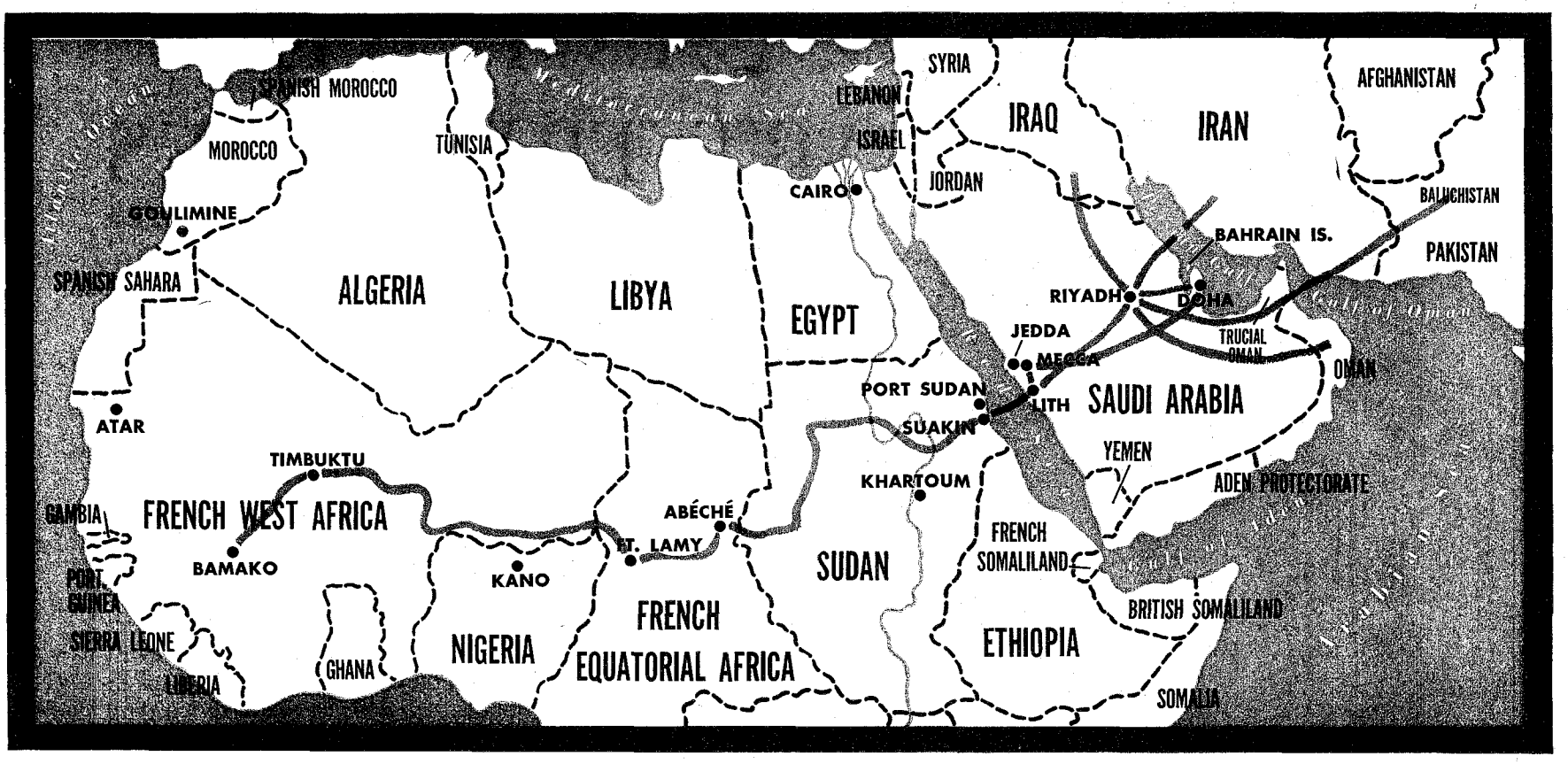


Slave routes: To supply Saudi Arabia's demand, slave traders reach deep into the East and far across Africa for victims.

I Learned Slavery Isn't Dead

A firsthand account of the cruel traffic which flourishes in Saudi Arabia, where human beings are bought, sold—even beheaded—at the whim of their masters.

By NOEL BARBER

BEIRUT, LEBANON.

As our plane circled round at dusk, the oasis deep in the Arabian desert was ringed with purpling mountains. The airstrip was scratched in the sand and hard to find, but I could see the rich green of the date palms and the water holes like mirrors. Away to the west stretched the uncharted desert known as the Empty Quarter that leads to Saudi Arabia.

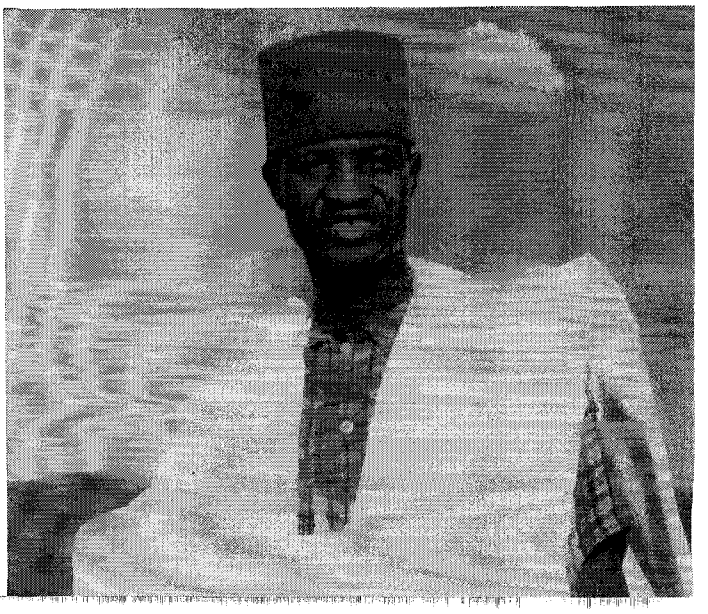
The oasis was called Buraimi, and it was at this oasis on this suffocating evening that I saw the slaves. They were girls, eight of them, cowering in the corner of a mud cellar, hobbled like animals. The youngest was eleven, and they were almost on the point of leaving for the long journey across the desert to be sold in the slave markets of Mecca or Riyadh.

Here in miniature, for it affected only eight lives out of the world's millions, was a drama that is played all too often and in secret—the odious drama of the slave trade which, despite everything the United Nations has tried to do, is today flourishing in the Middle East as never before in the past twenty years.

Slavery is still practiced in many parts of the world—in places as far apart as Peru and China—but the efforts of those fighting slavery are now concentrated largely on one country that is most deeply implicated because it makes no effort to discourage the traffic from spreading beyond its borders. This is the kingdom of Saudi Arabia, where the slave trade has become such a money-making business that all efforts to limit it have failed miserably.

In Saudi Arabia today there are at least 500,000 people in complete slavery, out of a total population of 7,000,000. Indeed, some British and French authorities believe the figure to be much higher. They are men, women and children who are chattel slaves, who can be bought or sold at a man's wish. There are legal slave markets and licensed slave dealers whose names are known. Slaving boats ply across the Gulf of Oman and there is a slave trail starting near the west coast of Africa and along which men, women and children are taken in trucks 4500 miles across the breadth of Africa to the shores of the Red Sea, and then across to Saudi Arabia, there to be sold in the markets to the highest bidder.

Perhaps the most ironic aspect of this heartless trade is that the sales of human beings, conducted as casually as the sales of a cattle market, have increased largely because of the sudden rush of wealth to oil-rich Saudi Arabia. There has been slavery in Saudi Arabia for centuries. But princes and sheiks who, a decade ago, were rulers (Continued on Page 86)



Awad el Joud, a 23-year-old French West African was sold into slavery in Jidda but escaped. His master once beat another slave to death.

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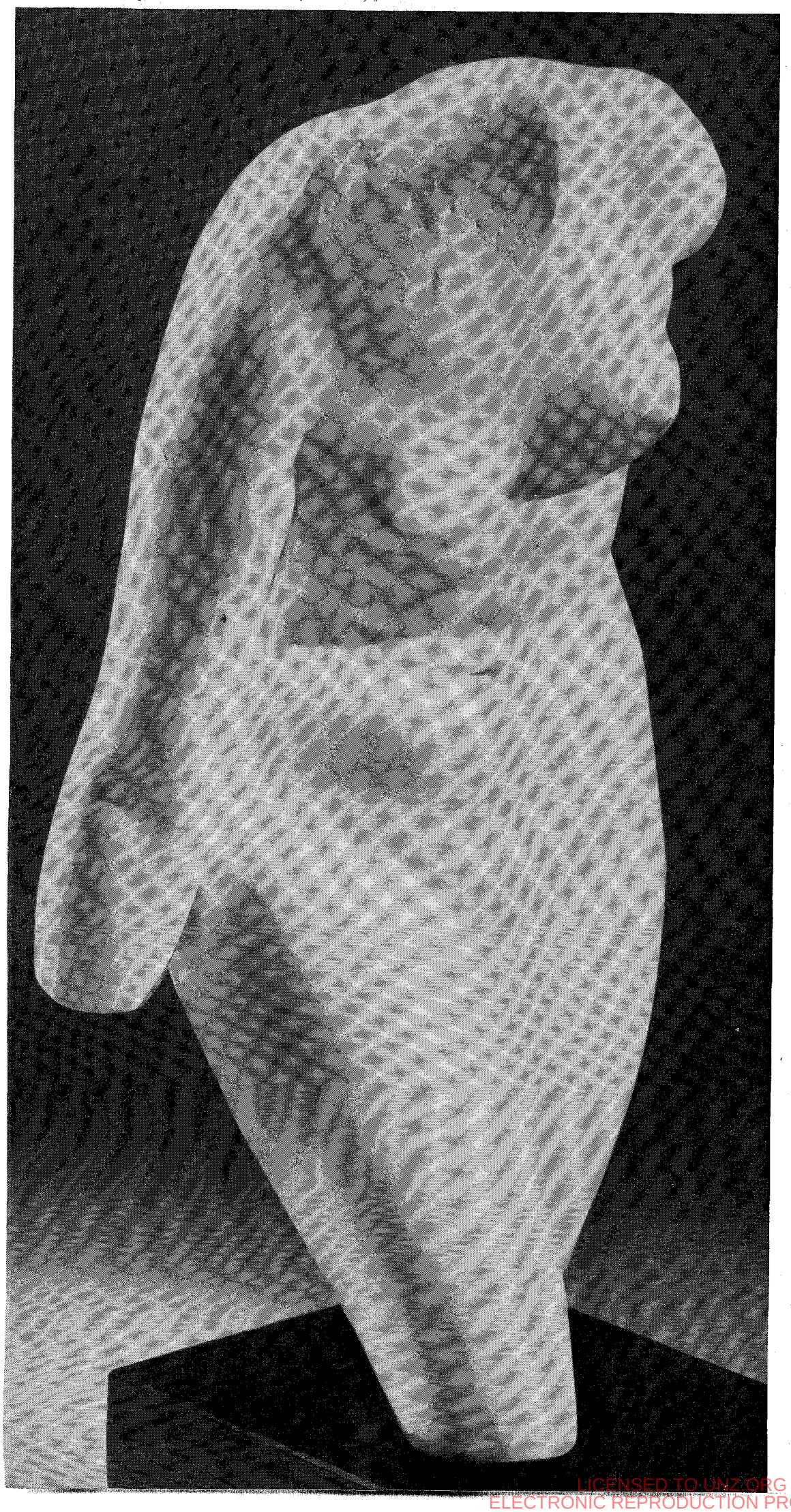
YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE ART TREASURES

Torso of Aphrodite, Stooping; Late Greek and Roman period; British Museum, London; $35.



Now you can decorate your home with legal "counterfeits" of masterpieces—and you don't have to faint if a clumsy guest picks one up.

By J. C. FURNAS

When the musical comedy My Fair Lady tried out in Philadelphia, an ornament of the chorus named Melisande Congdon visited the Philadelphia Museum of Art and found she could buy a fine reproduction of an Aztec stone mask which was among the museum's treasures. When Miss Congdon showed her prize to a local acquaintance, she was told that the University of Pennsylvania Museum had an even larger stock of such authorized copies of art objects, so she hastened there and fell very hard indeed for their wonderful line of West African items.

Day after day, as rehearsals permitted, she went to the University Museum, like a child unable to stay away from a dish of peanuts. She came back from each visit with another mask or figure, until she had collected six of them. She excused her buying spree by telling herself that these decorative pieces would make fine Christmas or birthday presents. Actually, she has been able to bring herself to give away only one of them.

(Continued on Page 83)

Head of Coco; Pierre-August Renoir; 1908; Philadelphia Museum of Art; $37.50.

Cambodian figure; 14th Century; Worcester Art Museum; $10.

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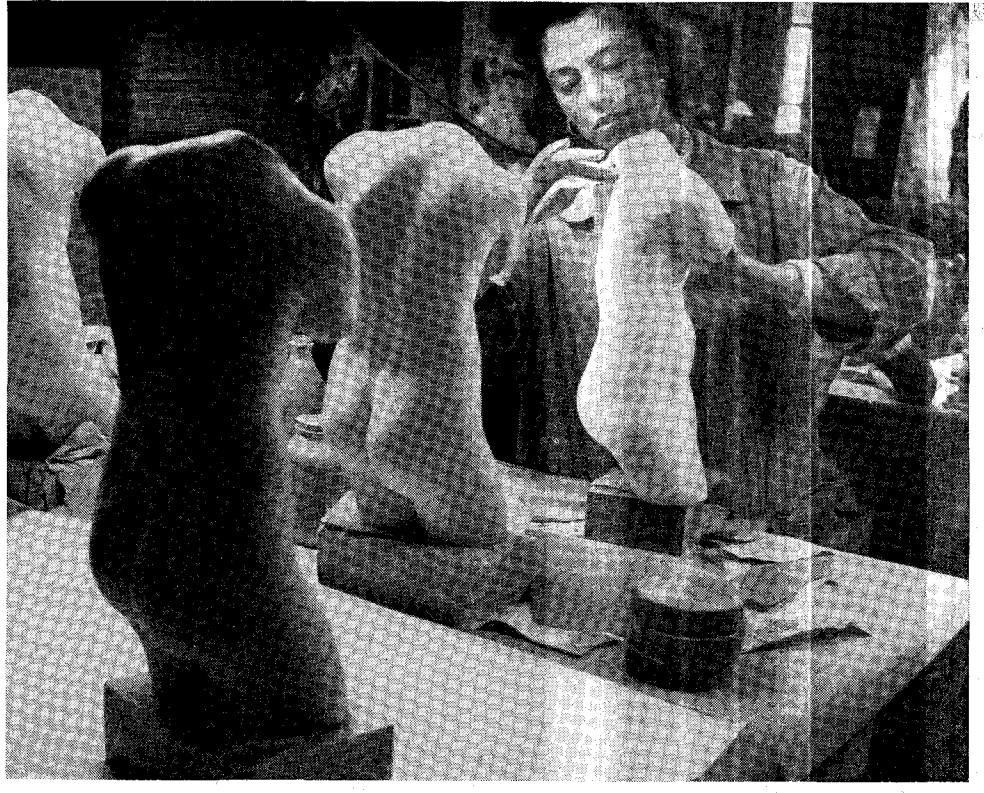
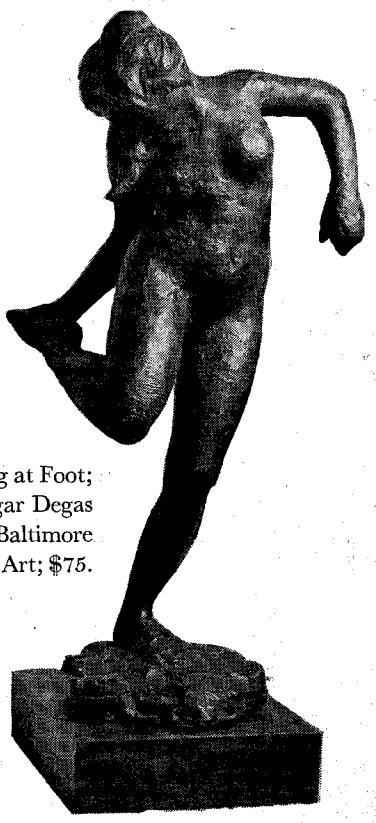


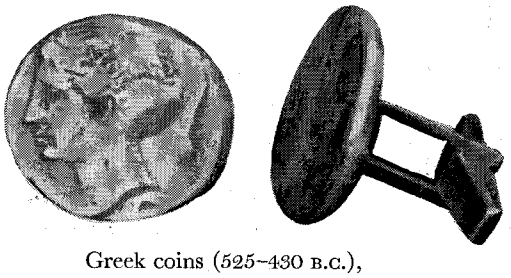
Sarah Howland of Alva Studios in New York City applies a delicate sandpapering to a $37.50 reproduction of an Aphrodite which the Romans copied from a 3rd-Century Greek statue.

Ceremonial vessel; Chang Dynasty, China; Freer Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.; $7.50.

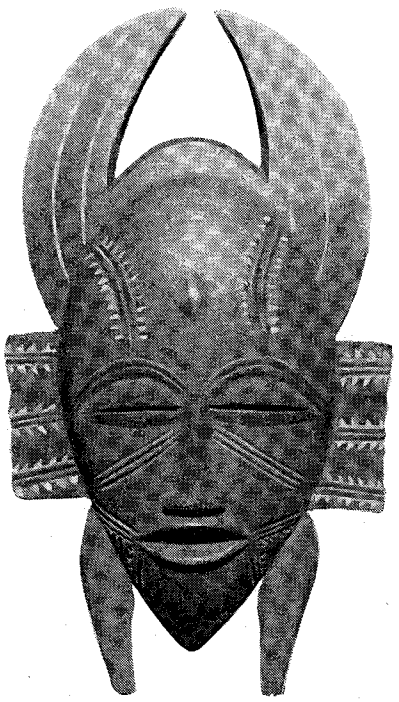
Face from a Greek sphinx; about 540 B.C.; The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; $7.50.



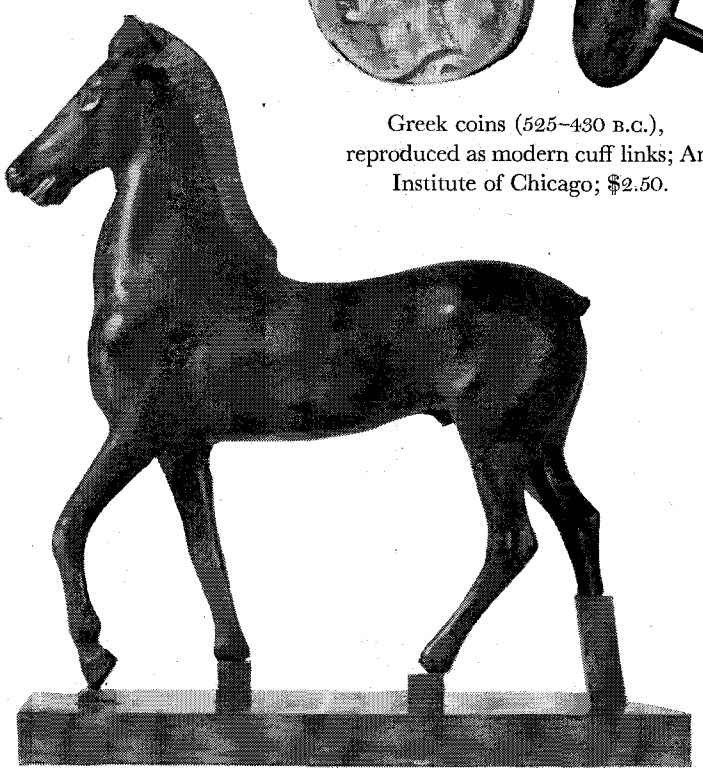
Dancer Looking at Foot; Edgar Degas (1834–1917); Baltimore Museum of Art; $75.



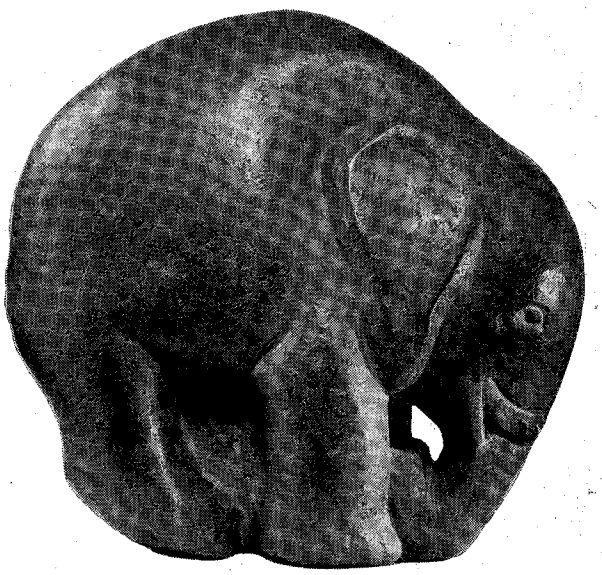
Greek coins (525–430 B.C.), reproduced as modern cuff links; Art Institute of Chicago; $2.50.



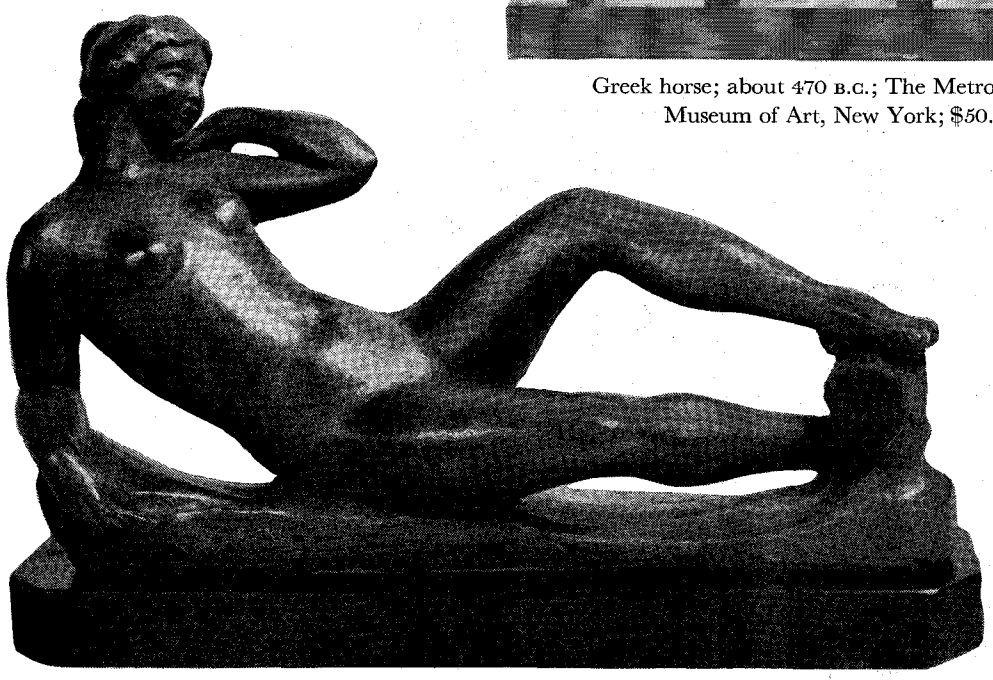
Horned mask; Ivory Coast, Africa; 19th Century; American Museum of Natural History, New York; $15.50



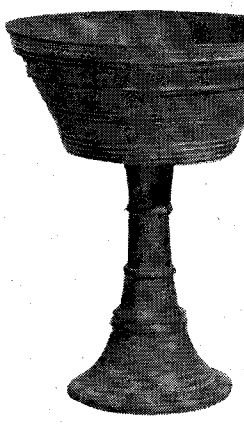
Greek horse; about 470 B.C.; The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; $50.



Elephant; John B. Flannagan (1895–1942); Whitney Museum of American Art, New York; $35.



Reclining Nude; Aristide Maillol (1861–1944); Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; $37.50.



Etruscan vessel; about 500 B.C.; The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; $12.50.

Sitting Ibis; Egypt, about 600 B.C.; Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago; $8.50.

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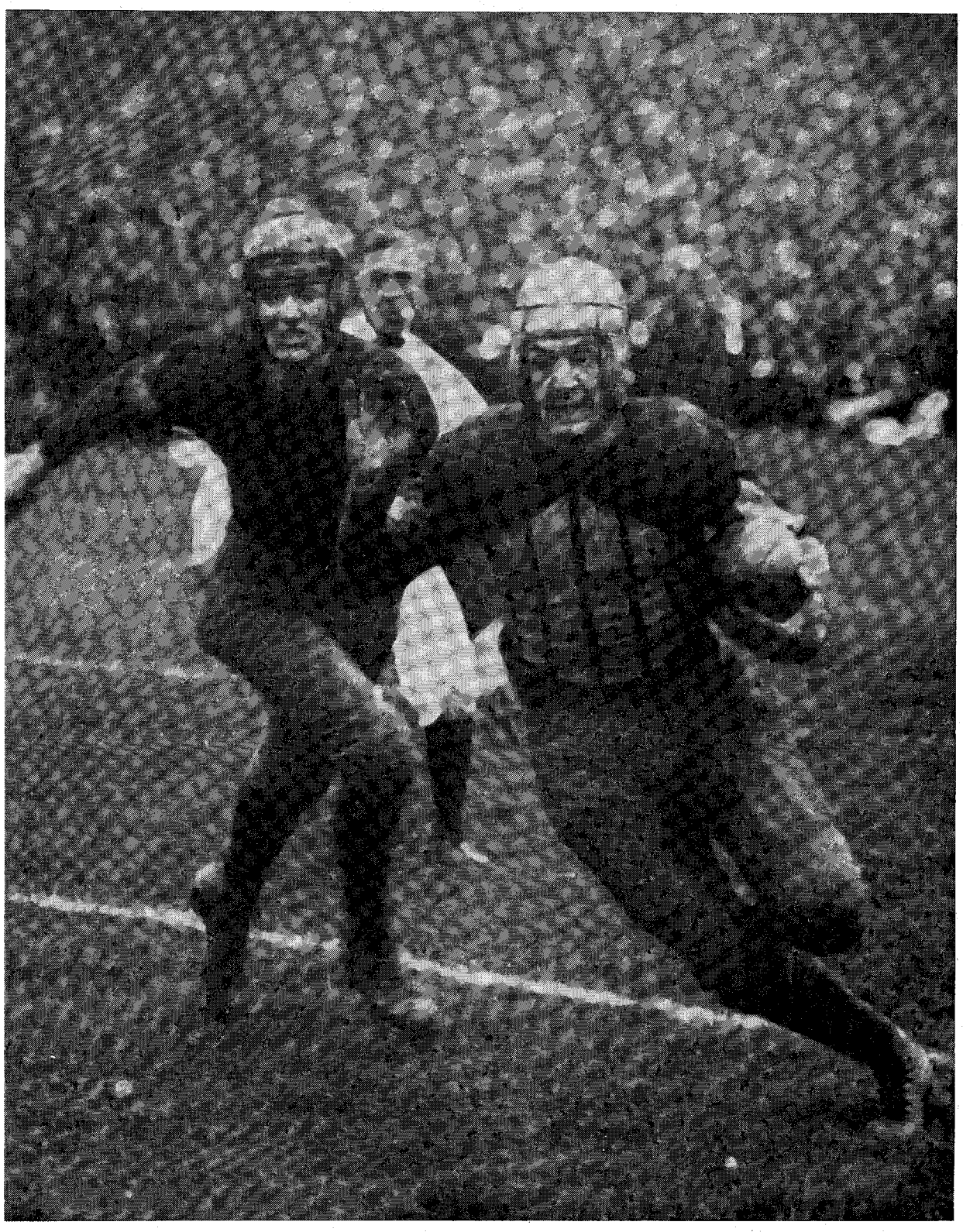
MY FORTY YEARS IN PRO FOOTBALL by George S. Halas

The Era of RED GRANGE

The Chicago Bears' famous leader recalls the gridiron feats of the great halfback and describes the most unusual football game ever played.



With the great "Galloping Ghost" carrying the ball, pro football began to attract huge throngs and to take on national stature. During his first pro season, Grange made $125,000 for himself.

Part Two

I'll never forget the thrill I had the Monday before Thanksgiving Day in 1925. When tickets for our Chicago Bears-Chicago Cardinals game at Wrigley Field went on sale at Spalding's downtown store, a line of 2000 fans quickly formed, almost circling the block. There had never been such evidence of public interest since our professional football league began in 1920. I knew then and there that pro football was destined to be a big-time sport.

The sudden rush for tickets was stimulated by the great Red Grange, who had just concluded his spectacular career at halfback for the University of Illinois. My Bears' partner, Dutch Sternaman, and I had signed Grange on Sunday in the suite of his manager, C. C. Pyle, in Chicago's Morrison Hotel. Red was exactly the sort of attraction the National Football League needed at that time.

I doubt if there ever will be another football player with Grange's overwhelming popularity. Red was a product of an era which glamorized its sports idols. He was to football what Jack Dempsey was to boxing, what Babe Ruth was to baseball and what Bobby Jones was to golf.

Red had the champion's knack of turning in his most sensational touchdown runs in the clutch. Take his almost incredible performance against Michigan in 1924. On the opening kickoff, Grange streaked ninety-five yards for a touchdown. Before the quarter was over, he had scored three more times on runs of sixty-seven, fifty-six and forty-five yards.

A big change has taken place in offensive football since Grange skyrocketed to national fame. At Illinois, Red used to carry the ball on an average of two out of every three plays. One back simply can't carry the burden of the attack in modern football. Today you've got to diversify your offense and spread the ball-carrying load among several players.

Contrast Grange's heavy work load with the figures on fullback Rick Casares, of the Bears, who topped the National Football League ball carriers in '56. Casares carried the ball on an average of one out of every four plays.

Today, five or six players are in the act on offense. It has reached the point where the ends and halfbacks are virtually interchangeable. The Bears, for example, usually spread ends Harlon Hill and Jim Dooley or Gene Schroeder out (Continued on Page 107)

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"Able's overrun," Major Gowan yelled. "Come on!"

Battle Decision

The battalion faced annihilation. So they decided to attack.

By JAMES MERRIAM MOORE

Waiting in this anteroom deep in the Pentagon, Colonel Arthur, retired, knew very well he must put his plea briefly, for these were surcharged days again in Washington. The Near East Policy had exploded; airborne units were already landing in Africa to reinforce marines of the 6th Fleet; larger contingents were moving toward stateside ports of embarkation. Outside in the corridor successive clatters of hurrying feet broke the drone of air-conditioning that assuaged July heat in the anteroom itself.

Why shouldn't he be recalled to duty? This new lot in the Pentagon had better quit counting birthdays and pay more attention to physical condition. His long body was lean and taut in his seersucker suit, he still had his outdoor bronze, his hair was still dark and vigorous; only his gray, brushed-out mustache showed age. And why shouldn't he get the appointment he wanted? He'd held larger ones. Thus he primed himself to talk to Merlin.

A W.A.C. secretary in light feminized uniform came up to him. "Can I help you?"

As though she were behind the counter of a shop! And those medal ribbons on her blouse! A woman wearing campaign ribbons! But he mustn't be a snorting old fool.

Courteously he rose. "I'd like a word with General Merlin, please. We used to be in the Lundies together. Say I won't delay him more than a minute or two."

He never had, back in those days when Merlin was adjutant of the regiment he commanded. He sat down to wait again.

The Lundies were a regimental combat team now. Maybe the British handled these things better, sending retired commanders to visit their old outfits and watch how their successors shaped. But in our regular service, too, officers used to come back, informally, now and then. When he'd been a shavetail in the Lundies a small old jockey of a retired colonel always rode out with them on maneuvers, perched

(Continued on Page 61)

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Pizza: A concoction of smoking meat balls, bubbling cheeses and tomatoes on a crisp crust, decorated with green peppers, black olives and mushrooms. Red peppers and cheese stand by for extra duty.

CRAZY ABOUT PIZZA

Call it tomato pie, pizza pie or just plain pizza—this delectable, pungent Italian concoction is giving the hot dog a run for the money as the favorite American snack!

By RICHARD GEHMAN

One day in February, 1956, the restless wanderlust that had been moiling around in Mario Paganello finally got the better of him. Mario was a trucker out of Waldwick, New Jersey, who worked in the New York City area. He was tired of smoke, traffic jams, rude cops and ruder drivers. He longed for the clean, pure air he imagined that one might breathe around, say, Odessa, Texas. A friend had told him that crude oil had made Odessa's population jump phenomenally, and Mario figured there was money to be made out there. Also, he was weary of climbing in and out of his truck. He wanted to go into some other business, but he didn't know what.

Then, on that significant February day, Mario happened to pass by the establishment of Frank Mastro, in the Bowery in New York City. Mastro, who has since died, was primarily a dealer in restaurant equipment and secondarily was known as The Pizza King. He had set up a model pizzeria in his store to show prospective pizzeria owners how to run their operations. Mastro's son, Vincent, and an assistant named John Scotti are (Continued on Page 54)

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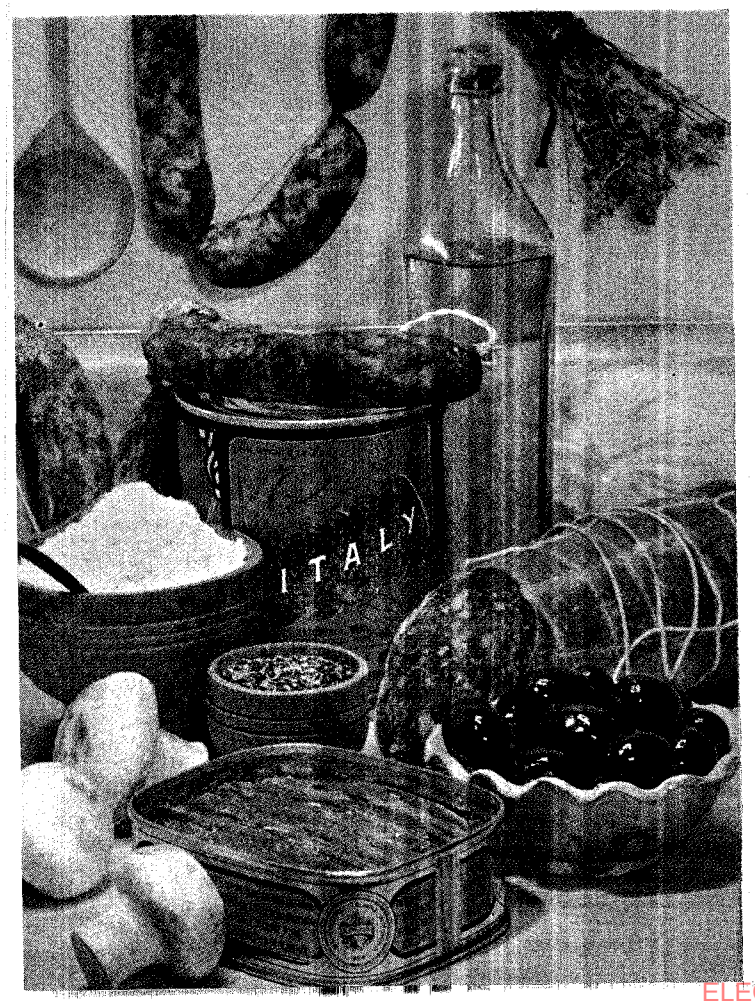
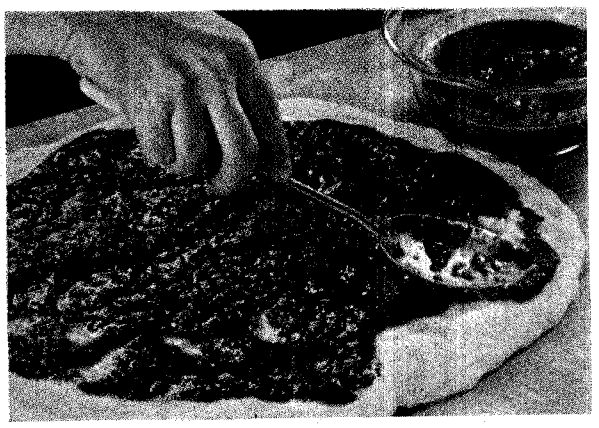
Photographs by

George Lazarnick

Below: Some of the fixings for imaginative pizza are sausages, herbs, Mozzarella and Parmesan cheese, salami and anchovies.

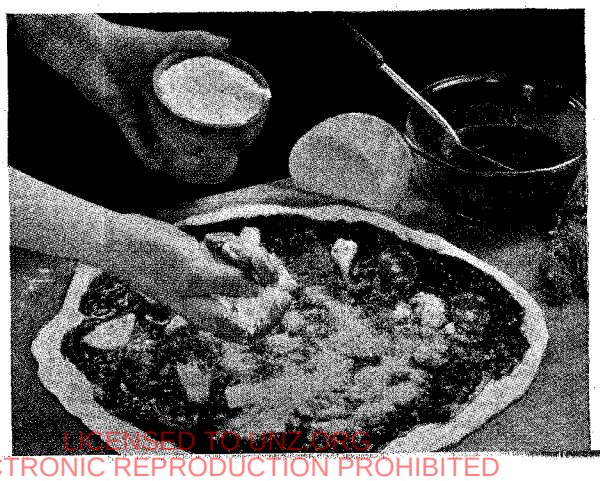


1. Flatten dough for a thin crust . . .

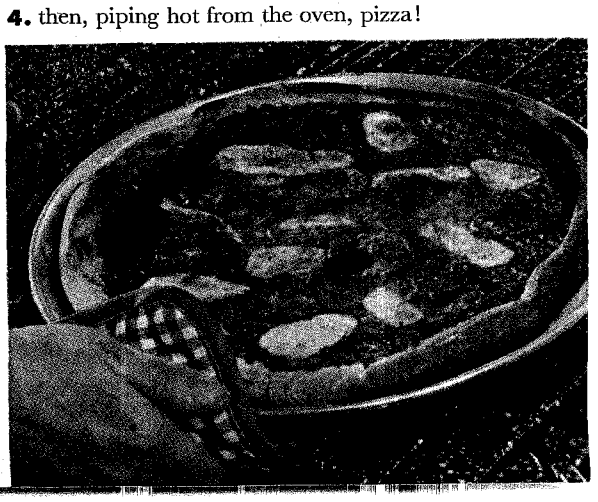


2. generously spoon on tomato sauce . . .

3. dust with grated Parmesan cheese . . .



4. then, piping hot from the oven, pizza!



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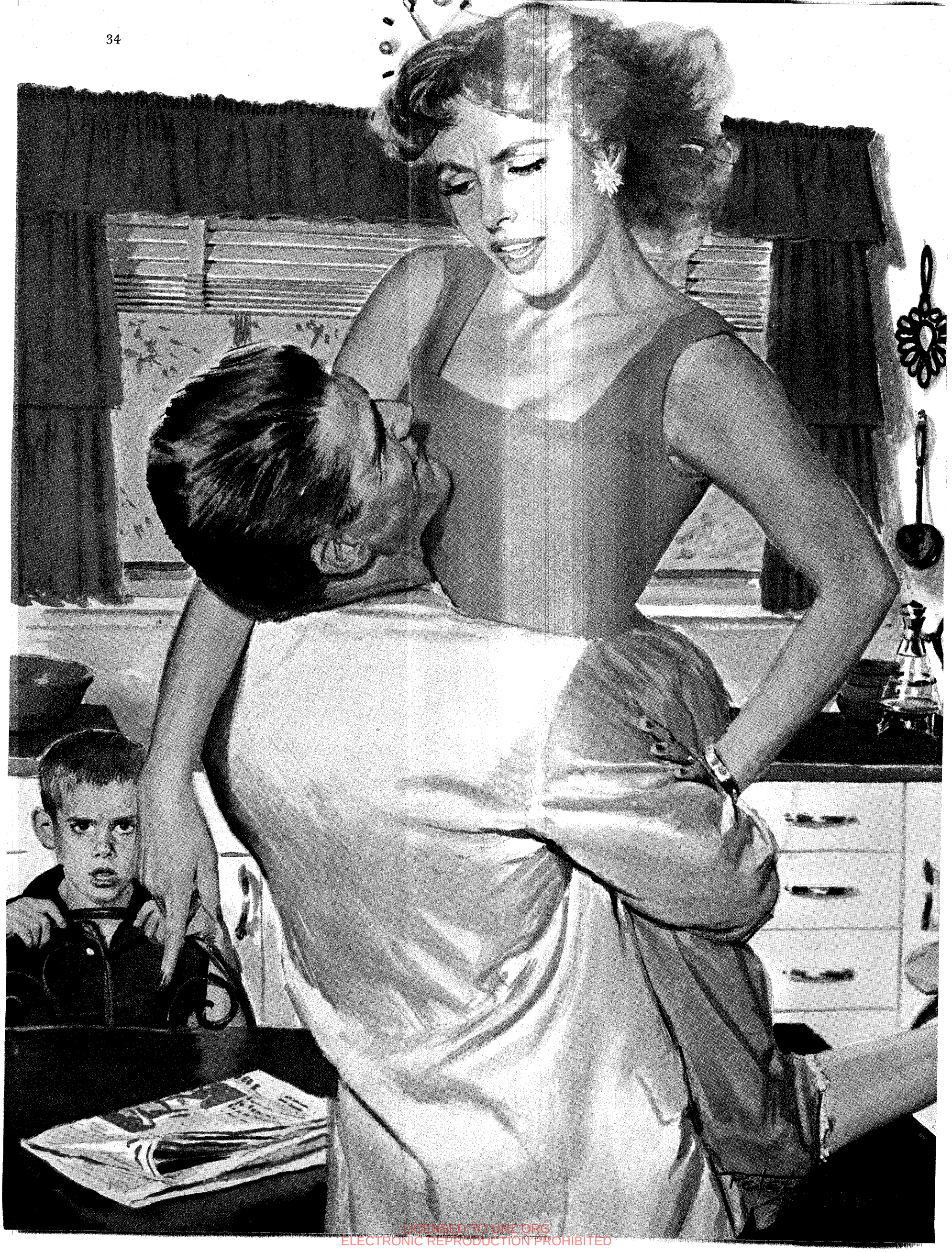

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There are times when a man won't take "No" for an answer.

Consider The Abduction of Martha Jones

By WILLARD TEMPLE

"Let me down," said my mother, her eyes sparking. "I won't go."

It was a hot summer morning when my father kidnaped my mother, taking her to Lake Minnetaska in the Bessarabian Range, which nobody ever heard of. My father claimed it was a vacation, but he wasn't taking his five children on any vacation.

"Everyone is on hand, I see," said my father, coming into the kitchen. "We are all here—the covey, the pack, the herd, the flock, the gaggle. Is everything ready, Martha?"

Martha is my mother. She was feeding Frankie, who is three years old and very repulsive. My mother looked pale, all dressed up and beautiful, but I wasn't sore at my mother, because she didn't want to go to Lake Minnetaska in the Bessarabian Range. My father was forcing her.

My twin brothers, Jerry and James, were fighting over a cereal box to see who could get it open first and get the Super Duper Guided Missile. My sister, Grace, was paying no attention to anyone, walking across the kitchen with a book on her head. She won't even say good morning, my sister; pretends she's from another planet and just boarding with us. I put out a foot and tripped her.

"I saw that," my father said, when my sister screamed.

"Bud," my mother said, "don't lose your temper our last morning. Where's Mrs. Klopfer? She should be here."

"I called her ten minutes ago," my father said. "She said she was just getting into her girdle and she sounded sober."

"I have a premonition we're doing the wrong thing," my mother said. "Where is Lake Minnetaska, anyway? I never heard of Lake Minnetaska."

"In the Bessarabian Range," my father said.

"Don't go, mommy!" Frankie screamed.

My father put his head in his hands. It is a habit my father has, like some people suck their thumbs.

"All I wanted," said my father, "was a week's vacation with my wife. A simple request for a man to make. We haven't had a vacation since we were married."

"Now, we tried, Bud," my mother said. "You know how we tried."

Two years before, they'd hired this sitter. They had reservations in San Francisco. The car was packed and the sitter drove up on schedule, only she missed the driveway and parked her car on the front lawn and opened the door and fell out and said, "Bon voyage," and gave my father a half-empty whisky bottle.

"It was thinking of those five kids that did it," she said later, and that summer my father took his vacation laying a new patio in the back yard.

The next summer they got my grandma. That summer my father was forcing my mother to go to Yosemite with him and we waved good-by and my parents drove off, and half an hour later we smelled smoke and my twin brothers had set fire to the living-room davenport.

"Heavenly days!" said my grandma, throwing a bucket of water on the davenport. "What next?"

What happened next was my sister, studying to be a high-wire artist, fell off the back-yard swing and broke her arm. This was late in the afternoon, and we took Grace to the hospital and came back and had supper and were going out again when the telephone rang.

"Heavenly days!" said my grandma. "Tell whoever it is I can't talk now."

It was my father in Yosemite. "Is that you, George?" he said. "How's everything?"

"Everything is fine," I said. "Jim and Jerry set fire to the house."

"What?" my father shouted.

"Grandma put it out," I said. "You should have seen the way she threw that bucket of water. Zam! Like Herb Score."

"Listen carefully," said my father, speaking very slowly. "Are you positive everything is all right now?"

In the driveway I could hear my grandma honking the car horn. (Continued on Page 100)

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

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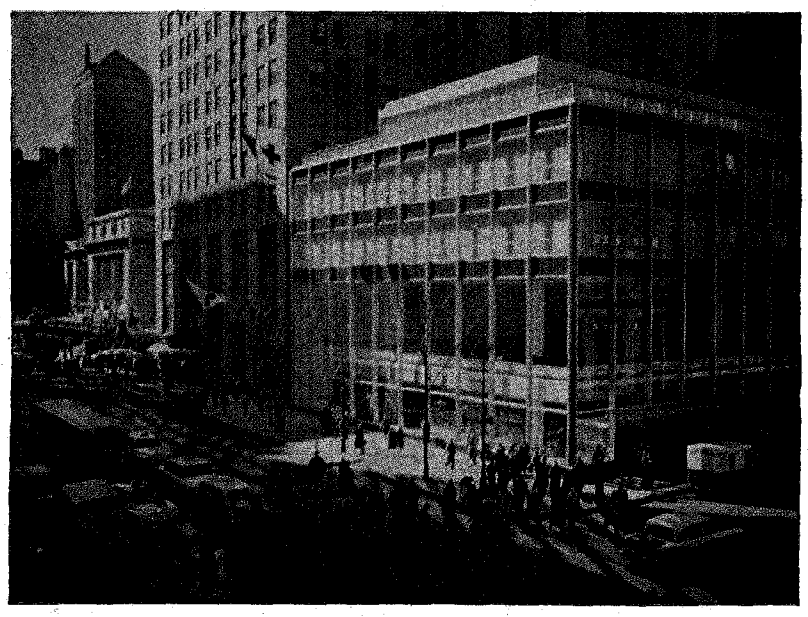
The transparent bank is kept fully lighted until 1 A.M. Its half-inch-thick glass panels have been tempered to withstand 100-mile-an-hour winds.

The Bank That Has No Secrets

Lack of privacy has a novel effect on customers and staff alike in this unique transparent bank, which discovered there's a bit of the ham in every depositor.

By JACK ALEXANDER



With its innards ever exposed to the stares of midtown crowds, the bank has undermined a tradition that depositors are incurably covert by nature.

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The bank's vault boldly faces Fifth Avenue at sidewalk level instead of being hidden in the basement. A safecracker, spinning a new combination every minute, would take 380 years to exhaust the possibilities on the 30-ton door.

Officers' desks are out in the open on the second floor, inducing spruce executives to become even sprucer.

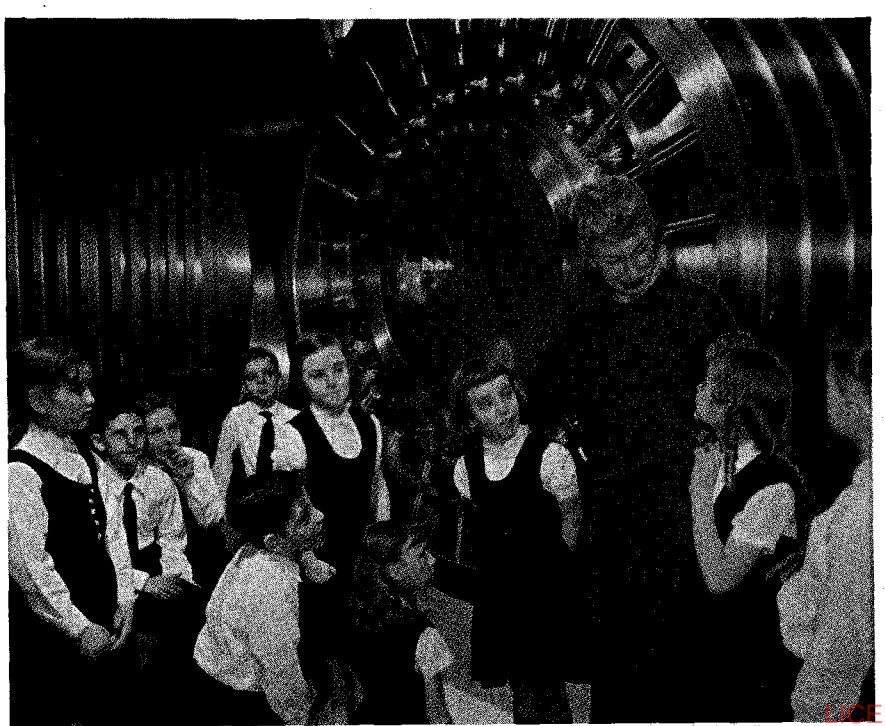
Perhaps the only bank employees anywhere whose surroundings implicitly warn them not to yawn or scratch while on duty are those who work in a Manufacturers Trust Company branch at the busy intersection of Fifth Avenue and 43rd Street in New York City. This inhibition of legal but indecorous impulses, of which only one employee has ever complained, is accepted by the rest of the staff of 230 as a fitting sacrifice on the altar of public relations. For the bank, a five-story structure overshadowed by skyscrapers, is as transparent as an aquarium.

Its skin consists wholly of great rectangular panes of plate glass held in place by ribs of polished aluminum. The effect is elegant and dramatic. And, although the over-all design is uncompromisingly boxlike, the bank has a quality of airy lightness about it suggesting that it may at any time slip its moorings and float gracefully upward, and out into space. Such an event would be a triumph for its designers, who planned it to look that way, but a sorry blow to Manufacturers Trust, which anted up $3,250,000 for its beloved bauble.

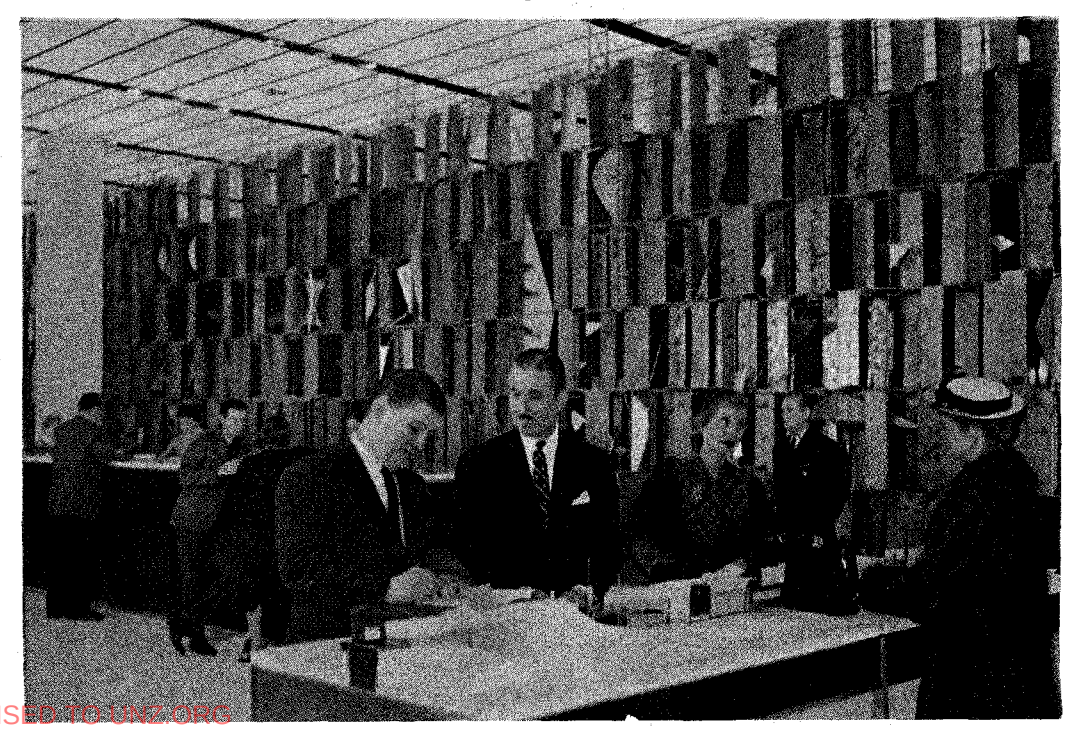
As an experiment in total visibility—or banking under glass, as one old-line financier has sardonically put it—the bauble, which was opened for business in October of 1954, has already qualified as a successful gamble. In the intensely competitive field of New York banking, advertising of all kinds plays an important role, and the glass bank has been, and continues to be, an advertising jack pot. It has inspired magazine and newspaper cartoons, and is a perennial topic of luncheon and dinner conversations. It has become a favored spot for photographing the ethereally wispy models of the fashion publications. The New Yorker magazine's architectural critic, Lewis Mumford, a great sparer of praise, has acclaimed the bank as "perhaps as complete a fusion of rational thinking and humane imagination as we are capable of producing today." To reject it, Mumford wrote, is to reject "many of the notable excellences of our age."

Apparently a great many persons appreciate this bundle of our age's excellences or at least have a lively curiosity about it. In the first three years of its existence the bank attracted, by rough count, between 90,000 and 100,000 nonbanking visitors, including travelers from such widely separated places as Kankakee and Johannesburg. (Continued on Page 105)

School children, such as these third-graders, often come to the bank on field trips. In its first three years, the bank attracted between 90,000 and 100,000 visitors.



The main banking room on the second floor has 24 teller positions and provides mobile counters in rush hours. The ultramodern 70-foot partition screen at rear weighs 6 tons.



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KILLER BY TRADE

Two men trained in the methods of murder pitted their wits against each other...

By NICHOLAS MONSARRAT

When Helene and I flew to South Africa to spend our deferred honeymoon with her father, I little suspected the grim events which would interrupt our sojourn. A particularly vicious robber was at work in the Plettenberg Bay area. He strangled his victims in a brutal but strangely workmanlike manner. I say workmanlike because during the war I was a Royal Marine Commando. My job, the consequences of which I have long tried to forget forever, was to teach men the art of silent death. It was, therefore, a curious twist of fate which caused me to meet in the town one of my former pupils. We called him Murderer Martin for his grisly skills. He had twice saved my life. For him, as for myself, I fervently desired the chance to erase for good the war's horrors. Thus I determined not to share with the police my knowledge of Martin's past. But now, as the unknown murderer's terror spread, I realized the fearful implications of keeping secret my knowledge. I decided to approach Martin.

CONCLUSION

At Martin's garage, the main door was open; perhaps it was never closed. As I stepped up to it, Mrs. Martin appeared. "Good morning," I said. "Is your husband in?"

"He's asleep," she answered, in the grudging tone she had used before.

"I'd like to see him."

"Come back a bit later on."

I raised my voice. "I have to see him now."

Martin's voice called from the back of the premises, "Who is it?"

"Nobody."

On a sudden impulse, I stepped forward, and using an authentic parade-ground snarl, roared out, "Martin!"

He snapped back, "Sir!" and came trotting out, almost before the echo had died.

Gasping, I reached the hilltop and snatched the walkie-talkie.

His appearance was a shock. He looked wild—unshaven for several days, dirty, his clothes stained and rumpled. But underneath this, as he drew near, I sensed an electric tension; fancifully, it seemed that if I had reached out my hand and touched him, I would have died of the contact.

When he was two paces off, he grinned jauntily and said, "Hello, skipper!"

"I thought we'd have that talk," I said.

"Talk?" He looked at his wife, jerking back his head, and she shuffled into the building again. "What talk?"

"About the old days."

"Oh, them." He reached into the pocket of his khaki shirt, drew out a cigarette and lit it. "Not much to say about them, is there?"

"Perhaps not. How are things going now?"

He looked at me with a very level glance, and said, with an air of satisfaction which appalled me, "I reckon I'm doing pretty well."

A braver man than I, or a different man, would have glanced round the wretched garage at that point, but I couldn't bring myself to do so.

Instead, I said, "That's fine. I like Plettenberg Bay a lot. Though it's certainly in a bit of an uproar at the moment."

"Yes. Comic, isn't it?"

"Comic?"

"All those coppers running about, not getting anywhere."

"Murder isn't funny."

"Oh, sure. How did they die, anyway?"

"Someone gave them the gate."

He stiffened, and I could have swallowed my tongue as I saw it. Accidentally I had used a commando phrase, a phrase both he and I knew well from the old days; "giving the gate" was the expression we had all used for that murderous chop across the throat. Sweating in the sunlight, I wondered if it was really by accident that I had said it. Perhaps it was a Freudian slip—the slip one wishes to make. His glance locked with mine; his eyes were already veiled and darkly secretive. We both knew what had happened.

He said, in the most offhand voice I had ever heard, "What a thing to do," and then, turning away from me, "Well, I've got some work. So long, skipper."

A moment later, I was alone outside the garage. . . .

"You've got to tell them!" said Helene vehemently. "You've got to tell them now!" I had never known her so emphatic, nor her eyes so intent. "Don't you see that, apart

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As he stumbled up the final slope, I stepped out, gun in hand.

from everything else, you're in the most terrible danger yourself?"

I was sitting on her bed, back in my father-in-law's house, a few minutes after the meeting with Murderer Martin. As I described to her that meeting with Martin, her excitement and foreboding had outstripped my own. She insisted that I go to the police, then and there.

"But it's only guesswork," I said lamely.

"You know it's more than that," she answered. "You know it's a certainty. If you don't go, I shall go myself."

"He saved my life."

"He's not going to save it now. Don't you understand," she said fiercely, "that whether he's mad or sane, you're the one person in Plettenberg Bay whom he must kill?"

"Somehow I still feel it's all my fault."

She laid a hand on my arm. "Darling, if there is any fault, this is the only way you can retrieve it."

I knew, of course, that this was true; I knew that, as often happened, Helene had sliced away the unessentials and got to the heart of the matter. I had to tell the police for the same reason that I had had to tell Helene—because, after the involved unstable encounter with Murderer Martin, I myself had to get back to firmer ground or perish.

I remembered that Freudian slip, the way I had betrayed my suspicions to a man I believed to be a murderer. There was a gross infection here, and it had already touched me. There was, after all, only one way to be cleansed. I kissed Helene, got up off the bed and stood looking down at her.

"All right," I said. "I'll go now."

"Go straight there," she commanded. "Don't go anywhere else. And take care of yourself. I love you."

The police did not love me; indeed, in the person of Van Willigen, they seemed to love me less than anyone else in the world. As I told my story, the police sergeant's face grew increasingly bleak; at the end, he was looking at me as if I myself were the murderer who had set his village in an uproar.

"Why didn't you come to us first?" he demanded, as soon as I had finished. "I told you the other night that we needed all the help we could get. Remember?"

"I know that," I said haltingly. "But I was only guessing, after all. I felt that if I could talk to Martin, I'd be able to judge whether I was right."

His pencil tapped on the desk. His blue eyes were very direct and prominent. "You said he was a friend of yours from the old days."

"Yes."

"Sure you didn't tip him off on purpose, eh?"

"No. It was all a mistake."

"You're dead right it was a mistake." Van Willigen rose, towering above me, and reached behind him for his belt and holster. "You'd better come along on this trip," he said, with heavy irony. "In case of any more mistakes."

The garage was the same as when I had left it an hour earlier. Mrs. Martin answered Van Willigen's knock.

"Mrs. Martin?"

"Yes. What is it now?"

"I'd like to see your husband."

"You've just missed him," said Mrs. Martin. It was possible to imagine a gleam of triumph in the dull eyes. "He had to go out. Emergency, he said. He won't be back for some time."

"What sort of an emergency?" asked Van Willigen, for the fifth or sixth time. "What would take your husband out in such a big hurry? He must have given you some idea."

Mrs. Martin faced him across the table in the dusty garage office; after an hour's close questioning, she still held her ground. Either she knew nothing at all or Murderer Martin had briefed her well.

For the fifth or sixth time, she repeated, "He doesn't tell me everything. Why should he? It's business. He said it was an emergency."

"Was there a telephone call? You know we can trace it."

"Then you don't need me, do you?" she countered, desperately pert.

Van Willigen brushed it off. "Which way did he go?" (Continued on Page 73)

Illustrated by Austin Briggs

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Post Scripts

Letters You'd Better Start Composing Right Now

BETTER-BILT BIRDHOUSE CO.
BETTER BUY BETTER-BILT!
42 Fourth Street
Portland 1, Oregon

Office of the President — November 30, 1957

NOTICE TO ALL BETTER-BILT EMPLOYEES:

Once again, as we approach the Holiday Season, it is my pleasure and privilege to announce that our Annual Christmas Party will be held at 5:30 on Monday, December 23, on the second floor of our Better-Bilt building. It is my earnest wish that a good time be had by all.

However, there is a difference between liberty and license; and while I think I have as good a sense of humor as anybody's, I fail to see the point of some of last year's activities. Accordingly, all employees will please observe the following regulations:

No pigeons to be released on premises
No objects of any description to be dropped from Fire Escape
Office telephones to be used for local calls only
All lights to be left on at all times

In this connection, Miss Montgomery has a special request to make of the girls in the Filing Department. Will they please.....

Dear Santa Claus Last year Saturday I asked you for a Puppy and a Kanga Roo and a Boa constricter but you only ~~bot~~ brogt me the Puppy. He is fine and now I would like the Kanga Roo and the Boa constricter

Yours truly
Paul Dickel

Dear Time to wish you the Merriest Christmas ever!

BANKERS FAMILY BULLETIN

Well, folks, another old year has slipped by and just like always then we stop to think of all our friends we want to wish a great big MERRY CHRISTMAS to, there just isn't enough room on a Christmas card. So once again we got out the old "mimeo" and here's the "scoop from the group". ... Biggest news around here is - believe it or not - goodness! We have 3, count them, 3 now! Cupcake, P'tite Bebe, & Mlle from Armentieres (who has won two Obedience ribbons already and is headed for big things, we think!) Little Heather has been keeping them we'll have you know and doing wonderfully. John takes it calmly - he says (and can't you just hear him!) that he's spent so much of his married life in the doghouse anyway it just seems natural! ... Penny is a big sorority wheel now but studying hard too, & Johnny is as wrapped up as ever in his drawing, and as for your faithful correspondent....

21 Laurel St.
Dry Hole, Wyoming
Nov 30

Dear Cousin Kay—

How is the new job and how is New York? I'el bet you're frantically busy and I feel awful about asking this little favor — but you know what the stores are like in Dry Hole! Here's the thing - I want to give Rod a really nice shooting jacket for Christmas but he's left-handed as you know, so it must be a left-handed one (with the chamois patch on the left shoulder.) Also he doesn't like that khaki color and I was thinking a nice woodsy green would be nice but not too dark or else a sort of medium-brown but not that wishy-washy milk chocolate color. It should have at least two big inner pockets in the lining (which mustn't be wool - you know how allergic Rod is - maybe some nice looking cotton or faille??) Now, I don't want you to go to a bit of trouble because I know how busy you are, but if you should just happen to.....

1637 S.W.Clifton,City
Nov.30

Miss Miriam Vandervoort
Manners for Today ~~Column~~ Dept.
The MorningEnterprise, City
Dear Miss Vandervoort,

I have a question I would likeyou to answer for me and I hope you will answer it for me. I ~~am~~ am taking my cousin (a girl) to a Christmas Dinner Dance at a country Club and can I wear gray pants and a NavyBlue coat. Also what can I do ~~to~~ to make surethey dance with her (my cousin.) Please reply in plainnenvelope to Frank Bosch Jr. at above address in plain envelope and....

Ivy Hall
Nov. 30

Dearest Gram and Gramp—

Honestly it just isn't possible the semester's nearly over — Babs and I were just saying this morning it seems like a week instead of — (Time Out! — Babs just rushed in simply crushed with the darlingest skirt her aunt sent her for her birthday only its miles too big! Honestly wouldn't you think a person would just send a check or something especially when a person hasn't seen a person for a long time and doesn't even know a person's sizes or anything!) Well I've been simply killing myself on Geom. 212 and.....

PEG BRACKEN

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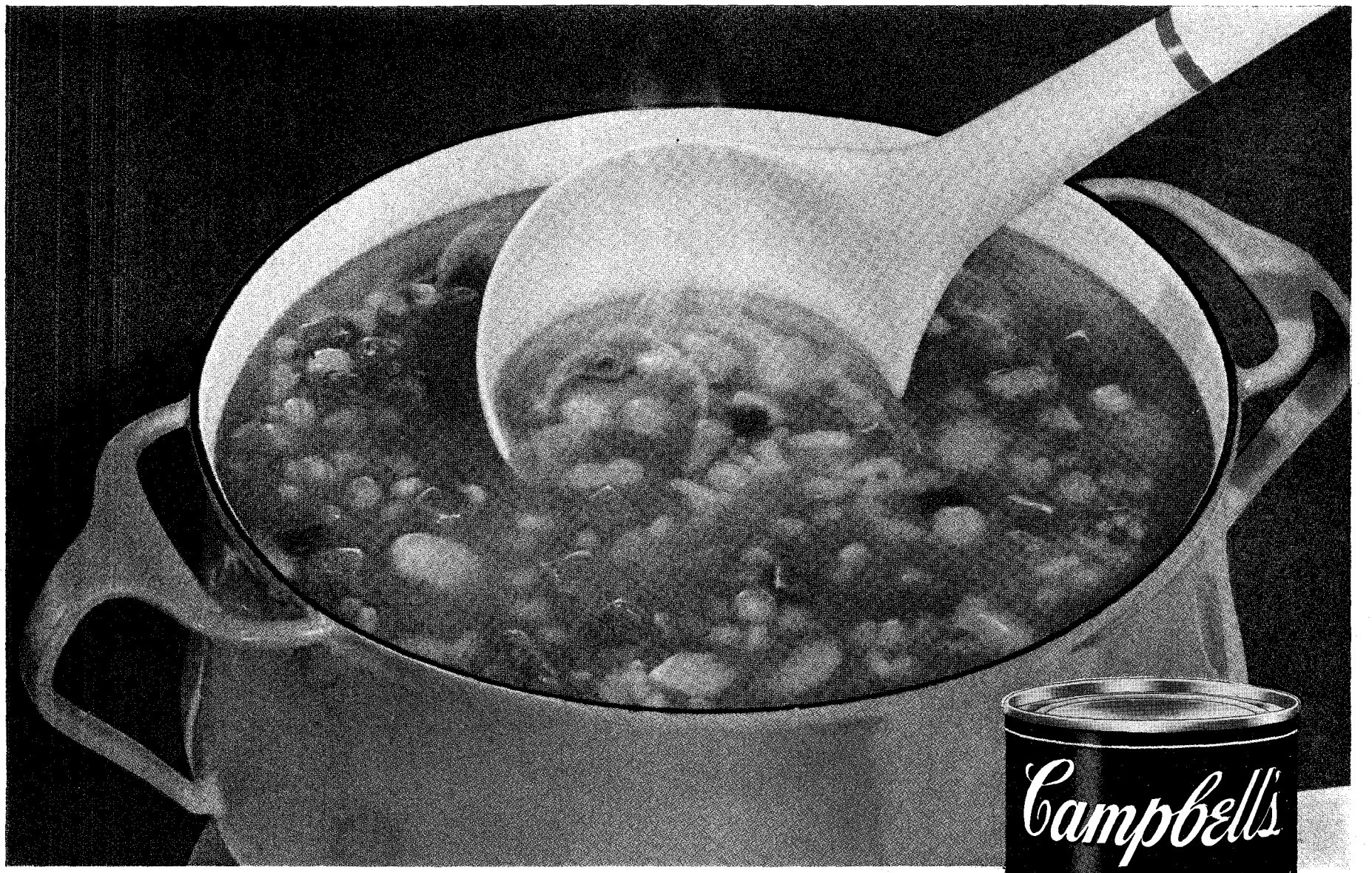
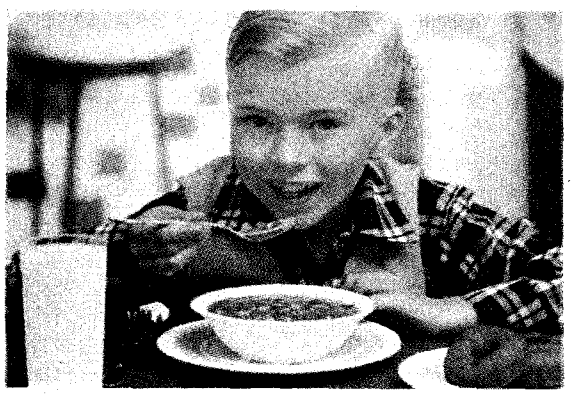


Have you had your soup today?

Has he?



Why not give him *his* soup for breakfast! Vegetable, or any favorite Campbell's Soup. Best way in the world to start the day with good hot nourishment! And it's all ready in 4 minutes.

Has she?

It's lunch time . . . naturally soup time! A bowlful of hot and hearty Vegetable Soup with beefy broth and 15 pick-of-the-garden vegetables makes any sandwich meal complete. Quick, too!

Have they?

Menfolk and kidfolk like soup to start the meal! Helps them enjoy it! Helps round it out with nourishment! Especially Campbell's Vegetable Soup, with 15 vegetables in meaty broth!

M'm! M'm! Good! Nourishing good! Gives you vitamins, proteins—minerals, too!

So...once a day...every day...Soup—Campbell's, of course!

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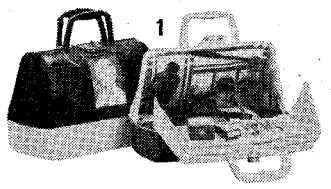
PANDA BEAR'S WINSOME LOOK will melt any child's heart! 2-ft. tall. Made exclusively for Rexall by Columbia Toy Products, one of America's largest toy makers. **$2.98**

NEW SLINKY TOY! A Happy-Hand car with fascinating action spring that makes fun for all! Only.....**$1.98**

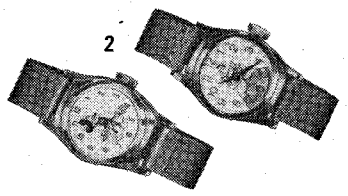
GIFTS FOR HER

LUXURIOUS TOILETRIES BY CARA NOME

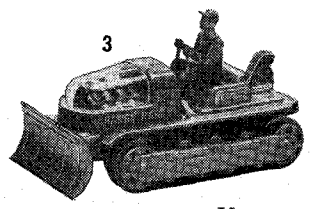
1. GLAMOROUS DUETS IN 3 EXCITING NEW FRAGRANCES — exotic *Fair Warning*, coquettish *Tish Tish*, and charming *Plymouth Garden!* Choose one of these special gift packages containing both the Cologne and Dusting Powder: a lovely gift box, **$1.75**; or a novel BATON package (not illus.), **$1.50.**
Cologne, alone, gift-wrapped...**$1.50**
AEROSOL MIST COLOGNES in a choice of these new fragrances. Each....**$2.00**
AEROSOL PERFUMES. These fragrances in most subtle essence. 10 cc. **$2.00**
2. PINK MAGIC PERFUMED LOTION. $1.00
3. GOLDEN PRINCESS WRIST WATCH. Jeweled movement, fancy dial..**$9.95**
MUSICAL POWDER BOX in lustrous colors. Imported Swiss movement. **$2.98**
LOVELY COMPACTS. From **98¢** to **$3.95**
GIFT JEWEL BOXES. From **$1.29** to **$3.98**
4. 3-PC. DRESSER SET. $7.50 val., **$5.98**
Other dresser sets at just.....**$3.98**
CHRISTMAS EARRINGS. Each pair, **$1.00**
5. MANICURE POLISH SET. 7-piece, **$3.95**
De Luxe Manicure Set.....**$4.95**
ATOMIZER for her cologne. Exquisite china or porcelain. Each, only **$1.95**
Other gift atomizers from **98¢** to **$4.95**
6. SPUNTEX SHEER NYLONS. New feature! Twin thread knit wears twice as long. You are guaranteed 60 days wear from this box of 2 pair! Only.....**$2.98**
BETTER HOMES & GARDENS COOK BOOK, loose-leaf style **$3.95**



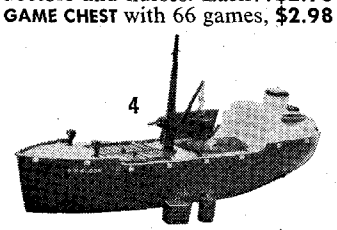
1. COMPLETE KITS for make-believe doctors and nurses. Each..**$2.98**
GAME CHEST with 66 games, **$2.98**



2. SHOCKPROOF WATCHES for small fry. Each style, only **$6.95**
FINE ARTS JIGSAW PUZZLES...49¢

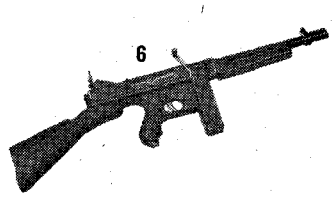


3. MYSTERY TRACTOR. You save $3.00! $7.95 value, now...**$4.95**
SIX-IN-ONE GAME CHEST.....98¢



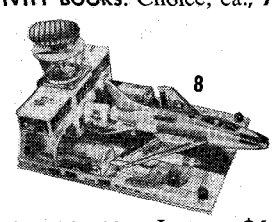
4. BIG CARGO SHIP, only...**$2.98**
REMOTOFLEX SET with 3 army cars and master control.....**$2.98**

5. JANIE DOLLS. Choice, ea., **$1.98**
TOY WASHING MACHINE....$2.98
ACTIVITY BOOKS. Choice, ea., **79¢**



6. TOMMY BURP GUN. Safe! **$2.50**
HELICOPTER. Remote control with twin rotors. All metal. Only **$2.98**

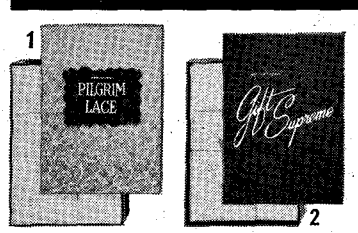
7. ARMY SEARCHLIGHT TRUCK, $3.98
"LET'S FIND OUT" BOOKS. Ea., **$2.95**
SITTING PEPPY, toy poodle..**$1.19**



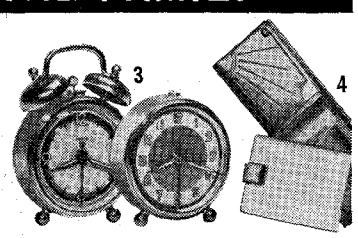
8. BIG RADAR BASE. Just....**$4.95**
WALT DISNEY STORY BOOKS. Big, **$1.00**; small, with record....**79¢**

9. JR. MISS TOILETRY KIT....$1.88
ROCK OR SHELL KITS with specimens and book. Each kit, just...**$2.95**

GIFTS FOR THE FAMILY



1. PILGRIM LACE STATIONERY. Box, $1.50 value, **89¢**; **2. GIFT SUPREME STATIONERY,** $2.50 value...**$1.79**

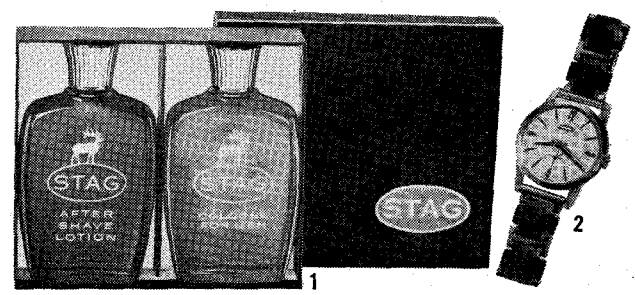


3. ALARM CLOCKS. $5.00 val., **$3.98**
4. GENUINE LEATHER BILLFOLDS. $3.50 values, now **$2.98** & **$1.98**

BOXED STATIONERY. Oak Grain, **$1.79**; Empire Vellum, **$1.29**; Primrose or Fashion Flash, **$1.50**
WORLD-GLOBE MONEY BANK, $2.00
OVER-SIZE DIARY, 5½" x 7", **$3.49**
CEDAR-CHEST DIARY.....$4.49
CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS, $1.00
PLASTIC BRIDGE CARDS. Deck, **$2.95**
HOLY BIBLE. White zippered cover, **$3.75**; or black cover.....**$2.25**
QUALITY CHOCOLATES. American Custom, lb. box, **$2.00**; Taylor's Deluxe Cottage, lb. box, **$1.55**
CHRISTMAS STOCKING, filled...**98¢**

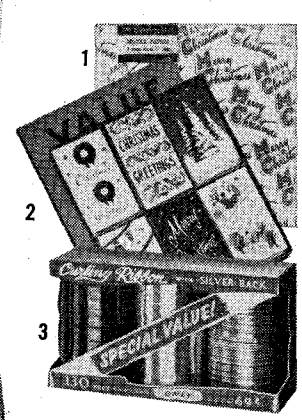
GIFTS FOR HIM

STAG TOILETRIES — CHOICE OF ACTIVE MEN



1. STAG SHAVING SET. 3-oz. bottle of popular After Shave Lotion plus Stag Cologne, packaged in bright red gift box **$2.00**
Other Stag Sets, **$1.35** to **$2.25**
STAG SHAVING NEEDS. After Shave or Pre-Shave Lotion, **$1.00**; Stag Cologne....**$1.25**
2. EXECUTIVE WRIST WATCH. Swiss movement. Only **$9.95**
PLASTIC POKER CHIPS. Interlocking, washable. 100.....**$1.19**
SECTIONAL POKER CHIP RACK. Polystyrene. 200 chips...**$5.95**
MANICURE SET. Top grain cowhide case; 4 instruments..**$3.95**

CARDS, DECORATIONS AND WRAPS



1. GIFT WRAP. Two 20"x26" sheets, **25¢**
Wraps to suit everyone's taste, to **$2.50**
2. DELUXE CARDS. 50, $2.50 value, **98¢**
Wide choice of quality cards from **69¢**
3. CURLING RIBBON. From..**10¢** to **98¢**
SHINY BRITE GLASS BALLS. 12, just..**99¢**
FANCY ORNAMENTS. Box of 12..**$1.98**
GLIMMER 15-LITE SET. "If 1 goes out, rest stay lit." U.L. approved.....**$2.79**
8-LIGHT TREE SET. U. L. approved. **$1.49**
GIFT TAGS AND SEALS. Start at.....**10¢**

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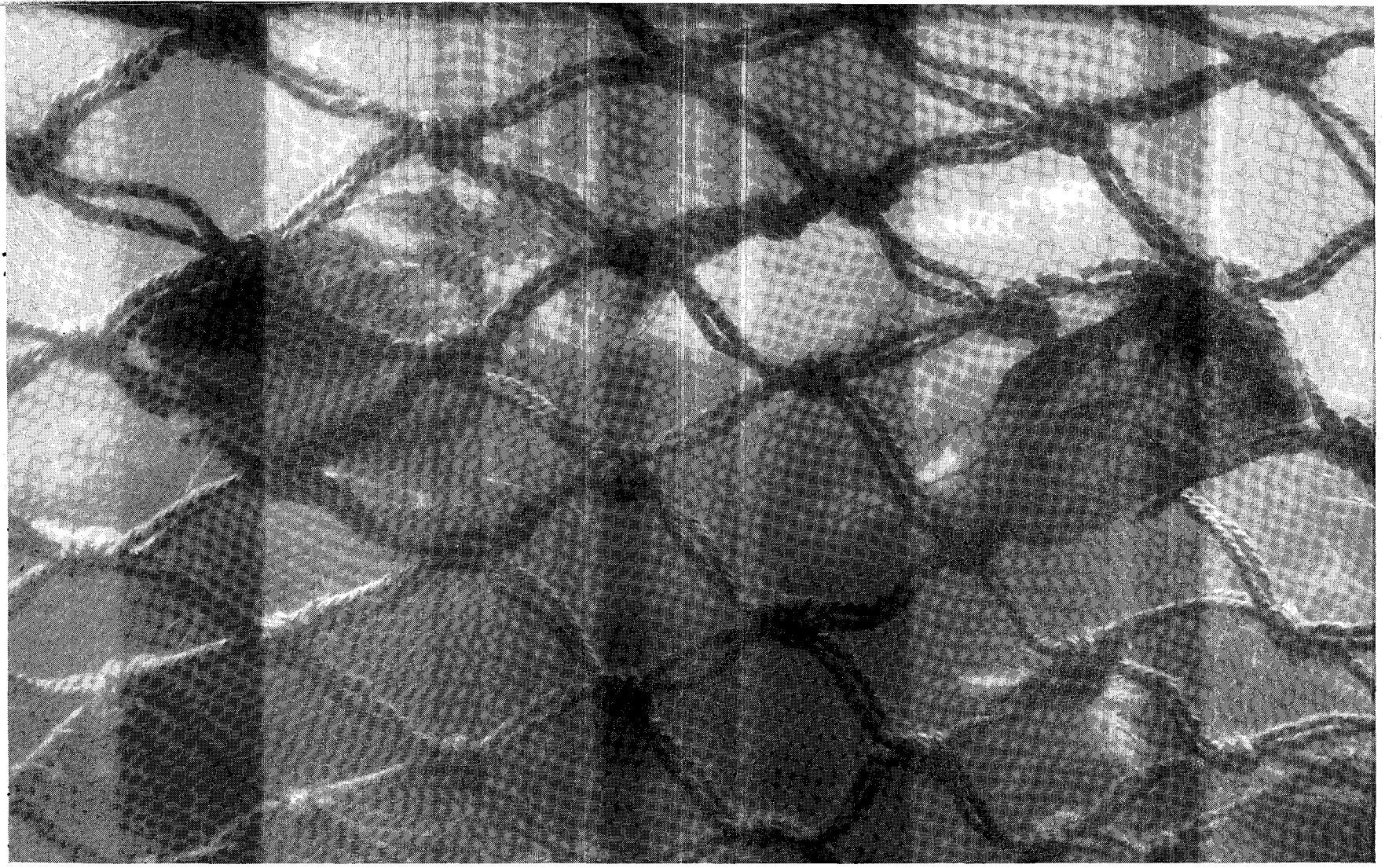


Scientists devised the mesh of this net so that small fish like the one at right could escape to grow to marketable size, thus insuring bigger future catches.

The Oceans Must Yield More Food

Here is how scientists are trying to help our hard-pressed fishing industry meet mankind's need for new sources of nourishment.

By LIONEL A. WALFORD, *Chief, Branch of Fishery Biology, Department of the Interior,* as told to Henry F. Pringle

The pretty American secretary who bolts a tuna-fish-salad luncheon so she can go shopping before returning to work is an important factor in the economy of the United States fishing industry. So is the hostess who serves shrimp at her cocktail parties.

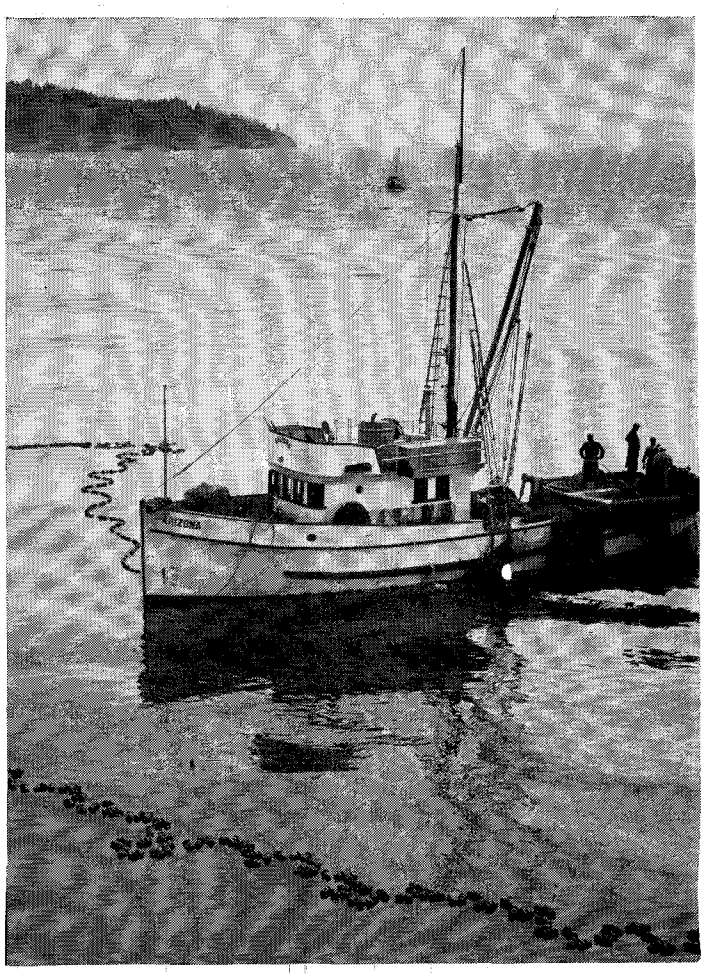
Unfortunately, the ladies cannot solve all the problems besetting commercial fishermen. Public tastes change constantly and without apparent reason. Yesterday's poor man depended on the cheapest varieties of fish for the protein necessities of his diet. Today he passes them up in favor of frozen fillets, tuna, shrimp and crab. In fact, the hostess who serves shrimp has helped make this crustacean the most valuable product of American waters. In 1920 around 56,500 tons of shrimp were dragged up from the floor of the sea. Last year the amount had soared to about 120,000 tons and the value to $65,000,000.

Even so, the American fishing industry is in trouble. Some of its leaders say that imports from foreign countries, where operating expenses are lower, prevent retail prices in this country from keeping pace with our fishermen's costs. They complain that technology has not produced as many miracles as it should—anyway, not as many as the ones which have invigorated other industries. The supply of fish still fluctuates between famine and glut, and scientists have not yet been able to explain why.

The fish industry is filled with contradictions. The fact is that the average American is using more fish than ever. Between 1930 and today, while our population increased thirty-eight per cent, the use of fish and fish products doubled. The figures do not fit the picture of a dying industry.

For one thing, a revolution has taken place in the way fish are presented for sale. Our mothers had to clean the fish they bought, but today's housewives buy their fish in packages: frozen fillets or fish sticks. Having forgotten what certain fish look like, many women serve varieties previously spurned because they were unfamiliar or unattractive. That is why the sales of ocean perch, hake and Pacific flounder have increased greatly in the last twenty years.

(Continued on Page 52)



Puget Sound: The supply of salmon for West Coast fishermen has dropped 36 per cent in ten years.

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MURDER ON MY STREET

The murderer's crude letter pulled no punches:

GET YOUR KID OUT OF TOWN AND DON'T BRING HER BACK!

By EDWIN LANHAM

Harry Banks was murdered," Bruce Carter announced to the staff of the New York Express a few moments after discovering the managing editor's body. Carter, who earlier was passed over for that job, now found himself the chief suspect in this strange turn of events. He alone knew that Banks was somehow linked with the missing Sylvia King, whom police sought in connection with the narcotics traffic. But his worst fears even at this moment concerned his daughter, Pam. The child was a key witness in the death of Adele Sharp, whose body she saw while on an errand to the King girl's apartment. Only Pam could identify the killer. Meanwhile, Carter's quarrel with Banks earlier in the day aroused police suspicion. To Carter, however, his death deepened the mystery of the dangerous knowledge which he believed Banks possessed, knowledge which could lead the police to link the two murders. Now, with Pam's life in jeopardy and his own motives under investigation, Carter found his remaining ally in fashion editor Laura Parker.

V

Gordon Gilman went over to greet Laura Parker's father, but lingered only a moment. From across the cafeteria Laura signaled Bruce with a flashing smile, and he crossed to her table. As she introduced Bruce to her father, Conrad Parker rose as if with great effort, and gave Bruce a limp handshake.

"Daddy popped in on me today," Laura said. "I thought he was down in Oklahoma and I looked up from my typewriter and saw him standing at the door, grinning at me."

"I know it's childish to surprise people," Conrad Parker said. "Laura says it's a country custom, and I guess she's right."

"Are you up here on a business trip, Mr. Parker?" Bruce asked.

"No, just a casual visit," he said.

"Daddy hasn't been well," Laura said. "I've been urging him for some time to come up here and see a specialist and, thank heavens, at last he has."

"I'm sorry to hear it, Mr. Parker," Bruce said.

"Laura exaggerates," Conrad Parker said gently. "I'm in fair enough shape. I've been taking it easy since I got out of the newspaper business." He met Bruce's eyes. "Speaking of newspapers, I hear you've got a Page One story. Laura told me about Harry Banks. He could always stir up a little excitement, one way or another, and I expect he'd be delighted to know he made Page One."

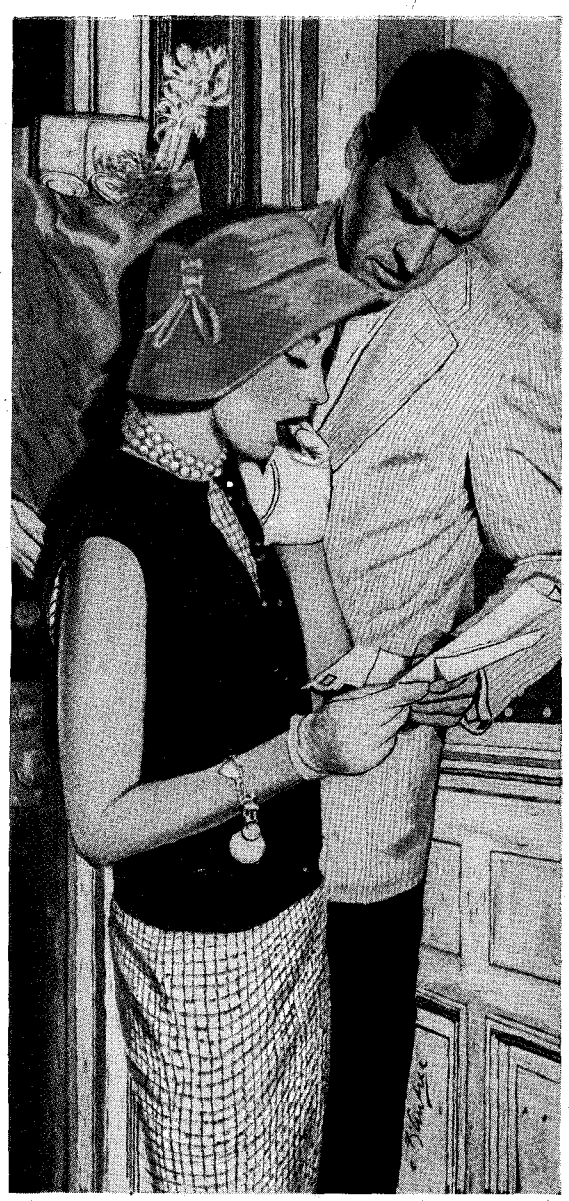
"Dad, the man is dead," Laura said.

"And still making things hot, I understand. Didn't you tell me he was up to his old tricks? Didn't he get Gordon Gilman broken? Gordon looks as if he's taking it pretty hard. He barely said hello. Not much of a greeting, after two years."

Bruce said, "I imagine you're familiar with Harry Banks' technique, Mr. Parker."

"Some men are born conspirators," Conrad Parker said. "They just can't help it. Harry wasn't happy if something wasn't happening."

"You knew him down in Oklahoma, of course."



"He's been watching us, following our movements," Bruce said. "He knows all about us."

"He came down there with Arthur Cole when they reorganized the paper," Conrad Parker said. "That's when I stepped out, but I think you know about that."

"Yes," Bruce said. "I'm wondering if he ever mentioned a girl named Sylvia King down there?"

"Not that I recall. You think he knew her?"

"I think he knew her in New York. I don't know about Oklahoma. But I understand you're interested in oil. Tell me something. Suppose a girl has a royalty interest. Her grandparents reserved half the mineral rights when they sold their farm and they willed the interest to the girl and her cousin. Would ten thousand dollars be about the right price for that interest?"

"Let's see," Conrad Parker said. "It would be the landowner's one-eighth royalty to begin with, divided in half. That makes a one-sixteenth royalty to be split between the two. On a lease of a hundred and sixty acres ten thousand would still be quite a bit too low."

"I don't know that it's a hundred and sixty acres," Bruce said.

"A hundred and sixty is right, if you're talking about the King girl. I know the property. I have a lease in that same area that I'm hopeful of."

"You know the property?" Bruce said. "You mean to say you know the King girl?"

"I know about her, because I know about the property," Parker said. "I saw the stories about her in the newspapers today and I recalled the name. I was trading leases in that area and I know the leasehound who was chasing down those heirs. I never met the girl, though. What's your interest in the property, Mr. Carter?"

"Sylvia King put ten thousand dollars into her savings account last month," Bruce said. "I thought she might have sold her royalty interest, but that's only one possibility."

"Could have been a first installment on the purchase price," Conrad Parker said.

"That could be it," Bruce said, and glanced at his watch. "I've got to hurry downtown."

"Give my love to Pammy," Laura said.

She was smiling, and her eyes seemed untroubled. She was happy to be reunited with her father, he thought, and it had not even occurred to her that his unexpected appearance in New York the very day Harry Banks was killed was coincidental, to say the least. But he mustn't let Gilman's insinuations poison his mind, he thought. The murder of Harry Banks was linked with the murder of Adele Sharp, surely,

(Continued on Page 95)

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We designed this car with mothers in mind

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

GENERAL MOTORS
GOLDEN MILESTONE

WE KNEW you wanted a car of true modernity—and this 1958 Buick fairly sings with it.

From its graceful grille to its gleaming tail towers to its luxurious décor inside—this is the freshest fashion in town.

But we also knew you wanted other things—like fenders you can see over *clearly* when you're backing out of the drive. And wait till you see how easy it is *here*.

We knew you wanted a car with roominess and comfort, a luxurious ride and beautiful performance. And this gorgeous Buick has all that and more.

Above all, we knew you wanted a car that's quick handling—light on its feet. And this one's a joy. It seems to respond to your very thoughts.

It handles with the airiness of a ballerina—so you can slip into tight parking spots—swing around curves or into narrow drives with the greatest of ease.

When you try this 1958 Buick you'll see how completely we designed it with you in mind.

Your Buick dealer will gladly arrange matters. Call him soon.

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First big car that's light on its feet

the AIR BORN B-58 BUICK

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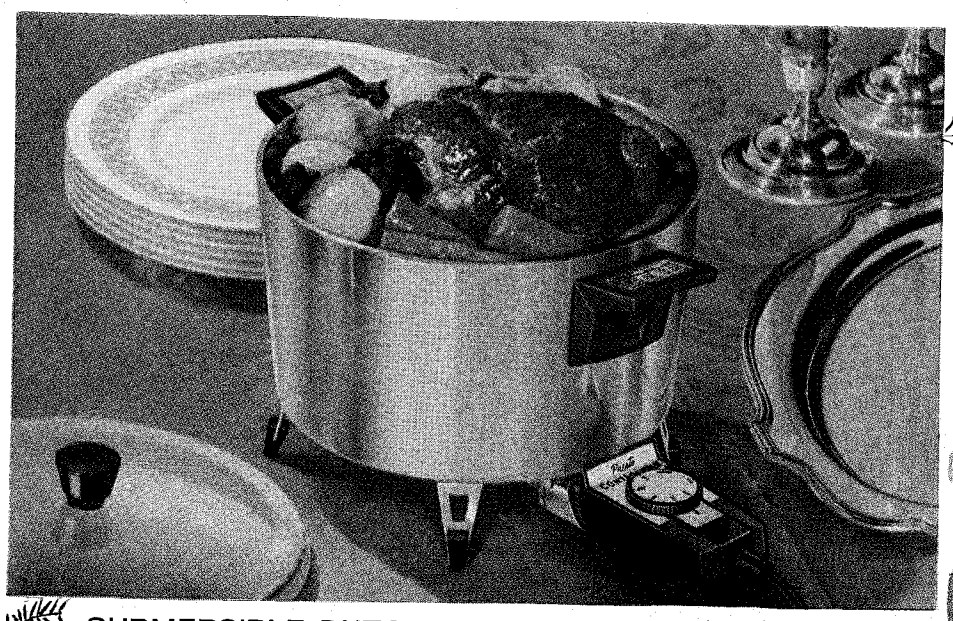
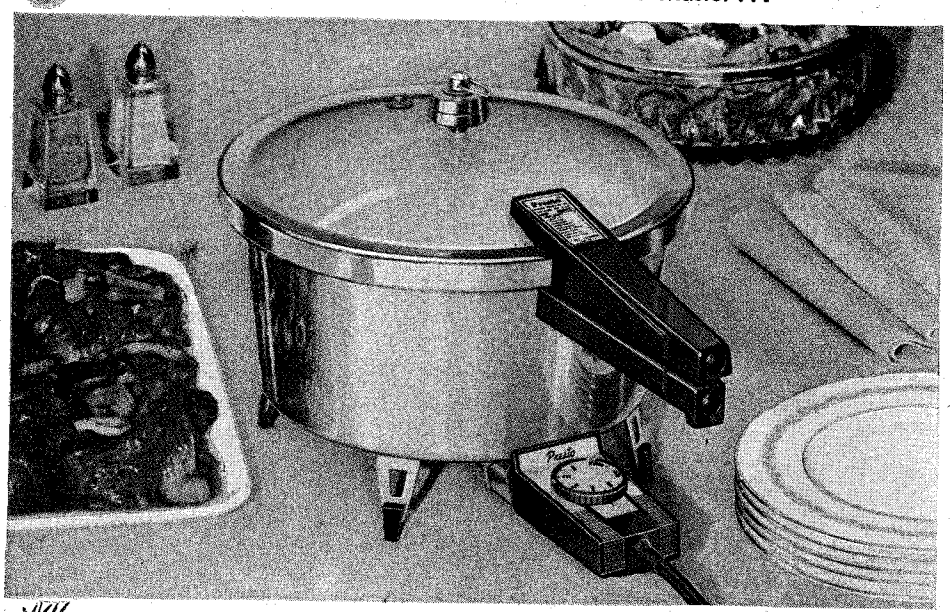
NOW SHE'LL NEVER...
NO NEVER...

Char the bacon...

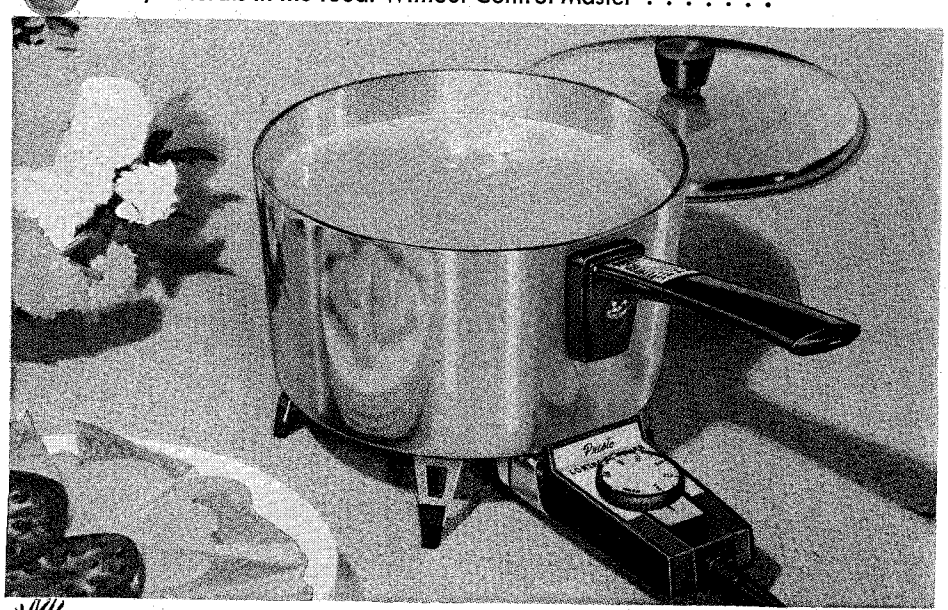
Cook the roast dry.



SUBMERSIBLE DUTCH OVEN makes taste-catching meats, casseroles, or one-dish meals . . . bakes, stews, roasts! Holds 5 quarts. Includes metal cover. Without Control Master . . . **$17.95†**



SUBMERSIBLE PRESSURE COOKER prepares a complete meal in 5 minutes. Saves fuel, saves money. Keeps vitamins, minerals in the food. Without Control Master . . . . . **$19.95†**



SUBMERSIBLE SAUCE PAN. Foods can't burn or stick . . . macaroni or rice won't boil over. Use in place of double boiler. 3-quart capacity. Without Control Master . . . . . **$13.95†**

This Christmas Give Her... An Electric Range in the Palm of Her Hand!

Presto appliances are so economical you could buy a Control Master with each one and still save money. But you need only one $6.95 control to run them all. So we have priced appliances separately to show savings up to 40%

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Scorch the potatoes...

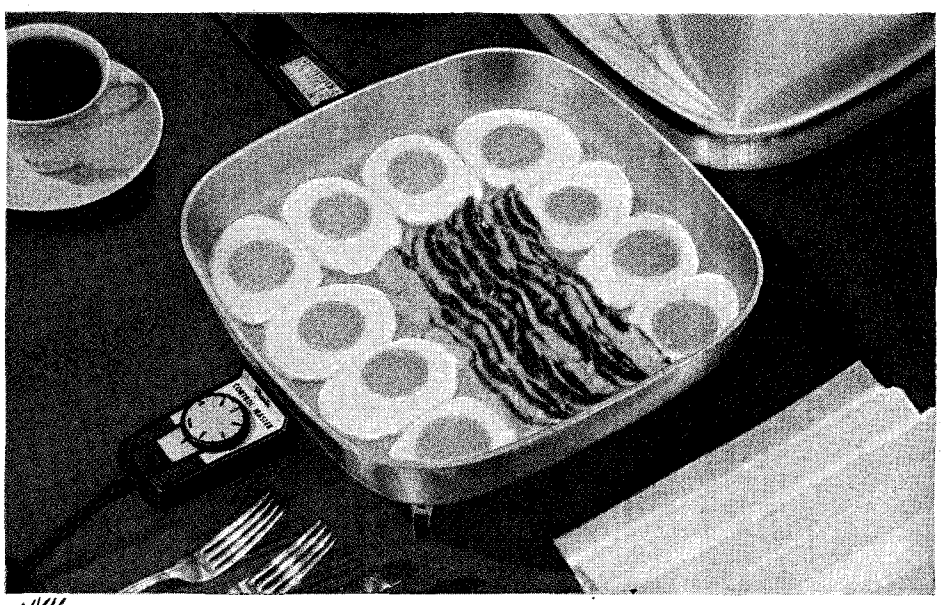
Bake doughy pancakes...

Have food boil over!

SHE CAN RUN 7 CONTROLLED HEAT APPLIANCES WITH ONE

Presto® Control Master*

SUBMERSIBLE GRIDDLE. Jumbo cooking surface holds lots of pancakes, hamburgers. Slide-out drip tray prevents soggy, greasy foods. Without Control Master . . . . . **$16.95†**

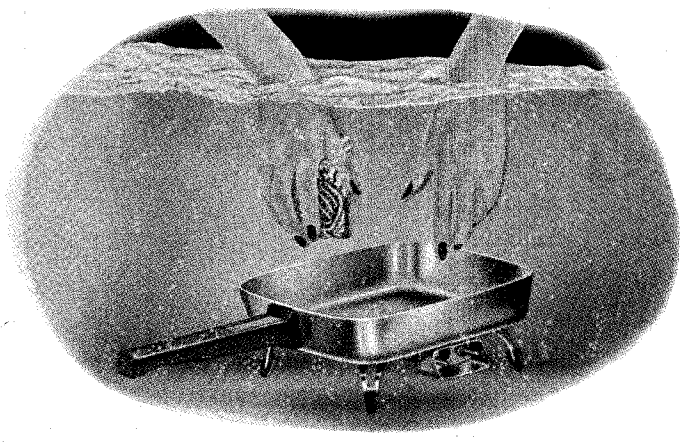


SUBMERSIBLE FRY PANS. Eggs won't scorch . . . bacon won't burn . . . Large 11-inch Fry Pan, $12.95†; Giant 12-inch Fry Pan $16.95†. Without Control Master . . . . . **$10.95†** 9" x 9" Fry Pan

...and every single appliance washes completely under water...handles and all...

iswer the phone or leave to bring the children from play . . . pot watching is over forever with esto Control Master appliances in the kitchen. ntrol Master never forgets . . . constantly meas- s proper temperature of the food and holds ict cooking temperatures for perfect results ery time. Perfect *waterless cooking* in Dutch en and Sauce Pan for tastier, more healthful getables and fruits. There's even a Menu Guide on the handle of each appliance that tells correct cooking temperatures for popular dishes. Beautiful—portable, too, for cooking right at the table or for hot snacks in the TV room.

Remember, one Control Master fits the family of Presto appliances . . . detaches so each appliance can be washed completely and safely under water, handles and all! Sound good? It *is!* See Presto Control Master appliances at your dealer's.



SAVE ON THE PRESTO HOSTESS SET

Makes the ideal gift because you can add Control Master appliances on future gift occasions. Includes Control Master, an 11" Fry Pan, a Dutch Oven, and Control Master Wall Bracket. Beautifully boxed. $37.85 value . . . just $35.95†

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†Manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade price. Fed. tax included. Slightly higher in Canada.

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Vengeance on the Mountain

(Continued from Page 26)

the Kloster's Hotel stationery, unfolded it. For a few seconds his eyes widened in disbelief, then grew as hard as the metal they resembled. He glanced at Nils, surprised a look of speculation in his eyes, glanced back at the letter, each word of it sinking into his heart like a knife blade.

"*Mein Lieber Hansel*," it began, but continued in English.

There is a saying in my country—it's from a poem I think—it goes "The coward does it with a kiss; the brave man with a sword." I am neither brave nor a man, so I do what I must do with a letter. To say that I feel dreadfully about what I am doing would hardly state the fact. The truth is, Hansel, I know now that what was between you and me was not real. I know now it was just one of those winter romances that happen all the time at St. Moritz, when an English girl falls under the spell of the glamour of her dashing Swiss instructor—you were *very* dashing. But last night when I met Nils it was as though I had been struck by lightning and I knew, all in a moment, that he and I were meant for each other from the beginning of time. These are things that happen, Hansel—things that no one can stop or control. So there can be no Sol Baden for us, Hansel. I am leaving for England this evening, to wait there for Nils, whom I am going to marry. I will send your sweet ring to you at your home.

Understand, please, dear Hansel, I could not help what has happened, and try to forgive,

Your NANCY.

The letter blurred in front of Hans' eyes. He turned his back to Nils, so he could not see how his hands were trembling. Suddenly he went rigid all over. His eyes cleared and turned cold as the blue ice in the glacier just beyond the trees, and his heart filled with a cold and murderous hate. He had remembered being wakened early in the night by the whirring of Nils' electric shaver and asking Nils what on earth he was doing and Nils' saying something that didn't make very good sense about being ready for their early start, and his thinking at the time it was strange, because men simply didn't shave before glacier skiing. He remembered waking again, toward morning, and noticing Nils was not in his bed, and thinking he must have gone to the bathroom. Now he knew where Nils had gone, and he understood about the shaving; and the hate in his heart became a living thing, a dragonlike monster devouring him.

To be betrayed by a woman, he thought, that was something one could expect—could even accept as an unpleasant though natural part of life, women being what they are. To be betrayed by a man, by a man who was your closest friend—that was like discovering God did not exist. It took all the goodness out of the world, leaving only hate and the thirst for vengeance. Very slowly, Hans Brucher folded the letter, put it back in its envelope.

There was a time, he thought, *when you could kill men like Nils Svengaard, who betrayed you, in a duel.*

The thought of feeling a sword hilt in his hand as the blade pierced the big blond man's chest made Hans run his tongue over his lips as though he were tasting the sensation. He glanced down at his metal ski poles lying in the snow by his skis. His eyes followed their length, fastened on their six-inch-long steel points. His tongue ran over his lips again and he started to reach down for one of the poles, then stopped himself.

No, he thought. *It would be found out.*

A vision of Nancy, small and dark and so daintily pretty, lying in Nils Svengaard's big arms crossed his mind. He started to reach for the ski pole again, and again stopped. *There is another way*, he thought. A plan sprang full-fledged into his brain. "I really can kill him—fairly—in a duel," he muttered. "In a different kind of duel—that could never, never be discovered!"

He crouched and began putting on his long black skis. He patted one of them.

"What did the letter say, Hans?"

Hearing the voice of the man he was going to kill startled him. It was as though he were already dead and this were his ghost speaking. Still bent over his skis, Hans forced his voice to casualness.

"It was as I thought," he said; "it was just a love note, saying—good-by."

"Oh?"

Was there surprise in the word, Hans wondered. Of course there was! Nils had to know what was in that letter. But if he knew, he would get suspicious and would not be drawn into the—duel. Hans thought fast; then, pleased with himself, he smiled and straightened.

"Actually it was more than that, Nils. N-Nancy ——" Speaking her name hurt. "Nancy said the wedding would have to be put off for a bit. She said she'd had a telephone call from England and that her mother was sick and she had to go home for a little while. She said she did not want to speak of it last night and spoil our last evening in Switzerland together."

His glibness at lying shocked and astonished him. He had never known before that he could lie. Nils looked relieved. *As if*, thought Hans, *he has gotten a sudden reprieve.* He clenched his fists on the handles of the poles, letting his hate flow through the muscles of his fingers. "Fool!" he muttered.

"Well, let's go now," Nils said.

They glided out of the trees onto the moraine of the glacier. It was like gliding into another world—a world of bright, glaring sunshine; of white escarpments and precipices and crags; a world where storm-scarred mountain peaks thrust up in lonely splendor into the sky; a world so primitive that it was still being formed by the glacier's relentless, eternal march.

They put on their goggles. Hans was grateful for them because they would hide the murderous thoughts that might have been reflected in his eyes.

"Say, Nils." Hans was superbly casual now. "My skiing has improved this winter. I've worked at it. In fact I would bet that I ski better than you do now."

"Aren't you forgetting you're talking to an old Olympic gold-medal man?"

"I'm willing to prove it!" said Hans. "Will you take up my dare?"

"You mean play follow the leader down the glacier?"

"If you have the nerve," said Hans.

Nils turned toward him, his forehead wrinkled. Hans wished now they didn't have the goggles on, so he could see the other man's eyes. Nils poked at the snow with his pole. It had a firm crust. One man could follow close behind another without being blinded by the plume of snow that would be made by the leading man's skis if the snow was powdery. Nils hesitated for too long.

He's suspicious! thought Hans. *He suspects I do know about him and Nancy. He suspects a trap.*

Well, there was a trap. Just before the point where they would turn eastward and start climbing toward the pass that would take them over the next range of mountains there was a crevasse. Hans had seen it on the way up in the sleigh. There was a thin snow bridge across it. It would, he was almost sure, stand up under the weight of one man going very fast, but his crossing would weaken it. It would not stand up to the weight of a second man. Nils still hesitated. Hans forced a laugh, put a hand on Nils' shoulder, though touching the man was loathsome to him.

"I was only kidding," he said reassuringly. "It would just be for the fun of it, Nils. If you're not game to play, O.K."

He saw beads of sweat suddenly break out on Nils Svengaard's forehead, saw his chest move as he took a long, deep breath, let it out in a sigh. Hans saw him set his jaw hard.

"Nervous, Nils?" he asked softly. "Why are you nervous?"

The tension exploded in a Norwegian oath; then, "All right!" said Nils. "But for God's sake stop talking and get going."

Hans Brucher smiled. He was thinking, *He doesn't know about the advantage I have—not just the snow bridge, but a bigger one. I can be reckless because I don't really care whether I live or die.*

He shoved his poles into the snow, slid forward over the lip of the glacier. A second later he was hurtling straight down an almost sheer wall of frozen snow with the speed of an express train. Swerving to avoid boulders heaved to the surface by the moving force of ice, leaping narrow chasms that suddenly showed themselves in his path, he traveled faster and faster and faster until he was going at a pace no professional in his right mind would have dared attempt over such rough and unknown terrain. He flung a glance over his shoulder. Crouched low, body tense, not three ski lengths behind him was his enemy, matching him swerve for swerve, leap for leap.

For a second, professional admiration for the man who had been his friend came to Hans and he thought, *It is a pity for the world to lose such a magnificent skier. But that is fate.*

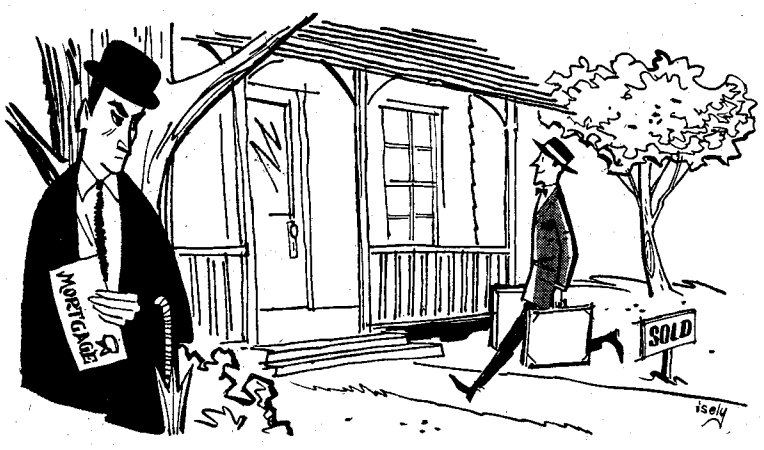
Ahead of him he saw the big crevasse, half a mile wide at this point, thousands of feet deep. The snow bridge was a mile or so farther down, where the crevasse curved so it would once again be directly across their course, but narrowed to less than a hundred feet in width. Now he aimed straight at the gaping chasm, held his course until the last possible second, then flung himself into a Christiana turn that brought him so close to the chasm's edge that the broken chunks of ice thrown up by the biting steel edges of his skis as he turned rattled over the crust and dropped soundlessly into nothingness.

Again he glanced quickly over his shoulder. Nils Svengaard made his turn so late that the back tip of his left ski hung for a second in space before he straightened on the new course.

"Almost!" Hans cried out. "Almost I had him there!"

He gained speed again. He was sweating now, from the terrific physical exertion and from the emotional tension. The surface of the glacier changed, and now the crusted snow was replaced by a field of pure ice, rough and hummocky; the sort of going where a man in a race would brake as hard as he could. Hans Brucher, gritting his teeth, set the pace of a madman over it. His skis slapped and shuddered over the ice, hummocks flung him through the air for yards at a time, and still his enemy stayed the same three ski lengths behind him. A moment more and the snow

(Continued on Page 50)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Grandpa's will gave Melvin the right to buy his big house for $5000. After Melvin forked over the money, however, he learned that the house was mortgaged for $10,000. When he asked the executor to pay off the mortgage, he was told: "It's your house; you pay it." So Melvin sued.

"When grandpa willed that I could buy the house for $5000, he meant that to be the total price," Melvin contended. "Obviously, he wanted me to have his house, not his debts."

"The offer was for the house as it existed at the time of grandpa's death," the executor asserted, "and that means taking it with its liabilities as well as its assets."

If you were the judge, would you make the estate pay the mortgage?

• •

The estate had to pay. The court ruled that when someone says you can buy his house for $5000, he doesn't mean $15,000. It said "an offer to sell real estate for a stated sum, without reservation, is an offer to sell . . . free of obligation."

Based upon a 1954 Kansas decision.

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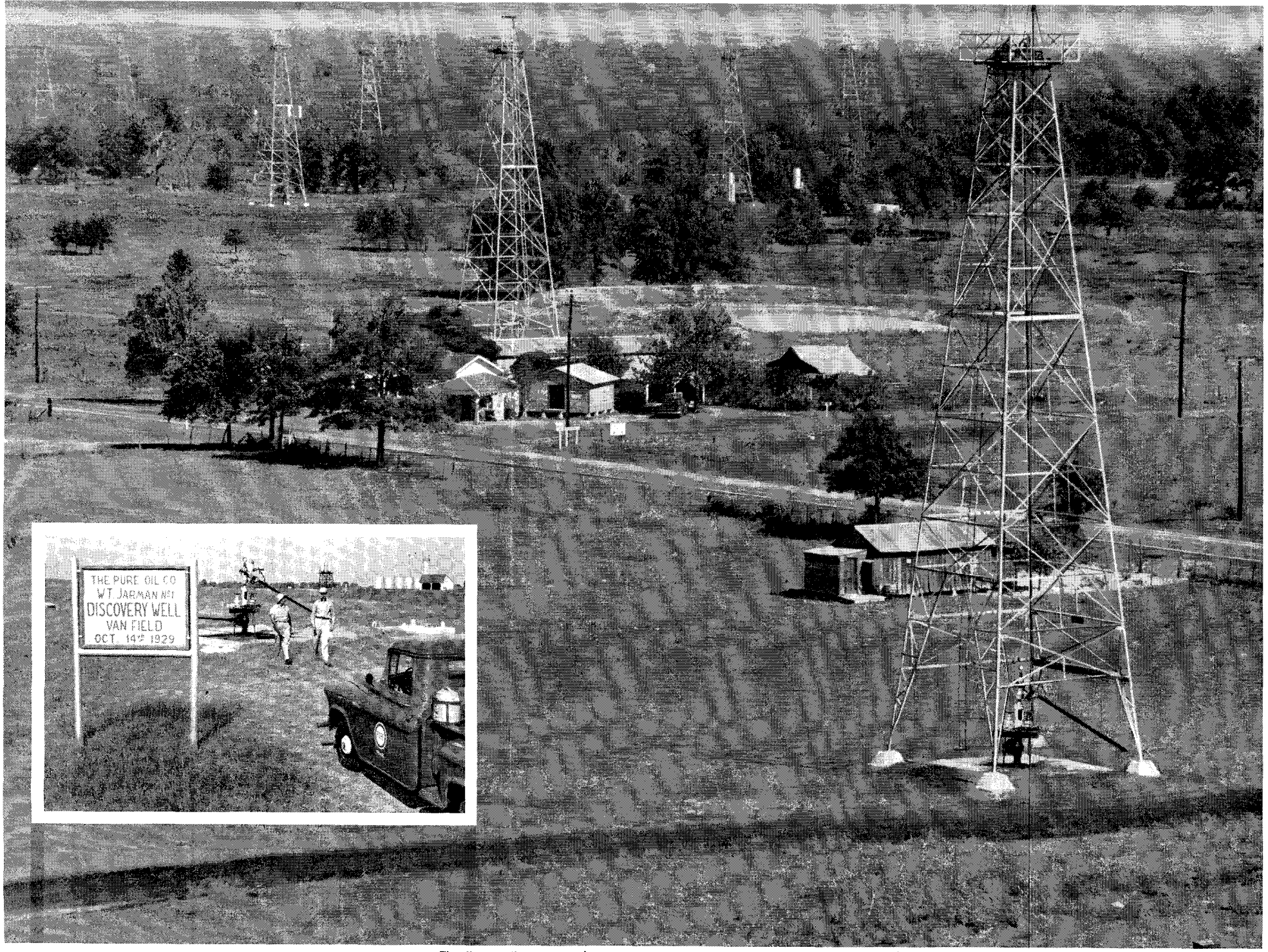


The "model" Van field (discovery well, W. T. Jarman No. 1 shown in inset) is still flowing naturally after 28 years.

Why Pure Oil's Van field is called "*The Model of the Industry*"*

(*The Oil and Gas Journal)

Revolutionary production and conservation practices introduced back in 1929 have already made this field a quarter-billion-barrel producer—with perhaps half a century to go

PURE discovered oil at Van in East Texas in the exciting era of fabulous Texas oil gushers.

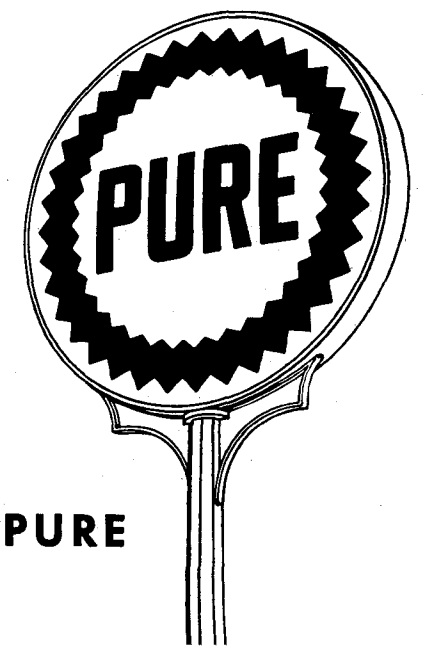
Today, when many oil fields brought in during that period have been long since depleted, the Van field is still in the prime of its life.

Far-sighted production and conservation policies initiated back in '29 made this possible. Within a month after the discovery well was completed, PURE brought about unit operation of the field in agreement with other lease owners. The result was an orderly development of the field, more efficient production and conservation of resources, in contrast with wasteful practices common in the industry in early days.

The 537 wells in Van field—most of them in the PURE Unit—have already produced a quarter-billion barrels of high-quality crude oil. And, producing at the state-allowable rate of 17,500 barrels a day, much below its "maximum efficient rate" of production, it is certain that this "model" field will continue to flow for many more years.

This is still another example of how Pure Oil meets its responsibility of keeping the *sure* in PURE. You'll find it evident at our nearly 16,000 service stations in 24 states.

THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.



BE SURE WITH PURE

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(*Continued from Page 48*) bridge was just ahead of him—a hundred feet off. He heard Nils Svengaard cry out.

"No, Hans! For God's sake, no! You will kill yourself."

So Nils, too, had marked the spot in his mind on the way up the mountain in the sleigh. Hans smiled the ugly smile of hate. It was delicious having Nils know it was going to happen. Again Hans had the feeling of the sword hilt in his hand as the blade thrust home. Again his tongue snaked out over his lips, tasting revenge. He threw a final glance over his shoulder at Nils and in that last second knew a sudden terror for the man who had been his friend and saw that what he was doing was not killing fairly in a duel, by superior skill; it was murdering—by deceit. He swung a pole in the air, waving frantically.

"Turn!" he shouted. "Turn while you can, Nils! It will not hold us both!"

"Thanks!"

Nils' shouted thanks rang in the eternal silence of their primordial world. He nodded. Hans shot onto the bridge. In the flash of a second he felt the ice beneath him turn to snow—soft snow that was too soft. He glanced back and now knew terror for himself. The snow bridge was collapsing beneath the back ends of his skis. Perhaps he had brought on his own death instead of Nils'. After all, he had given Nils time—just time—to save himself.

He turned his head again and his jaw dropped open. Nils had not turned. He had swerved, just enough to bring himself to the edge of the crevasse at a point where the ice sloped sharply upwards. Hans saw him gather himself and spring up and outward in a great leap that, with the tremendous momentum of his speed, sent him hurtling through the air past Hans and clear over the crumbling snow of the bridge to the solid ice field that lay beyond it.

For a few seconds, in sheer admiration, Hans Brucher forgot his hate, forgot that he had failed in what he had set out to do. But only for seconds; then the hate came back, doubly strong, because now Hans was hating himself, too, for being, as he put it, "a weakling!"

Exhausted, filled with a sense of hopeless frustration that settled on him like a black cloud closing in on one of the forever lonely mountain crests, Hans braked to a stop on the ice beyond the fallen snow bridge. Nils had lost control as he landed, and fallen. Now he was on his feet again, standing rubbing one hip, waiting.

Hans came up to him. Nils was smiling, but his smile was twisted and sad, as a clown's smile is sad. Even without being able to see his eyes, Hans knew that Nils knew the crossing of the crevasse had been deliberately planned, and why. The tension between them was in the open now. Hans found it difficult to speak.

"It is funny to think," said Nils slowly, "that if that snow bridge had been just perhaps an inch thinner, and if I were not truly an Olympic Gold Medal skier"—he looked sharply at Hans, letting the punishing remark sink in—"no one in the world would ever have known what had happened. One—or both—of our bodies would have turned up by the mouth of the glacier fifty years from now, perfectly preserved, still young!" He sighed. "But, strangely, I do not feel young right now. That is funny, too, isn't it, Hans?"

"We—we had a close shave," said Hans.

"Well," said Nils, "do we go on with our trip? Or do we ski on down the glacier and go back to Klosters?"

The mention of Klosters and the memory it evoked brought rage surging through Hans, staining his already sunstained face a purplish crimson.

"I've had enough of Klosters," he snarled.

"Well," said Nils, "then let us put on the climbing skins and get going again."

"But yes!" said Hans, eagerly now. "By all means let us get going again!" He was thinking, *Let us get going swiftly, so I will have another chance.* And this time it would not be deceit, because from here he did not know the way. This time if it happened it would be—almost an accident!

From their rucksacks they took long sealskin strips that fitted along the bottoms and over the front and rear tips of their skis, and fastened them in place with straps. The fur would give them traction for the long climb up to the pass. Nils secured one end of his mountaineering rope to his belt, handed the coil to Hans and started off. Hans stared at the coiled rope as though it were a snake, as though he had never seen a rope before. The words, "an accident" were drumming in his brain, hammering against his temples. He was smiling the ugly smile again. Nils stopped, turned to him.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Who knows better than you that it is always the rule to rope together for a climb in strange mountains?"

"I—I," Hans stammered—"I was just inspecting the rope to—to make sure it is in good shape."

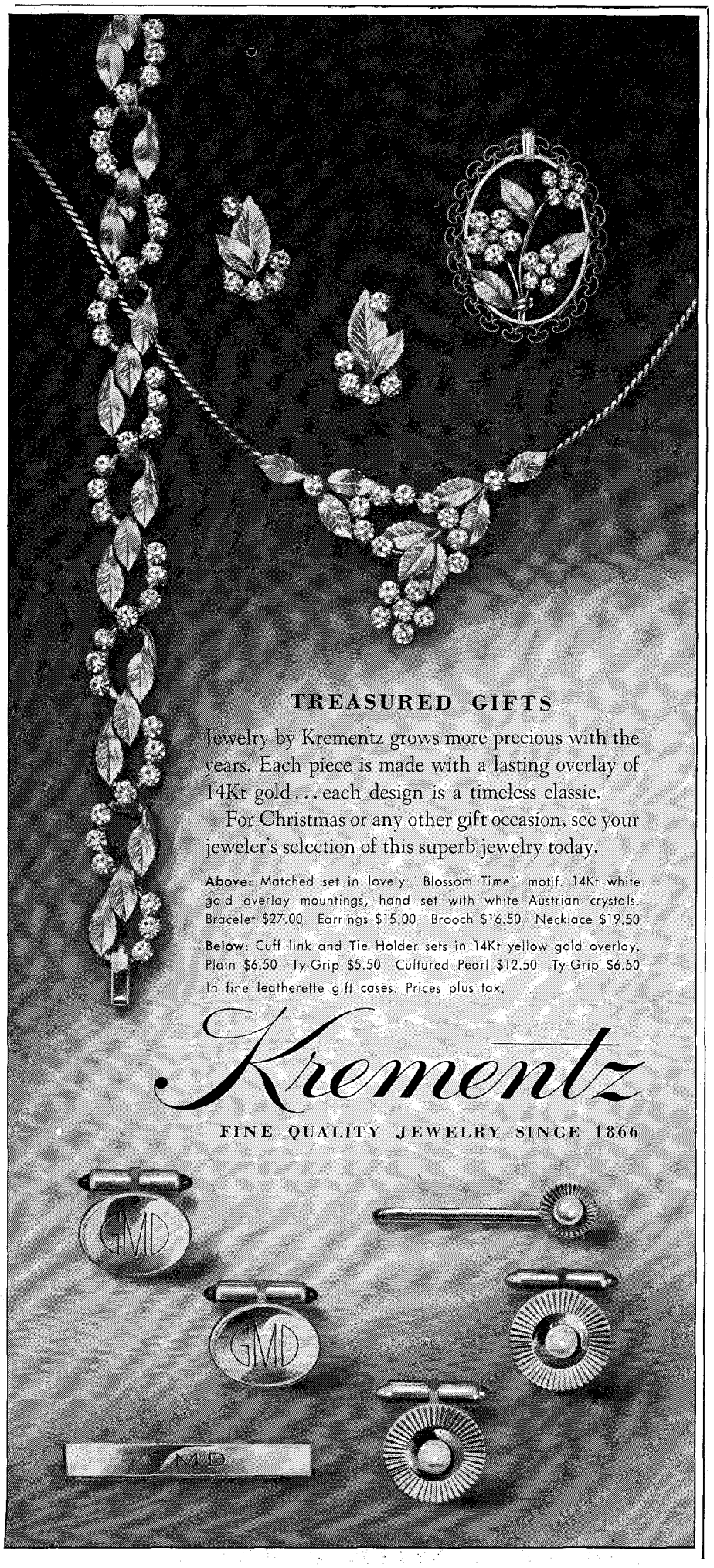
Through their tiny eye slits the two men looked at each other. Hans stared hard at his enemy's face, trying to read it, wondering how Nils Svengaard dared lead the way, leaving him, Hans, in the position of anchor, or safety man.

He can't be such a fool as to trust me now! he thought. *He knows I meant to kill him, and then lost my nerve at the last second. Well, I will not lose it again—when my chance comes.*

"The rope is brand-new," said Nils. "Let's go now."

"All right."

They started east. In half an hour they were off the ice field and plodding slowly through new snow up the mountainside. The new snow was treacherous, always. It put its thin covering over cracks and crevasses, hiding them under its deceptive blanketing so that, except for the rope, a man making a misstep could plummet to instant destruction. Hans thought about what Nils had said about fifty years from now—turning up at the mouth of the glacier, still young. He looked at the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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"There goes the boss, his wife, and my raise!"

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strong, big body plodding ahead of him and thought again of Nancy and the inn at Klosters. He smiled and, reaching down, unsnapped the rope from his belt, letting it trail snakelike behind him.

If he turns, Hans thought, *I'll say I dropped it so I could take off my parka. Maybe, if I stay close behind him and he turns he will not even notice. Such a fool deserves to be killed.*

They climbed on. The noontime sun beat on them with extraordinary heat. From time to time they stopped to lift their goggles and wipe the sweat from their eyes. Up near the top of the pass, Nils stopped once more; to clear his eyes, Hans thought. He lifted his goggles, wiped his own eyes, put them back. He was still adjusting them as he saw Nils step forward.

Then, as if it were a magician's trick, suddenly Nils was no longer ahead of him. He was gone. Motion at his feet made Hans glance down.

The safety rope was snaking past him. He watched it, his heart freezing, his hands shaking like leaves. He clenched his fists, his brain fighting every instinct in him, fighting his soul. He saw the end of the rope.

With a cry he flung himself on it. With incredible speed he rolled, coiling it around his body, swung his feet ahead of him so his skis would dig into the snow, braced himself for the shock. It came, dragged him feet foremost toward the narrow, deep fissure where Nils had fallen. He dug his skis deeper. A foot from the edge of the fissure they caught in deep snow and held. Then, with painful slowness, Hans began pulling in on the rope.

It took every last ounce of the strength in his hard young body, but inch by inch the rope came in. Sweat blinded him completely. He could only pant for breath and pull, pant and pull. When he was close to the point of collapse, the rope pulled free. He lay back in the snow, gasping for oxygen in the thin air, felt strong hands under his arms dragging him away from the crevasse.

It was many minutes before strength came back to him and he could sit up. Nils Svengaard was beside him, puffing on an old pipe and staring off into the valley of the glacier.

Suddenly, with a surging sense of relief, Hans found his hate had left him. But now, he knew, there were words that must be spoken.

"Nils," he said, "you knew I had tried to kill you. Maybe you even knew I had the rope unfastened."

Nils took the pipe stem from his lips, nodded. "I knew."

"Then why did you trust me to go behind you?"

"I gambled," said Nils. "After all, killing a friend in a duel of anger, if you can, is one thing. Murdering him in cold blood is something else. You are a mountain man, like me. I did not think you could do that, Hans, any more than I. I was betting on that, you see."

"Any more than you?" Hans Brucher's voice was taut. "You say that? You who were only too able to betray your best friend? Fie, Nils! For shame!"

"I did not betray you, Hans."

"You lie."

Hans started to get to his feet, reaching for one of the murderously sharp ski poles. Nils' big hands dragged him down, held him.

"Listen to me now, Hansel! You will have the truth! That girl, Nancy, was at Davos a year ago. I never bothered to know her full name even, but I, and everybody in Davos, knew about her. She was—anybody's girl. When I recognized her at Klosters I knew I could not stand by and let you throw yourself away on her."

Hans looked off over the valley now, the hurting truth sinking in, cutting him, but washing away the last of his anger at his friend.

"But, Nils," he said presently, "you could have told me."

"But you would not have believed me," said Nils. "You thought you were in love. I had to prove to you the things you would not have believed if I had told them. I had to make her break the engagement."

Hans nodded. The hurt was passing. It was, after all, he saw, the woman who had betrayed him, not his friend; so, as an unpleasant but natural part of life, he could shrug his shoulders and accept it; could, in his heart, be deeply thankful that this was so.

He heard Nils' voice again. "Now, Hansel," he was saying in his slow, thoughtful way, "I would like to know something. Why was it, actually, that when you wanted so much to kill me, instead, at the end, you risked your life to save mine?"

Hans Brucher thought very hard. He was thinking of how he would be feeling at this moment, alone with the great mountains and his God, if he had let Nils Svengaard die. He turned to his friend.

"I think I know now," he said. "It was because I was not really saving your life, but saving my own."

"Thanks, anyway," Nils said.

"Don't mention it," said Hans.

In companionable silence, they put on their skis, began climbing again, up toward the mountain pass and Sol Baden.

THE END

Merry Christmas to all... and for You a delight!

Walking, looking, trying, sighing,
All are part of Christmas buying.
Lugging, wrapping, spending, sending,
Seems as tho' it's never ending.

But there's no need to shop or ship,
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The Oceans Must Yield More Food

(Continued from Page 43)

Any relation between fish and the price of breakfast eggs or chicken might seem remote, yet nearly half of all the fish caught by American fleets is used for animal feeds or for oil. The species so used are generally unappetizing fish of low market value. It is these fish which account for most of the increase in the catch over the past quarter century. Some 90 per cent are menhaden, which tastes something like an oiled boot.

Early American settlers used the menhaden's oil for making soap, and its flesh and bones for fertilizer. Now the menhaden is far more valuable as meal, since it is a source of the proteins which animals require. It also contains an unidentified substance which accelerates growth, a substance also present in corn, wheat and soybeans, but in much smaller quantities.

Baby chicks thrive on feed which contains menhaden meal. A small amount added to their diet increases their growth by about 7 per cent in their first year and also cuts their feed requirements by a fifth.

Last year an estimated 1,000,000 tons of fish caught in American waters were converted into meal. The industry has been able to meet the demand for fish meal because the menhaden have been multiplying in Atlantic waters from Nova Scotia to the Gulf of Mexico. But elsewhere there are dark spots in the picture. While the menhaden were flourishing, a disaster fell on its cousin, the Pacific Coast sardine.

A decade ago the sardine led the catch of American fish, yielding half a million tons annually, and supporting an industry which extended from Southern California to Canada. All at once, in 1947, sardines failed to appear in their usual grounds off California, Washington and Oregon—a mystery as deep as any in the long annals of the sea.

Nobody has learned why the sardines no longer stage their regular summer migrations northward. Possibly a change in water temperatures or a diminution of food made the waters no longer hospitable. Fish which swim in vast schools near the surface are sharply affected by such fluctuations. But the supply of West Coast salmon has also declined, by 36 per cent in ten years. Government scientists are trying to find out how much of this drop is due to overfishing and how much to changes in the sea itself.

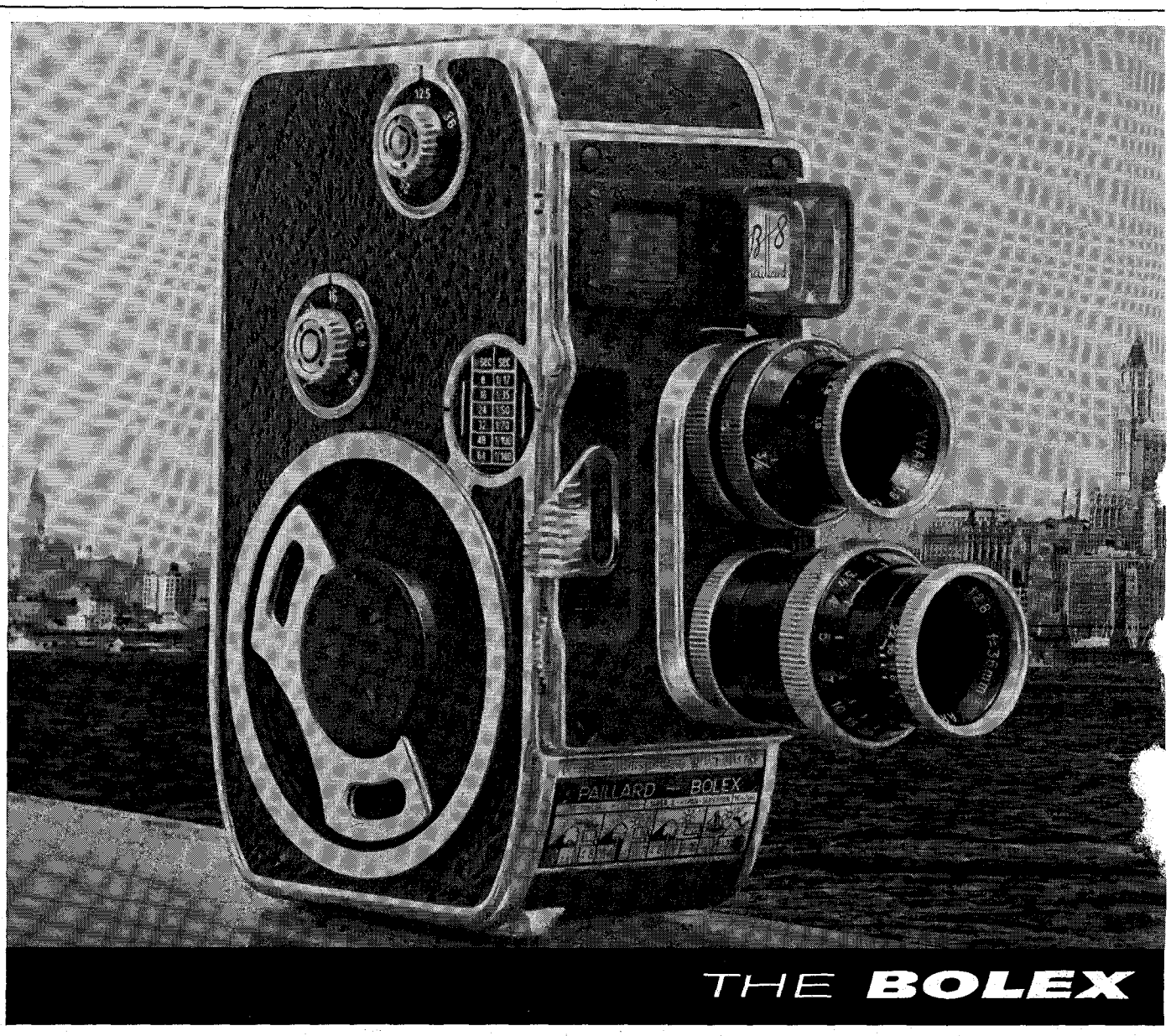
The gloomy stories of the fish industry have substance, if the use of fish for meal is dismissed and only the directly edible species are considered. The total catch of fish for the table has declined by about 14 per cent during the last ten years. Some fisheries have declined because of technological advances or changing tastes. In times past, barkentines from Maine, Massachusetts and Connecticut ports carried dried and salted codfish to Caribbean countries where salt cod was, and still is, very popular. On return voyages the vessels brought back rum. But the salt-cod market is now dominated by Spain, Portugal and Canada, and American production is only a seventh of what it once was.

Many of the nation's bankers feel that the fishing industry is a poor financial risk. It is so hazardous that insurance companies charge particularly high rates to underwrite trawlers. And because the American fisheries are, with some striking exceptions, "little business," their owners generally avoid new and untried methods: they do not have the resources to finance mistakes.

Conservatism marks the industrialists who finance, process and sell fish, and the hardy crews who man the fleets. It is almost impossible, for instance, to persuade fishermen to catch porpoises, although they are abundant in North Atlantic and Pacific waters and would be excellent for food. The men of the sea regard porpoises as gay and friendly; it is considered bad luck to kill them.

The species of fish sought commercially are limited to a few among very many in the sea, because fishing folk prefer to concentrate on the varieties which they have learned to catch. Yet bold and imaginative fisheries all over the world could enormously increase mankind's supply of proteins. And in the United States a strong fishing industry is of prime importance in another way: fishermen help to make possible a strong navy.

Once upon a time, going to sea was part of the American way of life. The crews knew seamanship and navigation, they undertsood ocean currents and troublesome winds; from their ranks came essential naval personnel. Great Britain and Japan once had strong navies, too, as did Spain and Portugal, all stemming from their maritime tradition and fishing fleets. The Russians had no such heritage when their navy was blown to bits by the Japanese in 1904. In recent years, however, the Soviet Union has shown increasing interest in fishing, with an estimated 600,000 men employed. In fact, Murmansk is now the greatest fishing port in the world.



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In contrast, there are only 152,000 commercial fishermen in the United States, and their number is diminishing. While younger men elect to stay ashore in better and safer jobs, older fishermen have been leaving their calling at a rate of some 5000 a year.

Pessimism among fishermen is especially marked at Boston's long fish pier, where the catch, mainly haddock, dropped from 170,000 tons in 1936 to about 73,500 tons last year. Twenty-five years ago, eighty large trawlers operated out of Boston; today there are only thirty, and some of these are close to obsolescence.

Funds to modernize or to buy ships are difficult to obtain. Bankers say that trawlers are bad risks compared to freighters and tankers, because of the battering they take in winter storms. The bankers remark, also, that fishermen cling to inefficient practices. Trawlers at the Boston fish pier are frequently emptied with buckets and baskets, although this work could be done more cheaply if the catch were pumped out of the holds, or if machinery for more economical unloading were devised.

A higher tariff has been urged as a remedy for the industry's difficulties. Perhaps it would have been effective, perhaps not. In any event, the idea was rejected by President Eisenhower. Imports come principally from Canada, Norway and Iceland, all of them countries friendly to us and important to America's security.

Mr. Eisenhower, in announcing his ruling, pointed out that consumption of fish products was increasing in the United States and that demand would exceed the combined domestic and foreign catch. He felt that the solution of the industry's troubles lay in more modern vessels. To this end the Government has provided a revolving fund of $10,000,000 for ship replacement, as well as higher appropriations for marketing development and for research.

Biologists of the United States Bureau of Commercial Fisheries dream of a day when fishing will be less of a gamble. Research should let the skippers of the fleets know where the mackerel, sardines, tuna and other fish are concentrated in sufficient quantities to ensure profitable voyages, then they could take fish at a rate scientifically determined to sustain maximum production.

Appreciable progress has been made. Careful studies constantly go on at the Federal Government's biological stations at Woods Hole, on Cape Cod; at Beaufort, North Carolina; Galveston, in Texas; and at other strategic locations. At Woods Hole, under the direction of Dr. Herbert Graham, a group of young marine biologists spend much of their working time on the Albatross, the station's research vessel. They tag quantities of fish and put them back in the sea, to await the day when they are caught again. A reward of one dollar per fish is paid for their return, and a surprising number do come back—some from very long distances.

Among the many questions the biologists are trying to answer are: Where and when does a marketable species spawn? What routes do the fish follow on their seasonal migrations? From the viewpoint of conservation, what is the most profitable age at which fish should be caught? Today's cattle breeder knows at what weight it is best for him to sell his beef. Marine biologists are trying to get the same kind of information for fishermen.

The techniques of fishing for haddock—a staple ingredient of fillets and fish sticks—have already changed as a result of scientific research. Studies of annual scale markings on the tagged fish, which indicate age, demonstrated that the haddock supply could be sustained at a more

Involuntary

By Herbert Merrill

I have grown intimate with death
And sat beside him, knee to knee,
And with him measured out the breath
Of her whose love was life to me.

What have I this Thanksgiving Day
But blackened ashes of a flame?
How can I lift my hands to pray
In gratitude and not in blame?

And yet I *will* give thanks. My love
For this earth verges onto lust.
And I shall sing to Him above
Because my heart declares I must.

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reload—no scenes lost shooting an empty camera.

Load in seconds. Drop-in loading with roll film is easier than box camera. Roll film also saves over 25% on film costs . . . is more reliable (can't jam) . . . and gives sharpest movies because film is always held a fixed distance from lens.

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These unusual lenses combine unmatched speed with up to 8 special optical elements to deliver pure light to your film — give every scene the sharp corners, crisp edges and fine detail of professional movies! Bolex lenses feature standard D mount for complete lens interchangeability. You can switch over to wide angle or telephoto shots in a second.

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profitable level if the fish were caught when two and a half years old instead of at one and a half years.

Fishermen had traditionally used small-mesh nets, which brought up large quantities of valueless baby fish. Quite dead, they could only be shoveled overboard. The Government biologists discovered that this waste could be prevented by enlarging the size of the meshes an inch and a half. This would allow the infant haddock to slide through, survive, and achieve marketable size.

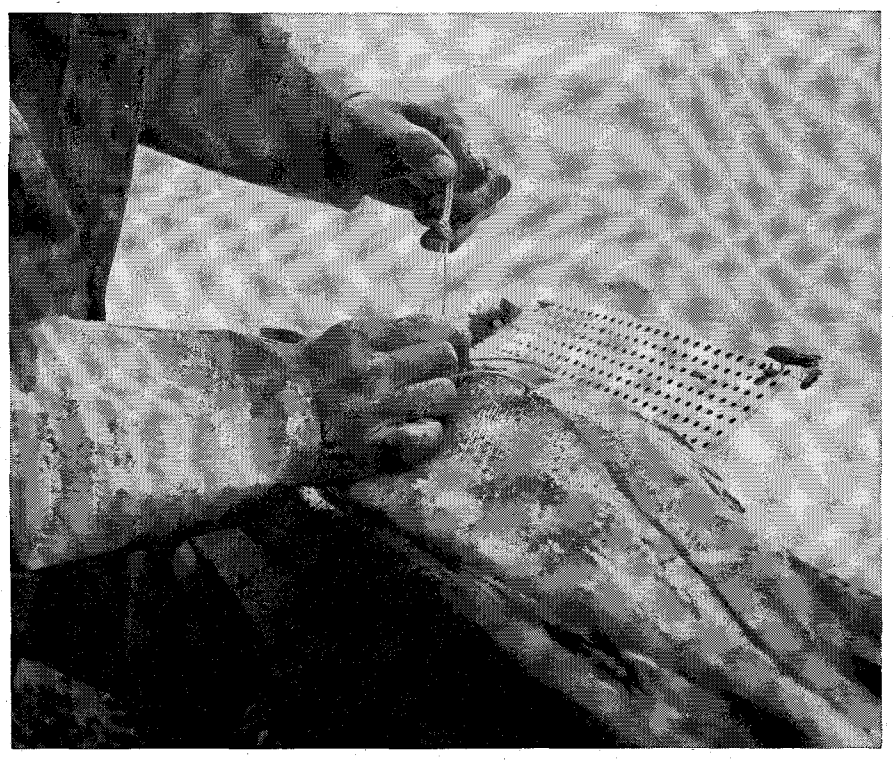
During the brief test period the weight of the catch was increased by 25 per cent, with possible additional earnings of $1,000,000 a year to the haddock people. The Federal scientists went to great lengths to prove their case to skeptical fishermen. They even lowered a television camera into a net twenty fathoms down and, from the deck of a research vessel, actually watched the smaller fish escape through the larger meshes.

Another branch of the industry due to benefit greatly from research is oystering, which produces close to $33,000,000 worth of food a year. About two thirds of the American yield comes from cultivated beds. The oysterman starts his crop by planting tiny seed oysters on submerged ground which he owns or leases.

One of the most important problems which confront oyster research is to find ways of increasing the production of seed. After they have been planted and have attached themselves to rocks or old oyster shells, the young oysters become subject to a host of enemies. The most serious of these are drills—snails that bore holes in the young oysters' shells and suck out their flesh. Last year Government scientists discovered that the drills are amazingly sensitive to copper. Other metals do not bother them, but a piece of copper inserted into a low fence built around an oyster bed is enough to keep the vicious drills away. That device alone may expand the production of oysters by at least 25 per cent.

New developments can be expected from marine biologists, and their success may be essential to satisfying the world's need of food for expanding populations. Interior Secretary Fred A. Seaton has set up a committee to study the problems which will affect the ocean's resources during the next ten years. The newly created Branch of Commercial Fisheries is spending about $15,000,000 annually to help the fishing industry and to conserve aquatic resources.

When enough tagged fish are caught again, scientists will be able to tell fishermen where they can make their biggest catches.



A biologist tags a fish by running a harmless plastic cord through its body in order to trace its migratory habits.

Meanwhile, Commissioner Arnie J. Suomela, of Interior's Fish and Wildlife Service, has quite a job on his hands in accelerating progress. Unlike the land farmer, the man who harvests the sea gets no price supports, apart from a degree of tariff protection. A further complication is the danger that some scientific discovery may suddenly reduce the value of some product of the deep. One example of such a change is the shark. Around 1940, it was discovered that the livers of some sharks were wonderfully rich in vitamin A. This set off a boom in shark fishing and the catch quickly went up to 20,000 tons. Then synthetic vitamins were perfected, the prices of shark livers declined, and by 1954 the catch had dropped to 650 tons.

Pollution and the despoiling of the American shore line make the future supply of fish problematical. Along the Atlantic Coast there are scores of rivers emptying into the sea. These waters, which are breeding grounds for many kinds of fish, are being poisoned by sewage and industrial waste. Until recently, Long Island duck farms located on streams and inlets poured out so much injurious sewage that the blue point oyster virtually disappeared from Great South Bay. But regulation by New York State has purified the bay, and gourmets may again feast on blue points.

Poisoning of the waters is merely one of the problems created by city populations. The National Park Service, after a recent survey of 3700 miles of American shoreline, reported that the beaches were rapidly being covered with real-estate developments, highways, resorts, and honky-tonks. It is vital to the conservation of wildlife, which includes the inhabitants of marshes, rivers and coastal waters, that the American shore line shall not be allowed to deteriorate further. Nature is in constant precarious balance, which man upsets at his peril.

Last year in the United States, some 2,800,000,000 pounds of edible fish were caught. In the coming decade, with a possible 12 per cent increase in the population, 3,150,000,000 pounds of seafood will be required if the per capita consumption remains the same. And by 1975, say the experts, 3,800,000,000 pounds must be caught if Americans are to eat as much fish as they do now. It is obvious that they will have to fry some very queer fish unless scientific research and improved methods meet the demand.

Crazy About Pizza (Continued from Page 32)

ready at all times to give free lessons—and, incidentally, to sell their equipment.

Mario Paganello had always been handy in the kitchen; he came of Sicilian parentage and his mother had been a superb, resourceful cook. Entranced by Mastro, convinced that he, too, could be a prince of pizza, Mario told his wife they were going to move to Odessa. She thought he was crazy. That did not even slow him.

He flew to Odessa and rented a store site. Back in New Jersey, he sold his house, rented a trailer truck, loaded his furnishings and belongings on it, and returned to Mastro's. There he bought exactly $3749.01 worth of equipment. He loaded that on the trailer, too, and headed for Texas. Two weeks later, Mario was in business. Before long he was selling between 200 and 250 pizzas a week. "I am a happy man," he says.

He also might have added that he is a symbol of the tremendous pizza craze that has swept over the country in recent years. Pizza, that wondrously flavorful, smoky-crusted, crisp or chewy pie of Neapolitan origin, bubbling with hot melted cheese and rich sauce from Italian plum tomatoes, dotted with bits of sizzling, succulent sausage or laced with soft, salty anchovies, sprinkled with parsley or orégano and dusted with musty Parmesan cheese—pizza, I say, pausing for breath and from hunger at the very salivating thought of it—pizza is being consumed in the United States every day by the thousands of pounds. In various sections it is known by various names; principally, as pizza (correct form), but also as pizze (misspelled form), apizza (dialect form), pizza pie (redundant form; "pizza" means "pie"), or Italian pie, tomato pie, Italian tomato pie and, sometimes, cheese pie.

Pizza has grown in popularity as meteorically as Paganello's Odessa has grown in population. Before 1934, there were probably fewer than 500 pizzerias in the United States. Today, young Vincent Mastro, a graduate of Boston University, who probably knows as much pizza lore as anybody else in the world, estimates that there are between 18,000 and 20,000 pizza restaurants in the nation, selling between 200 and 1000 pizzas per week. A pizza costs anywhere from about sixty-five cents to $5.00. One does not have to be an investment broker, therefore, to calculate that pizza baking is now a multimillion-dollar business.

Curiously enough, there are not many pizzerias in San Francisco, which has the largest and oldest Italian colony in California, and where many prominent and wealthy families bear Italian names. The reason, says a San Francisco friend of mine, may be that Italian families there like to make their pizzas at home. But in Los Angeles—there one may see the whole United States pizza picture spread out in miniature.

Los Angeles is now one of the principal pizza centers. Tony Miceli, a younger member of a family of Chicago pizza bakers who moved to Los Angeles in 1950 and now operates four pizzerias, says, "Pizza is fabulous here. Every week a new place opens. In downtown Los Angeles a Chinese restaurant switched to pizza."

This may be the beginning of a trend. My friend, Lawton Carver, the sportsman and restaurateur, went fishing near Roscoe, New York, last summer and saw a sign that said: THE WIGWAM: CHINESE-ITALIAN CUISINE.

Franklin D'Amore, now sixty-three, and until three years ago a professional acrobat, and (*Continued on Page 58*)

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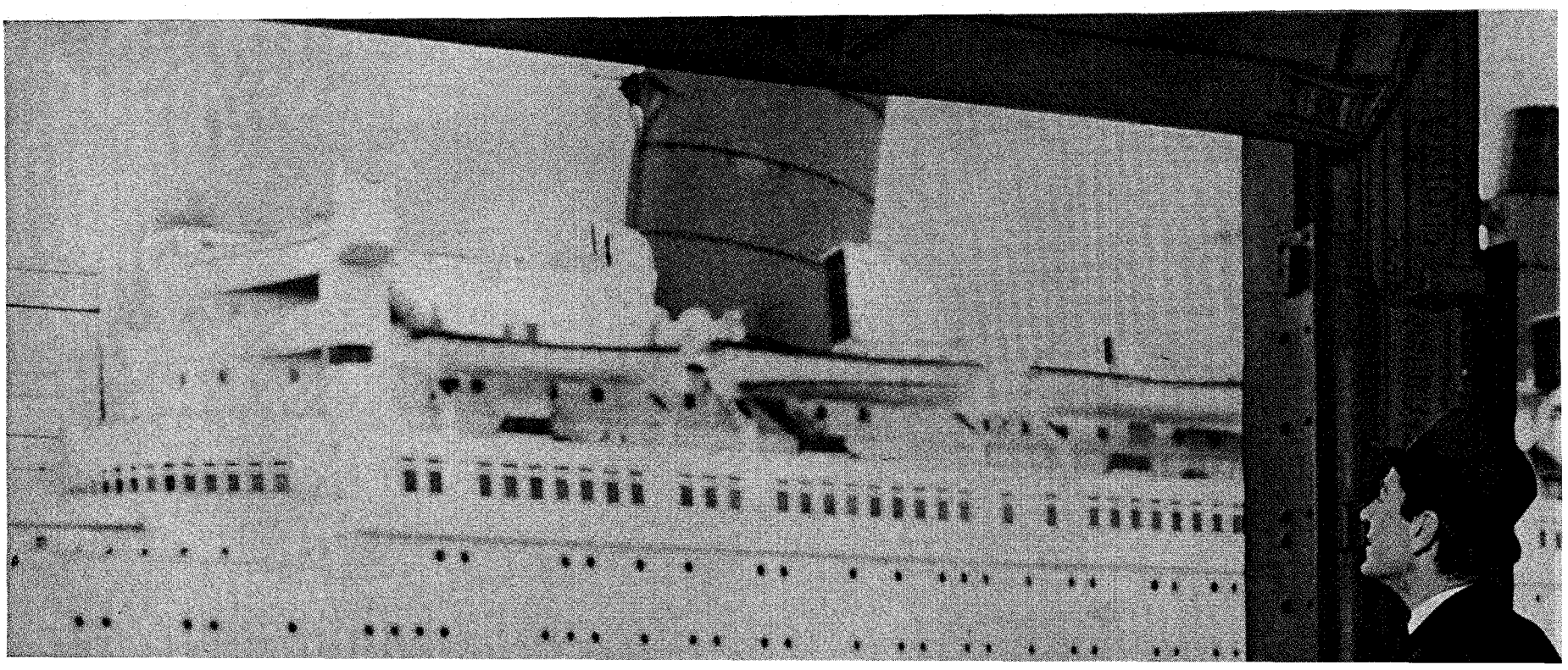

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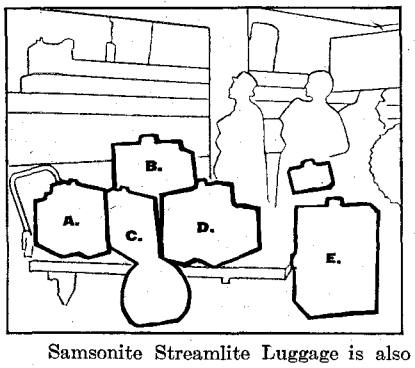

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(*Continued from Page 54*) his brother, Patsy, were the leaders in the pizza invasion of Southern California. "I never saw a pizzeria in L.A. before 1936, '37," says Franklin. "I knew it would do well, though, and so did Patsy."

For years D'Amore tried to interest friends in investing in a pizza place; among others, he approached Vincent Sardi, Sr., proprietor of the famous theatrical chophouse in New York. Sardi always was cautious; he once refused to invest in a Theatre Guild musical which ultimately was produced under the unlikely title, Oklahoma! He did not believe that people would flock to a musical show about cowboys and he couldn't believe that Hollywoodians were hankering after pizza. He was wrong. D'Amore's place now sells around 5000 pizzas per week. Moreover, he recently opened a second place. With some of his profits, the former acrobat went back to his native Italy and produced a movie based on Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper. Pizza lovers are both adventurous and religious.

Patsy D'Amore also has prospered. His restaurant, where Joe DiMaggio wooed Marilyn Monroe with pizza, is highly esteemed by movie stars. Frank Sinatra, whose fondness for pizza is almost legendary, goes there several nights a week. He is going to be a partner in a new place Patsy is opening. Patsy also operates the pizza concession in the Farmer's Market, where he sells the pie by the slice. "I make any kinda pizza you want," he says. "One day a man order a lox pizza with cream cheese. It turn my stomach, but I make it for him."

Pizzerias in Hollywood are characterized by an air of showmanship. The Miceli family spotlight their pizza bakers in their show windows. Crowds stand around on the sidewalk watching the men pound the dough out with the flats of their hands, pick it up and stretch it further with their fists, fling it in the air and catch it when it descends, as gently as a trapeze artist catches his partner. One Miceli baker, Aldo Formica, became such a virtuoso he was invited to appear on the Tennessee Ernie Ford TV show. Flashy bakers along New York's 42nd Street attract large audiences, too; and in Mayfield, Ohio, a man named Mike Castellano might well lay claim to the pizza-tossing title of the Midwest. Mike tosses dough ten and twelve feet in the air.

They are eating pizza not only in Mayfield; they are also eating it in places like Rapid City, Little Rock, Knoxville and Omaha. They are eating it ravenously in Phoenix, says my friend, Charles Einstein, who, when not gobbling pizza, is one of our more prolific writers. "The dozen Italian restaurants here," Charles writes, "all advertise pizza take-out service."

But pizza making is not confined to Italians. Marshall Field's, in Chicago, sells pizzas to women shoppers—and to men, too, I imagine. Five-and-dime stores around the country now feature it at the hot-dog counters. It is sold at orange-juice stands in New York, Boston and New Haven. Even expensive restaurants have put it on their menus. The aforementioned Sardi's offers a "baby pizza" at supper; Sardi's son, Vincent, Jr., decided that D'Amore had had the right idea, after all. Delmonico's, one of the newest and most exclusive restaurants in Mexico City, sells a pizza made with baby eels, anchovies and sausages.

Right here it might be noted that pizza is currently being smuggled into Mexico. Few Mexicans make the dough, for some reason. Border laws make exporting food rather difficult and pizza makers in Los Angeles hate to send their wares across for that reason. But a restaurant owner in one Mexican town was insistent. He said to a pizza maker, "Leave a supply in C——," a town on the American side. "I will pick it up and take it in." He is now selling around 300 smuggled pizzas per week.

The question of what has caused this national—nay, international, for pizza is now being sold in Japan—passion for pizza is one I have not yet answered to my own satisfaction. The obvious answer is that pizza tastes good, but it is a little more complex than that. For nearly a year, aided by a vast and eager appetite, and assisted by friends willing to probe the enchanting mysteries of pizza in all its splendid guises, I have been engaged in more or less scholarly research. In the course of it I have heard some strange stories, the weirdest of which came from a pizza baker in New York's Bleecker Street. He blamed the pizza age on James Dean. "Jimmy loved pizza," he said. "His fans knew that, so they loved it too."

A more plausible reason was advanced by Tom Iazzetti, proprietor of a place on Amsterdam Avenue in New York. Tom told me, "Dean Martin, of Martin and Lewis, had this record, That's Amore, and there was the line in it, 'When the moon in the sky's like a big pizza pie, that's amore,' and right after the record got popular, it put pizza in people's minds."

In Hollywood, Patsy D'Amore recently said that Frank Sinatra and his sidekick, Jackie Gleason, were the chief popularizers. "Frank introduced pizza to the national audience on the television in the year of 1951," Patsy declared. Gleason developed a taste for pizza in the Brooklyn of his boyhood and never lost it. He always has used pizza in jokes, sketches and in references to his now-expanding, now-diminishing girth: when he is on one of his diets, he laments that someone ought to invent a "no-cal" pizza. When he is not dieting, he—well, I once asked Anthony Ricci, manager of a pizzeria on West 48th Street in New York, who was the biggest pizza eater he ever knew. He took me by the arm, led me to the door and solemnly pointed to a picture of Gleason in the place of honor. Waiters at this pizzeria stand around in awe-struck silence when Gleason comes in. After disposing of three giant—twenty-four inches in diameter—pizzas, loaded with double portions of sausage, salami, cheese, anchovies, mushrooms, black olives and tomatoes, he will order veal parmigiana, spaghetti and a quart or two of Chianti. Then, as likely as not, he will order another giant pizza for dessert. "He does same thing in my place," says Patsy D'Amore, in profound respect.

Most editors in the restaurant trade journals credit Frank Mastro, the self-styled Pizza King, with having done most to popularize pizza. Mastro was born in Bari, around a hundred miles from Naples, and he did not become involved with the pie until long after he had arrived in this country and opened a small restaurant-equipment shop. In 1933 or '34—his business, like all businesses then, was terrible. "Dad was just getting by," says son Vincent. One day a saloonkeeper in Brooklyn happened to ask him if he could pick up an oven to make pizza in. At the time, the handful of pizza bakers around New York were convinced that pizza could be made only in ovens that burned coal. They thought a coal fire contributed to the flavor. Mastro had no coal ovens, but he found an old gas oven in a junkyard, bought it for ten dollars, ripped out the gas-burning unit and fitted it for coal burning. The saloonkeeper was delighted. Mastro then went around buying up old gas ovens, converting them for coal, and persuading other restaurant

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proprietors to make pizza. Presently the Brooklyn Union Gas Company began sending out men to find out why so many places were no longer using gas.

The trail led to Mastro. Representatives of the company convinced him that gas could bake pizza as well as coal—better, in fact, since pizza demands temperatures of between 500 and 700 degrees, and gas gets hotter faster than coal. Mastro then began negotiating with a company to build special pizza ovens for him. Later, when Vincent graduated from Brooklyn Technical High School, father and son designed the ovens the company sells today. But long before that happened, Mastro's persuasiveness in selling pizza ovens to Italian restaurants had touched off what is now a national pizza panic.

Mastro believed that the low cost of pizza making was mainly responsible for the dragon's-teeth growth of pizzerias. Pizza ovens may be bought for less than two hundred dollars—or more than two thousand. A man can set up a pizzeria with twenty or thirty seats for as little as seven or eight hundred. The profits are high; a sixty-five-cent pizza costs only about twenty or twenty-five cents to make. "Pizza is peasant food," Mastro was wont to say. But he added quickly that a Spanish king, Ferdinand of Bourbon, was the first to make pizza famous. That happened around 1746, when a chef named Monzu Testa gained Ferdinand's favor with his pizzas and was installed as royal cook. Testa later extolled the glories of pizza, and of Testa, in a cookbook. Some pizza makers believe, however, that pizza goes back much further than the 1700's.

The most prevalent theory among bakers I have interviewed is that advanced by Tom Iazzetti. His store is a grocery in front and a pizzeria in the rear. Its décor

"Gentlemen, honored guests and other free-loaders!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

is what I call One-Arm Modern: metal tubular legs on chairs, and tables topped with formica and edged with chrome. Pretty girls drinking beer smile down from the walls, side by side with pictures of Jimmy Durante, Rocky Marciano and Mother Cabrini. The place is as spotless as a kitchen in a Rembrandt painting. "I tell you what I think about pizza," Tom said to me one afternoon not long ago. "It started in Naples—everybody knows that. The way it started, one day a lady was baking bread. The kids were around, hungry. They couldn't wait. She took some leftover bread dough, put some cheese or meat on it, put it in the oven. Bang! La pizza!"

Not everybody agrees that pizza originated in Naples. The Sicilians also claim it. A third-generation member of a Brooklyn family that has been making macaroni and spaghetti products for forty-two years, said to me, "Because we are Sicilian, we like to think pizza came from there. Actually, Sicilian pizza is different. The dough is nearly an inch thick; it's more a cake than a pie. Few places make Sicilian-style. Most Americans are familiar with Neapolitan pizza."

His company began making a pizza dough mix, packaged with a pizza tomato sauce, three years ago. It is now sold by the carload. Several other companies are also in the dough-mix business. There is also a lively traffic in frozen pizza, especially in California, and an expanding business in refrigerated pizza—not frozen, but capable of keeping for several days at a temperature just above freezing. Some companies have developed huge businesses in making pizza crust, which they sell to restaurants and groceries. One of the biggest was founded in 1943 in the Bronx, New York, by Joe Primavera and Andy Virga. Joe and Andy's Bronx plant now has a branch in California. Between it and the New York bakery they turn out over 1,000,000—yes, 1,000,000—pizza crusts each week.

"My family called me Crazy Joe when I gave up the restaurant business to make pizza crust," Joe Primavera said recently. "Crazy Joe! Ha!"

Old-line pizza bakers prefer to make their own dough. There are pizza-dough-mixing machines, but they say it ought to be done by hand. That is the word of Mrs. Nina Dell' Orto, who was born a Neapolitan and who belongs to the Manganaro family, who run one of the oldest and largest Italian groceries in New York. I got to know Mrs. Dell' Orto when I was writing a story about the submarine sandwich a year or more ago. Every week or so I drop by to see her and her four sons, Mario, Salvatore, Vincent and James, all of whom work either in Manganaro's or in the submarine shop which they recently opened next door. Mrs. Dell' Orto is a great cook. When she speaks, I listen. One day last winter she told me she was planning a small pizza party, and asked if I could come. I said I would come early to watch.

"I am going to make a pizza you never saw or heard of before," she said, "I bet.

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It is Neapolitan kind called *calzone*—means pants. Is shaped like pants. Also, I am going to make *pizzelle*—little fried pizza."

I got there on time. In a large bowl, Mrs. Dell' Orto first dissolved a package of dry yeast in some lukewarm water. Then she added a pinch of salt, and gradually mixed about a pound of unbleached flour with two ordinary-sized tumblers of water. She mixed it on a board; some bakers say the dough should be mixed only on marble. After she had mixed it, she set it aside and waited for it to rise until it was about double its original size. That required about an hour. The commercial, do-it-at-home mixes take less time. Mrs. Dell' Orto scorns such mixes. She says the crust she makes is superior. But she adds, "I am used to the old ways. For busy women, the mixes are O.K."

After the dough had risen, Mrs. Dell' Orto shaped it into round little mounds and began pounding them out on her board. In company with every other pizza maker I know, she insists that the dough must not be rolled out with a rolling pin. "A pin bruises dough," she says. The dough she had made was enough to make plenty of pizza for a dozen people. After pressing out the round pie forms until they were about a foot in diameter, she began adding the ingredients. First she made "plain" pizza, putting down bits of Mozzarella—an elastic Italian cheese that melts easily, but retains its chewy, stringy quality when hot—adding Italian tomatoes that had been forced through a sieve to remove the seeds, and then dashing the top of the pie with olive oil and sprinkling on Parmesan cheese and orégano and parsley.

"This is the pizza most people prefer," she said. "Some put on sausage, fresh or dry. Fresh ought to be parboiled first. Some put sausage on one half of the pie, anchovies on the other. Others add other things—you can add almost anything to pizza. Is still good."

"He's got claustrophobia."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I told her about a place in Chicago where the proprietor invented a kosher-salami pizza in response to requests from Jewish customers. I also told her about Mae West, who once ordered an all-white pizza from Patsy D'Amore. Patsy flinched, but he made it. He used Ricotta, a white Italian pot cheese.

As I was talking, Mrs. Dell' Orto was putting the pizza into the oven, which was blasting away at around 700 degrees. She put it in by hand; most bakers use a long-handled board called a peel, or *paletta*. "Ten minutes to bake is enough," she said. "Sometimes less. If the oven is only five hundred degrees, maybe ten, fifteen minutes."

I asked her how many different kinds of pizza there are. She gave an expressive shrug. "In one place," she said, "they make twenty-five different kinds—some with Mozzarella, some without; some with Mozzarella and tomatoes and onion, garlic, capers, sausage, anchovies, mushrooms, hearts of artichoke, tuna fish—anything you like. They have some of them named, over there. A la Caruso is with mushrooms, Provolone cheese, tomatoes, seasoning—orégano, parsley, salt and pepper. Provenzale is garlic, black olives, tomatoes and seasoning. Maria Caniglia is chopped meatballs, grated cheese, tomatoes and seasoning. Another is Ricotta, prosciutto (Italian ham) and seasoning. I cannot begin to say them all. Now I must make the *calzone*."

Calzone is nothing but pizza folded in half, so that one half forms a crust over the other. The pizza is then stretched out on either side, so that it somewhat resembles an old-fashioned pair of bloomers—hence, pants. For filling, Mrs. Dell' Orto used Ricotta beaten with eggs, black-pepper sausage, Mozzarella, Parmesan and seasoning. Calzone was baked as long as the pizza. Pizzelle was made exactly the same, but Mrs. Dell' Orto fried it in an inch or two of vegetable oil until it turned a delicate brown. Its crust was crisper and more moist than that of the calzone and pizza. But all three were delicious.

Delicious? What a bloodless, feeble word! Washed down with tumblers of Bolla Bardolino, which I regard as the king of all Italian red wines, the pizzas were heavenly.

There were twelve of us. We all ate the three varieties until we could eat no more.

Mrs. Dell' Orto was beaming. "So," said she, "you like the pizza, eh?"

"Mrs. Dell' Orto," I said emotionally, "I wish I were still hungry." And I did. And today, at the memory of it, I still am. THE END

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Battle Decision (Continued from Page 31)

on the biggest horse he could find—even somehow managed to turn up in Veracruz during that comic-opera Mexican campaign—a little wizened man who could raise his voice, though, on occasion: Hell-roaring Jake Smith, the man who "pacified" Samar in the Philippine Insurrection and the Days of the Empire; the man who made the Lundies revive their anniversary parade when, after "front and center," all officers fell out except four junior lieutenants to head the regiment and its three battalions in the march-past, for, on the morning after Chickamauga, the only officers left were four lieutenants. That was how the regiment got its badge: the old blank shoulder strap. Later, during the Indian wars, B Company captured ponies and finished one campaign mounted, and after that it always reported on parade as "B Troop" present or accounted for. If tradition and antiquity become a family or a firm, they can also steady a regiment when the going gets tough. And now the Lundies had their marching orders once more.

The men would be draftees now; a cross-section of America. His own first company had been volunteers, Irish and Poles, a sort of Foreign Legion. Peacetime soldiering was different then: amenities began in the barroom—no U.S.O. or Enlisted Men's Club—and the prospect of active service had been color and pageant in their drab lives.

The WAC with the pretty ribbons came out of the inner office. "General Merlin will see you now, colonel."

As the door closed on them, Merlin forestalled Arthur's salute. "Good to see you again, sir. What instructions for your former adjutant this morning?"

"The Lundies are going overseas. I'm fit. Have me recalled to them."

Strain came back to Merlin's face. "Afraid that can't be done. But there are other jobs. I'll see what ——"

"Not a desk job. Nor running a port nor a stateside camp. I'm no innkeeper."

"Won't you sit down, sir?" Merlin said patiently. He must have listened to a lot of these requests.

"No, thanks. You're rushed. But, Merlin, for old time's sake, try." And, when Merlin hesitated a moment to answer, Arthur went on, very quietly now, "This isn't all personal. There's more to it. Policy. I'll put it this way: When we sailed for Veracruz, expecting to fight our way up to Mexico City, we listened to our field officers talk on the deck of the transport. Some argued it would be the Cuban campaign all over again; others expected a repeat of the Boxer show, that rough march to Pekin. The thing that mattered to us untried kids, though, was that our leaders had been in a fight before. They'd seen the elephant. But in Hitler's war, when we sailed for North Africa—as we're doing again now—most of our tried seniors were jerked away from their outfits at the last moment. Oh, yes, Churchill had his reasons and he was calling our shots for us, but it took green-hand blunders, like Kasserine Pass, and a lot of lives to shake our troops down to battle. Don't let that happen again."

Merlin looked hopeless. "I don't make policy." Then, diplomat and adjutant always, he turned jaunty. "This is a young man's war, too, sir. I suppose your son's in it and you want to be along. How is Tommy? I haven't seen him since he went off to Cal Tech."

"Tommy's deferred," Arthur said flatly. "They've got him working on some technical gadget." He gave Merlin a steady look, as though challenging comment. There'd been an Arthur in every American war until this one. Then he made his final plea. "I've nothing important like Tommy to contribute. But I've known enough war to spot a tactics pattern through the haze. And I can lead troops so they'll follow. Isn't there still some use for officer-model cannon fodder?"

"I'm sorry, sir, but ——"

"Won't you even try?"

"Colonel, how can I?"

"Good-by, Merlin."

Down the corridors Arthur was jostled by men who had somewhere to hurry. In the lower tunnel he finally got a seat in a taxi—the only man in the cab without a brief case. They dropped him on Pennsylvania Avenue and he was jostled again—this time under a blue flag with white letters, hanging limp from a second-story window in steamy air that had the Washington summer smell of hot asphalt. The white letters on the flag said: U. S. Army Recruiting Service.

In the mirror of a candy-bar machine on the sidewalk at the foot of the recruiting-office stairs, he found himself taking sudden careful stock of his own face. Without the brushed-out mustache, perhaps with the dark, receding hair shaved bald, he would look like a very different man; weathered, rather ugly, but quite ageless—like that fellow Yul Brynner in the movies.

As he walked on toward the hotel where he'd left his bag, it seemed as though his wife with the gallant chin had fallen into step by him once more. He wasn't able to talk with her often because, while she was alive, she'd had her own special ways of putting things. But this time he was sure of what she'd say. She hadn't been born Sallie Stuart nor been raised in the Garry Owens for nothing.

On terrain that lay like a man sick with fever and scrubby with a week's beard; under a sky swollen with cloud that grayed the rocky hills and turned small valley pools a venomous green, the First Battalion of the Lundies entrenched the Mallet Handle Ridge.

Their French and British maps labeled this ridge Jeb-el-Nasr, but the Lundies called it the Mallet Handle because, from the regiment's main line, it ran out like a handle to a higher, T-ing hill—the Mallet Head itself. The Mallet Head was held by the enemy, who so far stayed quiet, and the Lundies' forward battalion strove only against heat, stony ground and, probably, against time.

Now, late in the afternoon, outside the battalion command post—a small Stonehenge of propped slabs merging with the confused boulder pattern around it—the Lundies' colonel, Kay, was with Major Gowan, who had the First Battalion. They were still short of field officers, and even filler replacements of men were still arriving. A draft of these, boys mostly, had just come up, and lay panting, sprawled among boulders and unshouldered packs. Vear, the sergeant major, was dealing them out to company N.C.O.'s.

From the Mallet Head a light machine gun thuttered briefly. On the Handle ridge a lot of taut fiddlestrings seemed to snap over the new men. A few cursed for bravado; others grinned up doubtfully at Vear, wanting a good word from an older soldier in a strange and ominous spot.

"Extreme range. Too scattered to bother us," Vear heartened them, but the knuckles of one hairy red hand were wiping stone dust from his gray eyes and

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freckled face. . . . "All right, you company noncoms, get 'em to their platoons."

Just then Colonel Kay shouted, "Map! Map here!" and pointed to a roll of maps lying near the C.P. entrance. Kay was a rather chunky, rather noisy man with dull blond hair too long to curl, too short to wave. To one another, the men in the new draft were calling him Pudgepants.

The man nearest the map roll was a lean replacement wearing his helmet strap loose, like Vear's. He brought the map, unrolled, and glanced at it quickly; then turned it a little to orient with the ground before handing it to Kay. Kay and Gowan were too intent to notice that, but when the man came back to pick up his rifle and pack and go off with the others, Vear stopped him, looking quizzically at his haggard, ugly face.

"Where'd you learn to read a map, soldier?"

The man hesitated. "I did some surveying once."

"What's your name?"

"Private Jake Smith."

"We'll take you for a headquarters messenger. Come into the C.P. and I'll show you how the companies are posted."

Staff and signal men had other shelters, so Vear and Smith had the C.P. to themselves for a moment. It was dim in there and Vear lit a candle in front of the blue and red marked situation map propped on its board against a boulder. Suddenly, somewhere behind the Mallet Head, a door slammed flatly shut. From the swollen clouds above Mallet Handle Ridge came a feathery rustle that rose to a whistle, to a scream, to the noise of a passing train. Then concussion sent gravel trickling in all the crannies of the C.P. and twitched the candle flame sideways.

Kneeling in front of the map, Vear and Smith sat back on their haunches waiting for the next shell. Smith had put off his helmet, and his shaven head was shiny in the candlelight. Like the boulders around them, he had a bare, durable look.

But no second shell came. "Reckon that was just a ranging shot," Vear said. "Checking their data before dark."

Smith nodded. "They seem to have us taped all right," for the burst had been fairly on the ridge. "How good are the Gip gunners?"

Vear glanced at him quickly, but the ugly face was simply bland and inquiring. "Ever hear of that Arab Legion the Limeys trained, soldier? Well, that's who's on the Mallet Head. Best troops the Gips got. Some say Russian officers are with them now. I'd sure like to get me one tonight." Then they bent over the map again.

The map-pencil markings showed a blue hairpin, its narrow bend facing Mallet Head Hill, its two long legs running back along the slopes of the Handle Ridge just above thick fringes of brush and scrub; perfect cover in which assaults could assemble on each flank.

"Able Company's facing right, Charlie left," Vear pointed out. "There's a section of Dog's machine guns with each."

Smith laid a querying finger on the narrow bend of the blue-marked hairpin where their ridge joined Mallet Head Hill across an open swale and a small lake.

"That's our 'front,'" Vear answered sardonically. "All there's room for there is a platoon of Baker Company. It's the flanks the Gips'll hit—where there's width and cover to form up. The rest of Baker's back of the C.P. here in reserve."

He stopped. Colonel Kay and Major Gowan were coming into the C.P.

They didn't see the two soldiers at first in the dimness. Kay was shouldering his haversack. "Well, I'll be going back now, fella, while the going's good. And remember"—now Smith was attentive; Kay would be the sort to keep reiterating his orders—"remember, your job's to hold and blunt the Gip attacks. After you've chewed them awhile, I'll advance the rest of the regiment and take the Mallet Head. That's our objective."

As though renewing a plea, Gowan said, "Colonel, this Mallet Handle Ridge position's not too strong tactically. To make sure of holding it I may need ——"

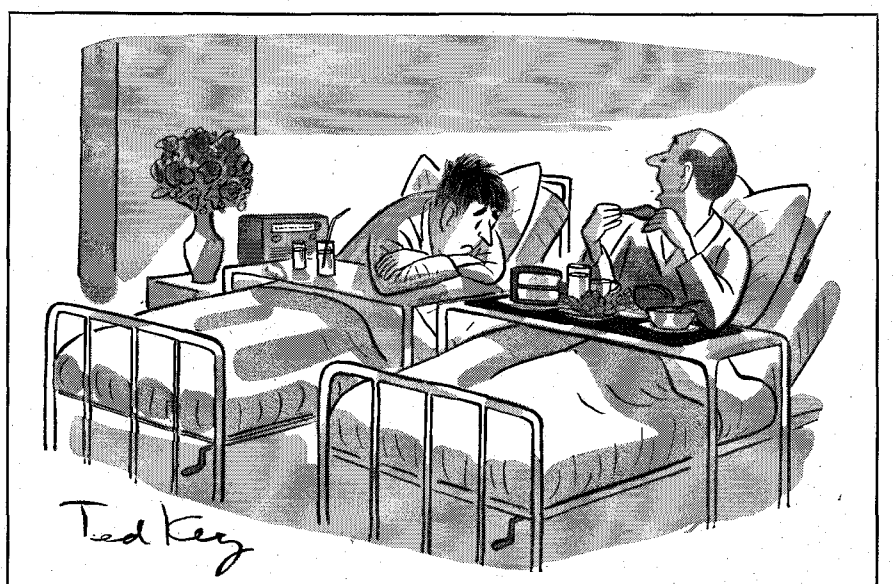
"No, you don't call on me for help, fella," Kay cut him off. "I'll need every man of the other two battalions to take the Mallet Head later."

Smith sensed the spot Gowan was in: this dark, intense young man, suppler, more sensitive than his colonel, entering his first battle with his first large command, hesitant to say what Kay didn't want to hear, but dogged in his duty to do so. It would be useless, though.

Then Gowan saw that too. "I'll try, sir," he quoted gravely.

So Gowan knew the Lundies' old motto, anyway. But Kay didn't recognize it. "You'll try?" And Kay braced his bulk up to Gowan—what Kay would call getting his will across. "You'll have to do more than try, Major, if you want to keep a battalion in my regiment! You'll have to produce!"

It was then that Gowan, by a nod, told Kay the two enlisted men were hearing, and Kay turned on them. "Oh, Vear? And who's that with you? . . .



"Still on liquids?"

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Stand up, son. Are you bushed already, after a little march and dig?"

Smith stood up, but with his height he had to stoop a bit in the low shelter. From the open collar of his shirt his dog tags swung out, and with them on the same light chain hung a small oiled-silk bag like a tobacco sack.

"What's that?" Kay demanded, reaching for it.

Smith jerked back, but answered quietly, "Just keepsakes, sir."

"All packaged, eh, for the Gips to loot if you're hit?"

But another ranging shell came in then, and Gowan said casually, "Colonel, wouldn't it be well to get on back?"

When the colonel had gone, Gowan and Smith looked each other over. "Extra battalion runner, sir," Vear explained. "He can read a map."

Gowan held out his hand. "Good."

"I was just going to take him round the position," Vear went on.

"Right. But get back by dark. Things may start then." The major's voice had taken on an easy, matter-of-fact tone, which Smith liked. That was the way to talk to green troops going into their first fight.

Outside now, as Vear and Smith made for Able Company first—Vear pointing out on the way bits of cover that Smith might use running messages later—it was almost dark, but the clouds were shredding away and an iris dusk descending.

At the first hasty bunker of stones—stones that would chip badly under fire; there'd be a lot of small wounds as well as big ones—while a platoon sergeant was murmuring anxieties to Vear, one of the new men spoke hopefully to Smith, "Looks like it was going to be fair tonight. Maybe the Gips won't hit us, after all."

"Maybe," Smith agreed gravely. Strange how weather always raised or lowered the hearts of men new to war.

Below, from the dark scrub fringing the slope on which Able Company was braced, came a sudden spatter of rifle shots. American voices shouted and one quick scream blanked out; bayonets, outpost hit already!

Rapid spots of dark ran up the open slope and Smith caught the frantically raised rifle of the man who had just hoped for a quiet night. "Not yet! Let your own pickets through."

Upracing shadows plunged over the bunker parapet, one gasping, "Gips! Ganged up in the woods! Quiet! Then all round us!"

Vear dragged at Smith's arm. "Come on back. The major'll need us."

The man at Smith's side begged, "Don't go!" but the wan prayer was cut off by savage sound from the scrub below—bugles and a screaming rush. And as Vear and Smith groped their way back toward the C.P., two solid lines of rifle fire tore out from the companies on either side of the Mallet Handle: Able and Charlie fighting cramped, almost back to back on the narrow ridge.

Then rockets swished up, neon-lighting the stones, and from the Mallet Head in front and the American lines behind, the barrages came down, indiscriminate on the slopes of the Mallet Handle and on that ridge itself. Now crawling after Vear, now sprawled flat until the stony fallout of some close blast was spent, Smith felt the ground twitch and twitch under him. One shell burst very near, and his fingers went to the little bag at his throat. Get rid of it now before he was hit and couldn't? Better wait, though. He might need it yet—as a talisman with Gowan—a man in his first fight was unpredictable.

He pushed himself on to overtake Vear. Exhaustion wouldn't come, he knew, until danger eased, but the old muscles were quitting on him. His shaven head might fool others, but he hadn't shaved off years with his hair nor with the gray, brushed-out mustache.

Now they were almost at the headquarters shelters. Then the ground in front exploded. When Smith's eyes focused again after concussion, he saw, by the flicking camera-shutter lights, that most of the shelters were cast apart. Only the small Stonehenge of the C.P. itself remained. And Gowan in front of it, alone, on his knees, refilling his pockets from a sack of grenades.

"Everything's gone here!" he yelled at them. "I was with Charlie! They're holding! Get yourselves grenades! We'll go to Able!"

Gowan's nerve was all right. But he wasn't thinking; just fighting like one more soldier. Smith heard Vear shout back, "It's our own barrage doing most of this! Get 'em to adjust, major!"

"Can't! Wire's out . . . signal section . . . staff . . . everything's gone here now!"

"There's a walkie-talkie in the C.P., sir!"

Then, over on the right flank where Able Company fought, the steady gale of small-arms fire broke apart, split into gusts and cries.

"Able's overrun!" Gowan yelled again. "Come on!" And he headed toward the dark moil of men who were stabbing and shooting point-blank.

This time it was Smith who shouted at him, "Your reserve! Baker Company! Use them!"

Gowan pulled up. "Reserve? Yes, reserve." By the flashes Smith saw Gowan's face wake suddenly from daze to consciousness; saw him turn from Able on the flank and run back along the ridge where the reserve platoons of B Company lay.

But it wasn't that easy. Back along the ridge, shots met them. Gowan hailed, but more shots answered, and a voice shouting hysterically in the dark, "There's Gips can talk English! Shoot 'em!"

No recognition signal, no password set. And breakthroughs don't wait. But maybe there'd be someone in B Company—some promoted noncom who knew its old tradition, its special parade report. And Smith cupped his hands to shout, "B Troop! B *Troop*! Major Gowan coming to B Troop!"

The flickering gray rocks ahead seemed to rise up. The trigger-happy shots ceased. A man with captain's bars on his helmet ran toward them.

And then B Troop, well in order, was slanting down the slope with them, fanning out by the flashes into bayonet-spiked lines to hit the flank of the breakthrough.

Their bayonets restored Able Company's broken front. Finally they were shooting at squat shadows that dodged away down the slope.

The first Gip assault ended then. The barrages silenced. On both flanks rifle fire petered out to a few hiccuping shots. In the new stillness a dog barked over behind the Mallet Head, and here, on the Handle Ridge, boots scraped among the stones as battalion litter bearers tracked down the many small whimpers and cries of wounded men; cries that massed into volume like the pulsing of frogs in the ponds of spring at home.

But back in the C.P., Gowan and Vear and Smith knew this was only a breathing space; that another assault would come at dawn—an assault which the battalion might not have men enough left now to beat off again.

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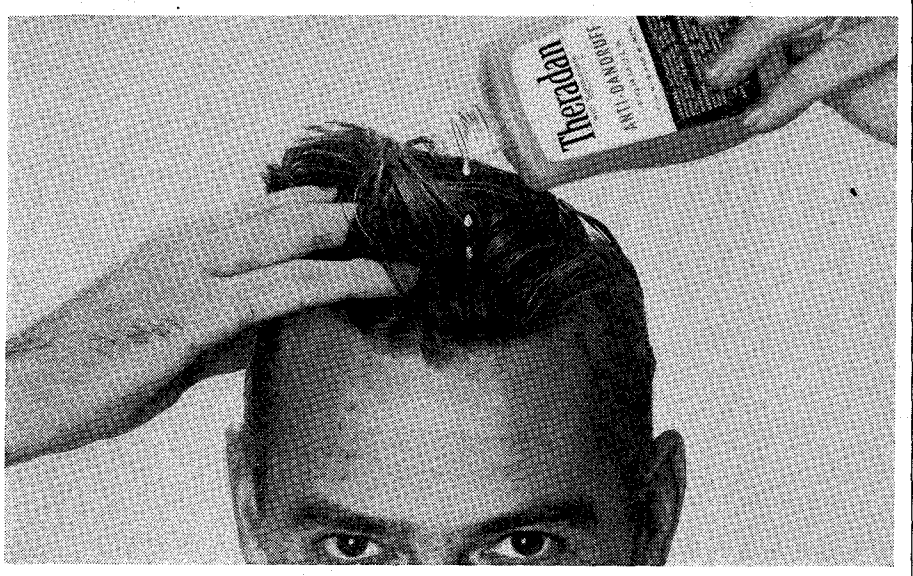

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Vear was putting a first-aid bandage on Gowan's arm. Impulsively Gowan said, "Sergeant, I did a bad job. If it hadn't been for you two ——"

Vear tied the bandage and sat back. "You led the reserve in good, major." By the copper arrowhead light of the candle—that wasn't jumping with concussion any more for a while—Smith watched Gowan. Gowan was thinking aloud—thinking like an officer at last. Maybe Smith wouldn't need his talisman, after all.

"Right now," Gowan was saying, his dark face drawn and intense, "I don't see anything but to hang on as we are. Colonel Kay won't reinforce us. He told me that at the start. But at dawn we'll likely be overrun. Is there any bet I'm missing, sergeant?"

Vear hesitated, eying Smith curiously. "Maybe one, sir. Smith here. He called the shots for that counterattack. He's seen service. A lot, I'd guess."

They both looked at the man called Private Jake Smith, who answered passionately the question in their look, "I'm not a cashiered officer, if that's what's bothering you."

"It's experience counts now," Gowan said gravely. "But we believe you. What's your slant?" And studying for the first time Smith's haggard, durable face, he added, "Sir."

Smith's voice resumed an old terse quiet. His talisman wouldn't be needed, after all. "The Lundies' mission is to take the Mallet Head. But if this battalion loses the Handle here, that's out—on this operation anyway. And we're going to lose the Handle at dawn, unless you do something first."

Gowan nodded. "Do what?"

"Take the Mallet Head yourself, major."

At once Vear began to mutter. But Gowan silenced him. "Go on, please. How?"

And Smith went on, "At dawn the Mallet Head will be stripped for another assault on the Handle here. They'll be massing on our flanks again."

Once more Gowan nodded.

"Well then, just before dawn, slip out of the pincers, silently, in two columns. Columns to fan out into attack formation when we pass that small lake on our present front. Fan out and take the stripped Mallet Head."

"And our rear?" Gowan asked.

"When the Gips close over the ridge here behind us, call down our barrage to chew them up—as it nearly did us just now."

Vear broke in, "It could work, sir! If we can manage to regroup in the dark!"

It was Gowan, grasping the full plan now, who answered Vear, "But we won't have to regroup. That's the beauty of it. Just face Able and Charlie to the front instead of the flanks and there's our two night-assault columns." Then suddenly Gowan's elation was gone. He slumped forward, face in hands. "Not a chance, though. I'd have to call Colonel Kay. He'd veto. He's given me my orders. To hold in place."

"How will you call Kay?" Smith asked coolly. "Your wire's out."

"Walkie-talkie."

"And give the show away on the air? Sometimes, major, an officer must have moral courage to disobey orders. Have you?"

"But I don't command the Lundies."

"But you do. Kay abdicated, really, when he went to the rear. They may not admit it at Leavenworth, but a forward battalion pulls its regiment after it like water through a sluice. That's why they teach that a leader must stick with his leading element. When you take the Mallet Head, the Lundies must follow, mop up the Handle behind you, move up to support you on the Mallet Head itself. Have you courage to try?"

Gowan jumped up. "I'll try, sir. . . . Vear, get the company commanders in here!"

And just before dawn, with the Mallet Handle still in darkness, only a few American rifles fired from that ridge into the new noises in the fringe of cover on its flanks. When those stealthy noises shrilled to the bugles and shouts of the second Gip assault, the Lundies' rear-guard riflemen hurried forward in the dark to where the Mallet Handle joined its Head beyond the small lake; to where Major Gowan waited for them at the van of his two columns.

Then Gowan turned to Vear with the walkie-talkie. "Barrage now! On the Handle."

After the message had gone, the moment Vear said "Over," Gowan himself reached to the switch and broke radio contact.

And silently the columns fanned out, moving up the slope of the Mallet Head, up toward the streak of jade light glowing now above the crest ahead.

Behind them, on the swarming Handle Ridge, the barrages came down once more. But the thin First Battalion was standing on the Lundies' final objective.

> The bride is usually given away by her father, the groom by his knees. JOHN KISELA

Searching later, Vear found Smith lying near the small lake, a first-aid packet, skillfully applied to Smith's side, but not good enough. He put his canteen to Smith's mouth.

"Litter bearers coming," he promised. "Any moment. The regiment's moving up to support us."

Smith swallowed, spoke hoarsely, "Thanks, sergeant. Do one more thing for me before the medicos take over," and he held out the little bag that had been around his neck with his dog tags. "Throw this in the pool before they come. I couldn't quite make it."

"But ——"

"Don't argue. Do it, please."

Smith heard Vear's boots mush toward the soggy edge of the lake. But no splash. Then Vear was back, holding something in one big freckled fist, kneeling by Smith; the sergeant's hard, patient face suddenly piteous.

"Put them on again, sir," he begged. "Wear them again." And he opened his fist, offering back a pair of dog tags quite different from the two still around Smith's neck, and, with the tags, two heavy silver eagles.

"You don't understand," Smith told him, weak, but stern still. "The damned war correspondents . . . get hold of this . . . lose sight of Gowan's part. So would the Pentagon. When Kay's relieved, I want Gowan to command the Lundies. He's found himself now. And he'll get the regiment—unless there's some fru-fra over me. Now go get rid of this stuff. That's an order."

Once more Vear went sorrowfully to the water's edge, and this time he threw in the small metals. This time ripples started on the lake and spread farther than even old Colonel Arthur could imagine as he lay waiting for the litter bearers, who, he knew now, would come too late. But the Lundies would be well led once more. THE END

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Heartbreaker (Continued from Page 23)

Al Carver came up the street, a rather slim boy with sand-colored hair, and as he walked he didn't seem to know what to do with his hands. He didn't appear to be walking fast, but he was next to Fran quite suddenly, reaching for the heavy bag.

"Hello, Al," she said.

She didn't want to compare him to Donald, but she couldn't help it. Donald was the same height, but built much more solidly. He'd played on the freshman football team at Cornell, and this fall he expected to go out for the varsity. He had dark curly hair and blue eyes, while Al's eyes were brown, and Al didn't have much color if you stood him next to Donald, even though Al went to the beach occasionally.

Donald's skin had been a deep, rich tan, very clear, not a mark on his face. By far he had been the handsomest boy at Seneca Lodge or, for that matter, anywhere on Lake Kiamichi.

Al said, "Thought you'd be gettin' in tonight, Fran."

He seemed glad to see her, awkwardly glad, and he stumbled a little once as he walked beside her. He wasn't sure-footed as Donald had been. She wondered how long he'd been sitting on the stoop, looking down toward the corner which she would have to come around when she came up from the subway station.

It was fairly quiet on the block, with all the smaller children gone to bed, but there were people sitting out on the stoops or standing around talking. There was the usual bunch of boys up near the candy store, boys Al's age, and sometimes she'd seen him with them, but tonight he'd probably been sitting on the stoop alone, just waiting, and she wished he hadn't.

"Well," she said, "it's nice to be back." It wasn't, of course, but it was something to say.

"Have a nice time?" he asked.

"It was wonderful," she said. "The lake was beautiful. The people were wonderful."

That was all that she could think—how wonderful everything had been, her first time away from home, her first paid vacation, after working for nearly a year in the office of Hammersley & Johnson, brokers.

"That's good," Al said. "That's real good."

He didn't get a vacation, as Fran remembered. In the shop he just worked all year round with occasional time off when things were slow. That was supposed to be a vacation, but all summer, and most Saturdays included, he was in the shop, no matter how hot it was.

They walked on for a moment in silence, and then Al said awkwardly, "Kind of quiet around here while you were gone, Fran."

"Was it?" Fran murmured, and she knew then that she'd have to talk to him tonight and tell him. This couldn't wait till tomorrow.

"Not much doin'," he went on, "an' hot. Whew! Only yesterday it started to cool off."

"I'm glad it cooled off," Fran told him, and she felt sorry for him, thinking of all the summers he'd worked when it was hot, and all the summers he would continue to work, and probably without any thought of vacations. There would never be a Lake Kiamichi for Al Carver, and never a white-clothed table, bedecked with flowers, overlooking a lake as placid as a mirror, and with the green mountains beyond, and the red and blue canoes rippling the water.

He'd told her that he'd had to leave high school his second year and get a job because there were plenty of mouths to feed in his family, and his father wasn't always working, but yet he'd never been resentful of the fact.

As Fran's mother had put it, on more than one occasion, "He's steady, Fran. What else you want in this life? He's steady."

Fran Halloran knew what she wanted. She wanted Lake Kiamichi and the nice things which Lake Kiamichi and Seneca Lodge stood for. She wanted to meet people like Donald Norton, who went to Cornell, and whose family had a twelve-room house and two cars, near Ithaca, New York.

It wasn't that she didn't like Al. He was a nice boy, the nicest boy she'd met in Brooklyn, and he was not shiftless like some other boys on the block. He'd already enrolled in a school of lithography and probably in years to come he would make a nice income and be able to move to a better neighborhood with the girl he married, and possibly have vacations and the better things in life. It was just that Al was Al, and she'd just met Donald Norton.

When they reached the house, Al said, "Guess you're tired, Fran. I'll see you around tomorrow."

"I'll come out again," Fran told him. "It's not so late. I just want to see my mother and father."

"Oh," he said, and he was surprised and pleased, almost delighted. "Sure, Fran. I—I'll be out here."

It had made things worse, if anything, but she had to tell him. She couldn't have him going around even for another hour thinking that they would be having dates the way they'd had before. Even though she was tired and had to unpack and get ready for work in the morning, she had to get this settled.

"I'll wait on the stoop," Al said.

Fran went into the house with her bag. When she opened the door, she found her father and mother watching television, and her mother got up and kissed her awkwardly. "Well," her mother said, "it's good to see you home again, Fran. Was it nice?"

Her father said, "You look all brown. Must have had good weather."

They were both glad to see her home. They weren't able to express it, but they were glad to see her home again. She was an only child, and they'd done the best they could for her, seeing that she got through high school and the six months in the business school. She'd gone a lot farther than most of the girls on the block.

She told them a little about the lake and the good times they'd had, the dancing in the evening, the canoeing, the swimming and the meals.

"Some meals," her father said, when she'd described one of them. "Soup to nuts."

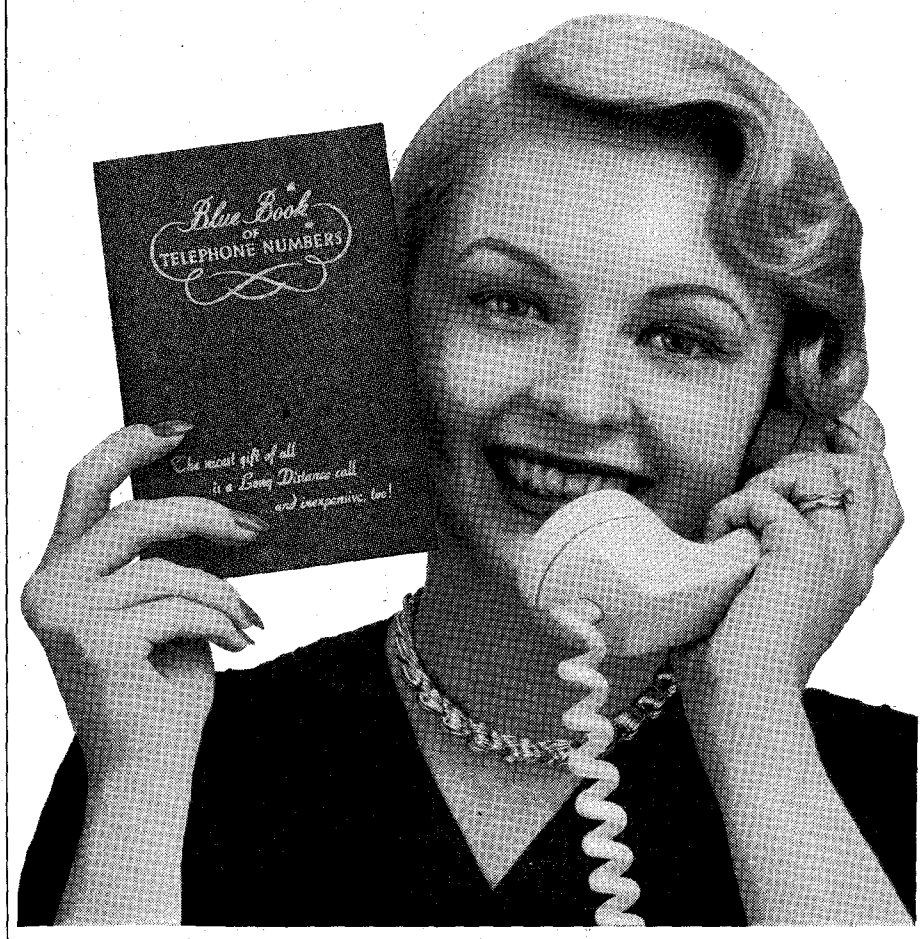
They told her about Al too. "He's been sittin' around every night," her mother said. "Just sits on the stoop like a lost dog. His mother tells me he's not eatin' either."

Fran frowned a little, realizing that it was going to be worse than she'd thought, but it had to be done.

"I told him I'd be out," she said. "He's still outside now."

"He's a nice boy," her mother said. "How many boys would hang around like that? That other crowd down the block would be out with another girl every night."

Fran Halloran wished that Al had been going out (Continued on Page 68)



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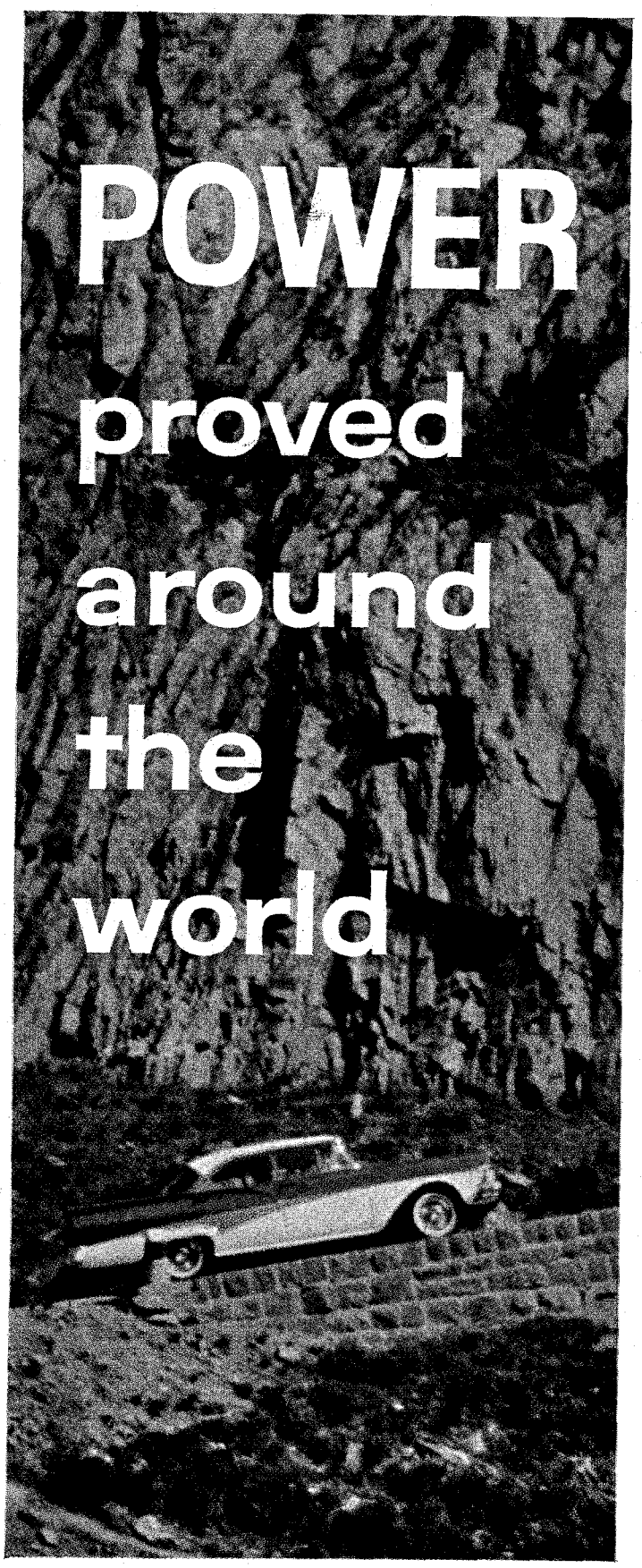

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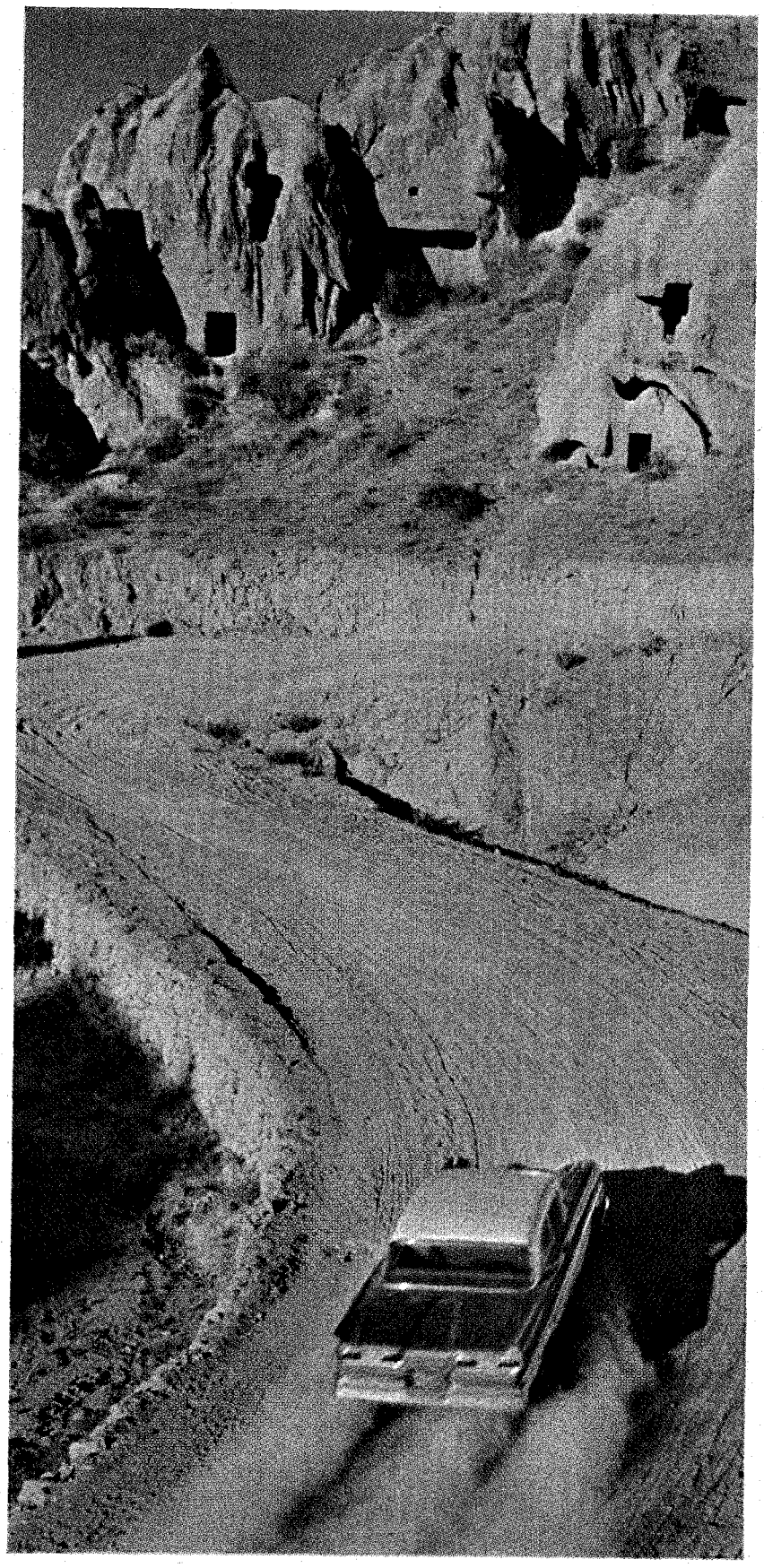

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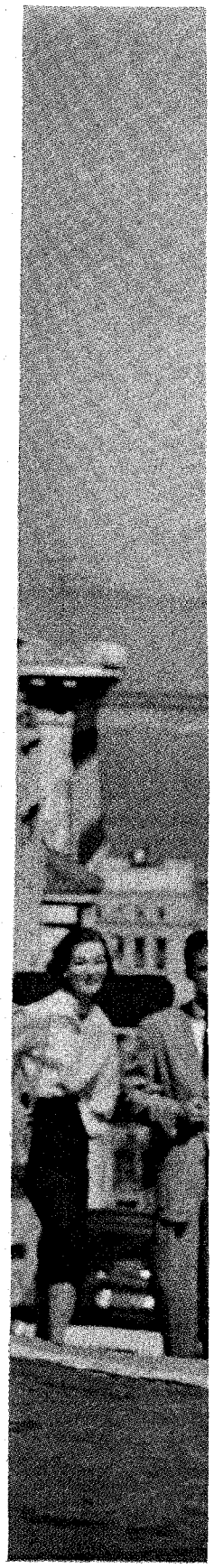

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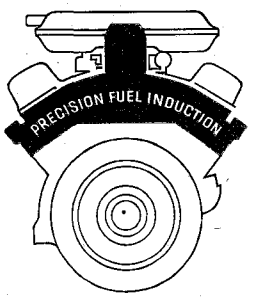

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(*Continued from Page 65*) with other girls. It would have made things a lot easier.

She went out on the stoop and found Al sitting on the iron balustrade, looking up the street. He said, "You didn't have to come out if you're tired, Fran."

"I wanted to talk to you," she told him, and she sat down on the top step of the brownstone stoop.

It was probably the way she said it which put him on his guard and took the edge off his enthusiasm. He said simply, "Oh."

"I had a wonderful time at Lake Kiamichi," Fran said slowly, and it was almost amusing how many times she'd used that word, "wonderful," but then, there wasn't any better word to express it. She said, "I met a boy at the lake, Al."

Al Carver didn't move as he sat on the iron railing, but she sensed the fact that he was tightening up inside. He said, "That's nice, Fran." He didn't say it glibly, and he didn't say it loudly, or too softly. He just said it without any emotion whatever.

"I—I wouldn't say that we're engaged or anything like that," Fran went on, a little disconcerted. "We've only known each other a few weeks up at the lake, but we had some dates, and he's coming down to New York in two weeks to see me."

"That's nice," Al said again.

"He goes to Cornell," Fran said, "and he's studying to be an engineer or something. He's not quite sure as yet what he will do. He comes from a nice family, and he has an aunt living in New York City, on Park Avenue. When he comes down to see me, he'll be staying there for the weekend."

"How do you like that," Al murmured. "An aunt on Park Avenue."

The worst of it was still to come, and Fran blurted it out as best she could.

"I just thought, Al, that it wouldn't be quite fair to Donald if I were to be having dates with anybody down here while he was up at school, studying. You see how it is?"

"Wouldn't be right, I guess," Al admitted.

He spoke in a very low voice now, and he wasn't asking for anything; he wasn't begging for anything.

"There's plenty of nice girls around here," Fran told him. "You—you shouldn't have any trouble getting dates, Al."

"Maybe not," Al said.

There wasn't much to say after that, and Al even intimated that she must be tired after the train trip and all. She did tell him a little more about the lake, and he listened quietly, making an occasional comment, and then they said good night, and it was over.

Fran went into the house and unpacked the remainder of her things. It hadn't gone quite as she'd expected with Al. It would have been a lot better if he'd protested or argued the point, but he'd just taken it, and that made her feel a lot worse than if it had gone the other way. She felt sorry for Al; she really liked him, but with Donald it had been different. Now she really knew what it meant to like a boy, or even love him.

Before she went to bed that night she wrote to Donald, telling him of her trip home and of her talk with Al. She intended to mail the letter on the way to work in the morning, which meant that he'd probably get it, and know how things had gone, by Wednesday.

She had told him about Al and the fact that she was going to talk with him when she got home. Donald had surprisingly said that he didn't think she ought to give up all her friends on account of him, but Donald was like that. He was really a dear.

In the morning she was back at the grind again, rushing for the subway, riding downtown to Wall Street, and then meeting the girls in the office again and telling them of Lake Kiamichi. The novelty of the return, however, soon wore off, and she was thinking as she sat down to type a batch of letters for Mr. Hammersley, her boss, how awful it would have been if she hadn't met Donald. Now at least she had something to look forward to.

Several times during the day she did think of Al Carver, wondering how he was taking his disappointment. That evening after supper, when she came out on the stoop to sit down and write another letter to Donald, she saw Al down near the corner store with a few other boys. He looked in her direction, and he nodded.

Fran waved a hand back to him. They started a game of punch ball later on because there was still plenty of light in the sky, and Al was in the game with the others. She noticed, though, that he was quiet when he played, whereas the other fellows his age were joking and kidding one another.

Once a ball was hit down near the stoop where she sat, and Al had to run to retrieve it. He managed to smile at her as he picked up the ball, but she could see that his face was drawn and a little pale.

She had been telling Donald a lot of the things that had happened to her this day, her coming back to the office, and how it was getting hot again, and how she wished she were back up at old Lake Kiamichi. She stopped writing now, though, and she watched Al walking back toward the others in the game farther up the street. She wondered why it had to be that a boy could like a girl, and the girl not particularly care one way or another.

After a while, and before it was dark, she finished her letter to Donald, and then she walked down the street to the letter box to mail it. She wondered when she would be receiving her first letter from him. He'd promised to write as much as he could, and school hadn't started yet, so he did have plenty of time. Later on, of course, with all his studies, she wouldn't expect to receive too many letters, but he had time now.

Al was out in front of the candy store with the others when she went by to the corner, and he said, "Hello, Fran," as she walked past.

One of the boys whistled after her as she went by, but she took no offense because it was done in friendly fashion, and they all knew her. She'd gone to school with some of these boys.

When she came back to the house, her mother was outside, and the mother said, "Ain't you goin' with Al Carver any more? I thought he'd be around the first night."

Fran hadn't said anything about Donald since she got back from Lake Kiamichi, but she'd intimated that she'd met some boys up at the lake. She guessed that now it was time she told them.

"He's a nice boy, Al Carver," her mother said.

"I know," Fran nodded. "I—I met a boy up at the lake, mom. We're writing to each other."

Her mother looked at her. "That mean Al is out?"

"Well," Fran said, "I wouldn't like to be keeping company with two different boys."

Mrs. Halloran frowned. "Where does this boy live?" she asked.

"Upstate New York," Fran told her. "He goes to Cornell."

"An' how many times will you see him? Twice a year? What are you gonna do the rest of the year?"

"I'm not worried about it, mom," Fran said.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," her mother said, and she was full of sayings like that, most of them pretty corny. "When are you gonna see him again?" she wanted to know.

"He's coming down to New York the Saturday after next," Fran explained. "We'll be seeing each other every once in a while. He has an aunt living in New York, and they have plenty of holidays in college, Easter and Christmas vacations and things like that."

"If it was me," her mother said, "I'd as soon have a boy livin' next door to me. You know what that one's doin' all the time."

"I like Al," Fran admitted. "He's a nice boy, but I'm not going to keep company with him just because he lives in the next house."

"He comes from good people too," her mother went on. "They don't have much, but they're good people, not like the riffraff you see sometimes."

A neighbor woman came out then, and her mother got into a conversation with her. It went on and on, and Fran sat on the stoop and thought of Lake Kiamichi, and the soft music in the evenings, and the low lights on the dance floor which overlooked the lake, and the cool breeze coming off the water. Thinking about it, she wanted to cry, and then she remembered that tomorrow there might be a letter from Donald.

She didn't see Al any more, and she surmised that he'd walked down to the park with some of the other boys. They did that quite a lot in the evenings. It was cooler in the park, and there were usually girls around. She wondered if he would start going with another girl.

In a way she missed Al, because he'd been kind of nice to have around. He didn't talk much, but he was a good listener, and he was always interested in what she was doing. She did wish that he would find a nice girl somewhere, because he really deserved one.

This, her first night home, was a long one, and by nine o'clock in the evening, when it was fully dark, Fran didn't know what to do with herself. She left the house and walked in the direction of the park.

It was a small neighborhood park with a few concrete walks and some struggling trees, but at least it wasn't hemmed in by buildings.

At the entrance to the park, Fran saw some of Al's friends laughing and joking with a few girls. She noticed that Al wasn't with them, and then as she walked on up one of the walks she saw him sitting alone on one of the benches. It was rather dark where he was sitting, but she recognized him, and she went over immediately.

"Al?" she said.

"Hello, Fran," he murmured.

She sat down next to him, and she said, "Al, I'm afraid I've hurt you."

"What do you mean? Don't be crazy," he said. "I'm all right."

"I'm sorry it had to be this way, Al," she went on, "but I don't think you'd want me to pretend or anything."

"No," he told her. "It's all right. Don't be crazy."

His voice sounded funny, as if he were trying to control it and was having difficulty.

"You'll meet somebody else, Al," she tried to tell him.

"Sure. What are you worryin' about?" he asked.

"I just didn't want to hurt you, Al," she said. "I do think a lot of you. I want us always to be friends."

"So, O.K. So we're friends," he said. "So don't worry any more."

"Would you like to take a walk?" Fran asked him. She didn't think there'd be anything wrong in just walking with Al. It wasn't like having a date, and Donald couldn't think anything wrong with that. She was just being friendly with Al because he needed a friend.

"I don't care," Al said, "If you want, it's O.K. with me. You don't have to, Fran."

"I'd like to," she said.

They walked through the park and out the other end, and then they walked a few blocks down in the direction of the East River, and they could see the lights of Manhattan across the water.

They didn't say much. Al did ask a few questions about Donald, and about the lake, and Fran was glad to talk about both topics until she realized that she must be hurting Al by talking about Donald.

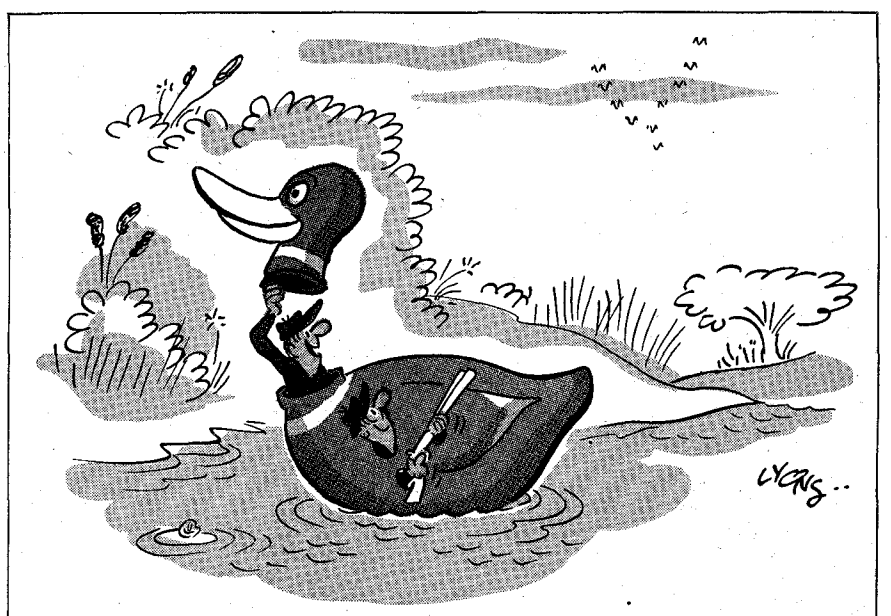
"He sounds like a pretty nice guy," Al said.

"He's nice," Fran nodded. "You're nice, too, Al."

"Thanks," he said. His voice sounded kind of tired, empty.

They had a soda, and then they went home at about ten-thirty. Mrs. Halloran was sitting on the stoop when Fran came up, and she said hello to Al as he went into his own house.

"So he's out," her mother said when Al was gone, (*Continued on Page 72*)



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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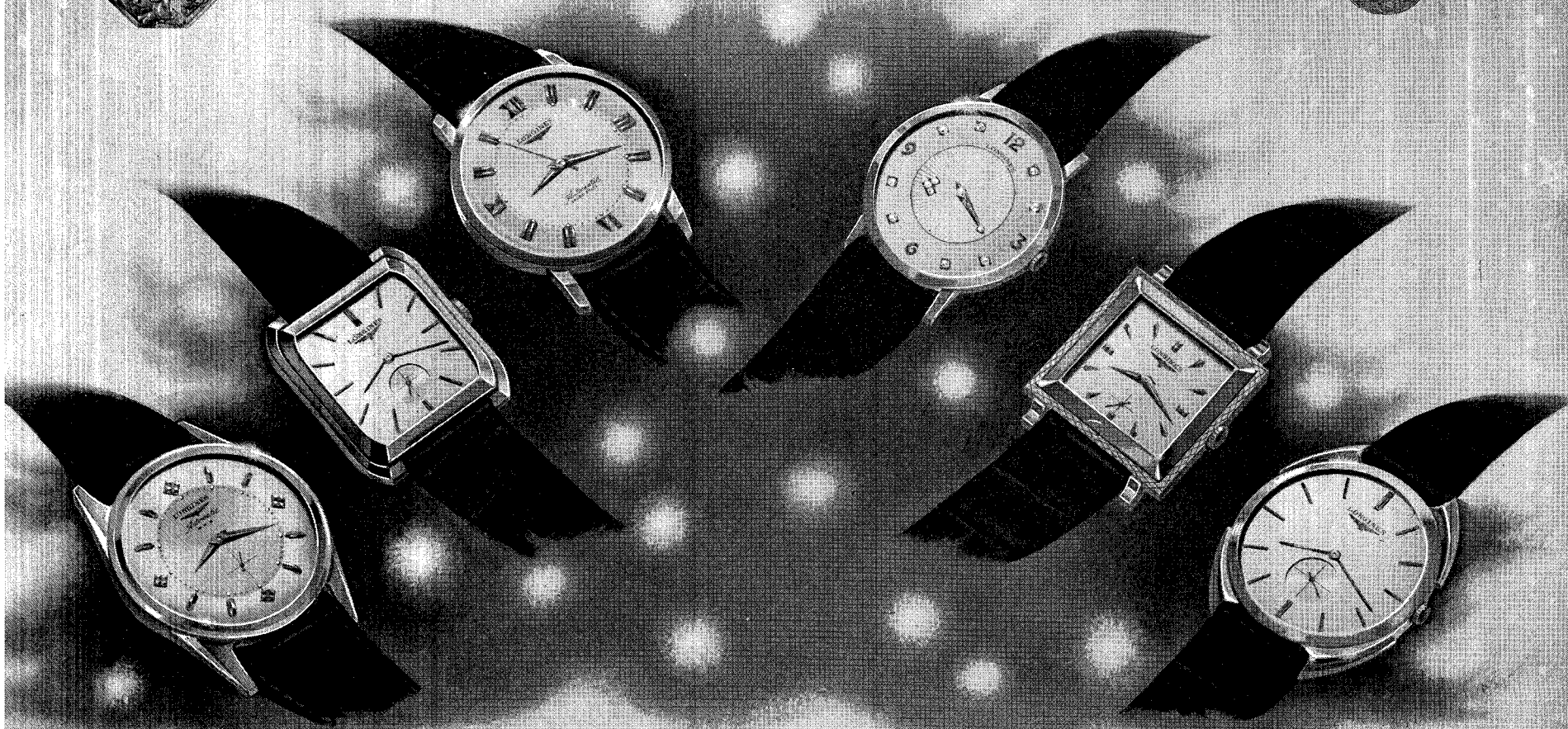

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Illustrated are six superb Longines Christmas gift watches for men. Made to the exemplary standards of Longines, they offer the utmost in elegance, excellence, accuracy and long life. Of each one it can be said, "this is the world's most honored watch." The cases of 14K gold are hand-lapped to mirror perfection; the dials are applied 18K gold. Left to right: *Marlboro Automatic*—self-winding, sealed against water, shock-resistant, $185; *Pres. Garfield*—ultra-thin, distinctive and unusual, $150; *Nobel Automatic*—a magnificent self-winding timepiece, fully protected against all common hazards, $195; *Diamond Arrow*—for formal elegance, a diamond arrowhead marks the passing hours, 13 diamonds in all, $275; *Pres. Pierce*—in conservative taste, yet ultra-smart, $150; *Pres. Harding*—impressive in its extreme simplicity, $150. Other Longines watches for ladies and gentlemen from $71.50. Federal tax incl. Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler will be *honored* to serve you.

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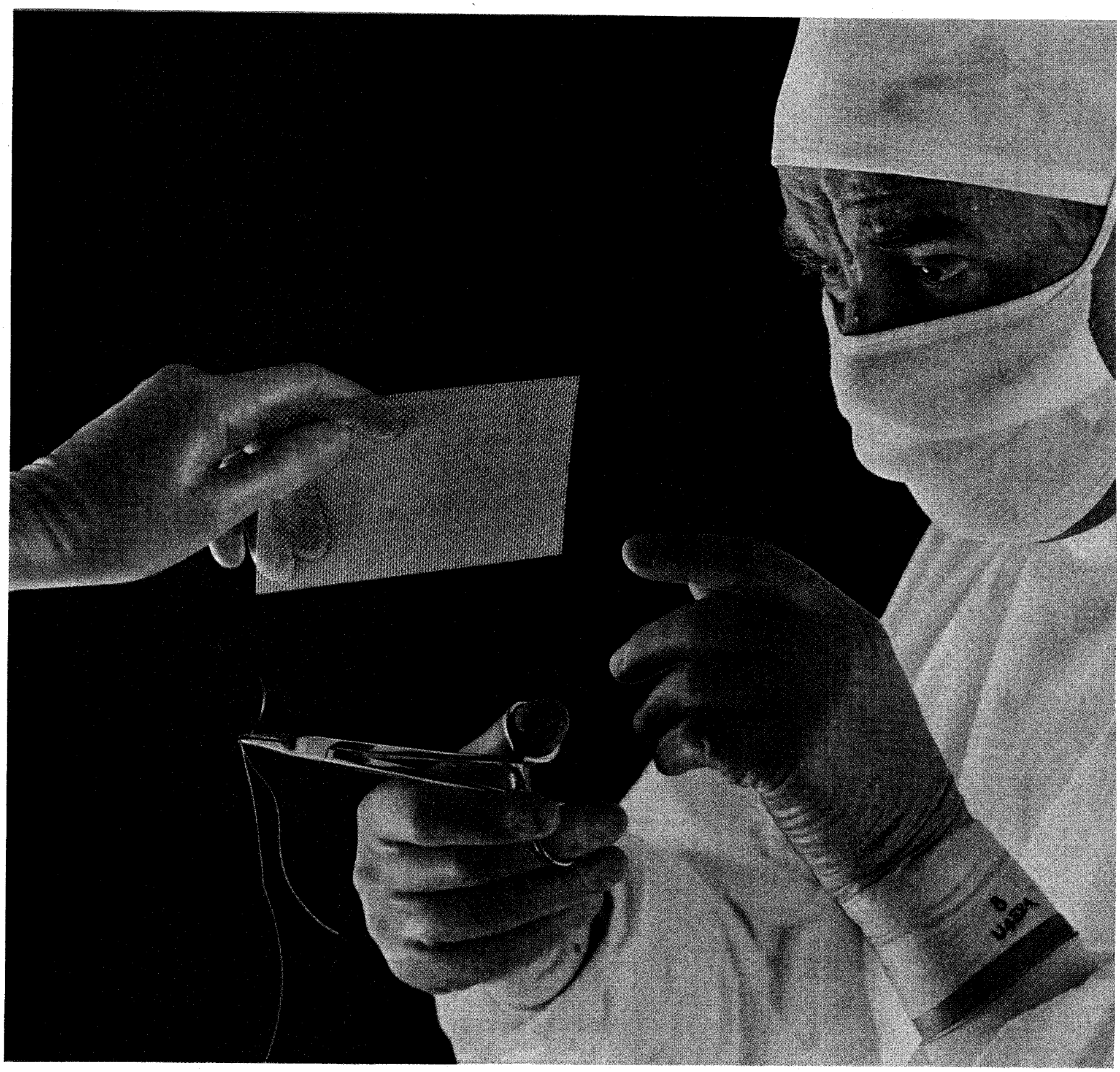

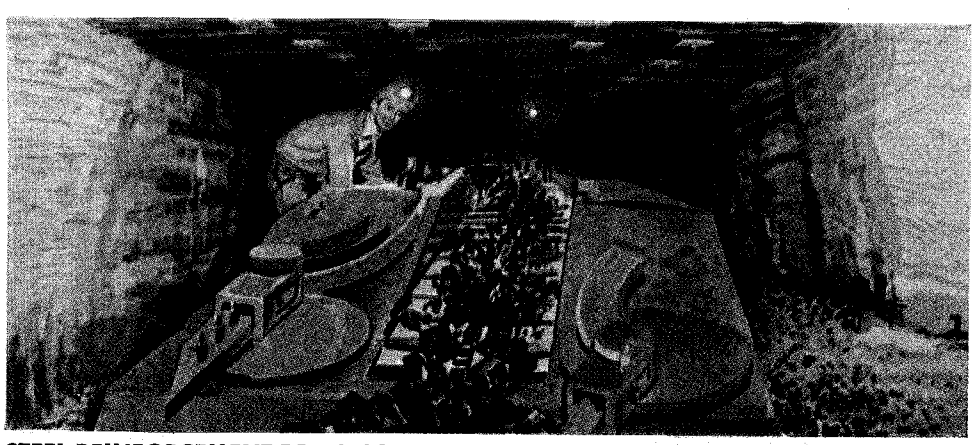

STEEL REINFORCEMENT FOR A COAL MINE. A technique whereby the roof of a mine is literally bolted to itself has proved a valuable aid to the mining industry by improving safety and ventilating conditions. Mine roof bolting has also played an important part in helping to increase the number of tons of coal produced per miner. This technique is another way in which steel serves as reinforcing. Long, strong Republic mine roof bolts are inserted in holes drilled in the mine roof and anchored in the rock strata above. Steel plates are then bolted against the mine roof to provide support.

STEEL REINFORCEMENT FOR VITAL CAR PARTS. Modern automobiles illustrate the versatility of steel taken for granted in our daily lives. Steel of every type in every form is required to assure good performance in all components. For example, Republic Terne Plate, steel sheet coated with an alloy of lead and tin, provides manufacturers with an economical material for extending the life of many vital parts. It is ideal for gasoline tanks, air cleaner housings and radiator parts, to name a few. The terne coating is highly resistant to corrosion due to fumes, condensation, gasoline and road chemicals, and provides an excellent surface for paint. The coating is undamaged by forming.

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Steel reinforcement for an abdomen

That gossamer screen is stainless steel, inserted to strengthen muscle wall. Stainless steel is so corrosion-resistant it can stay in the body for a lifetime. But stainless is only one of hundreds of types of steel. There are, in fact, more types of steel than there are kinds of wood.

Steel, besides being the lowest priced of all metals, about 7¢ a pound for the most popular types, is also the most versatile. Every product you touch at any minute of your life is either made of or with the help of steel. Think it over—find something that isn't mined with steel; processed, planted, packaged in, or shipped with steel.

This is why the present need for steel expansion is important to you, important to our rapidly climbing standard of living. Steel must be kept plentiful to keep it low in cost. Look below at some of the diverse uses made of Republic's thousand and one kinds of steels and steel products.

Price is for sheet product as compiled by U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics—July, 1957

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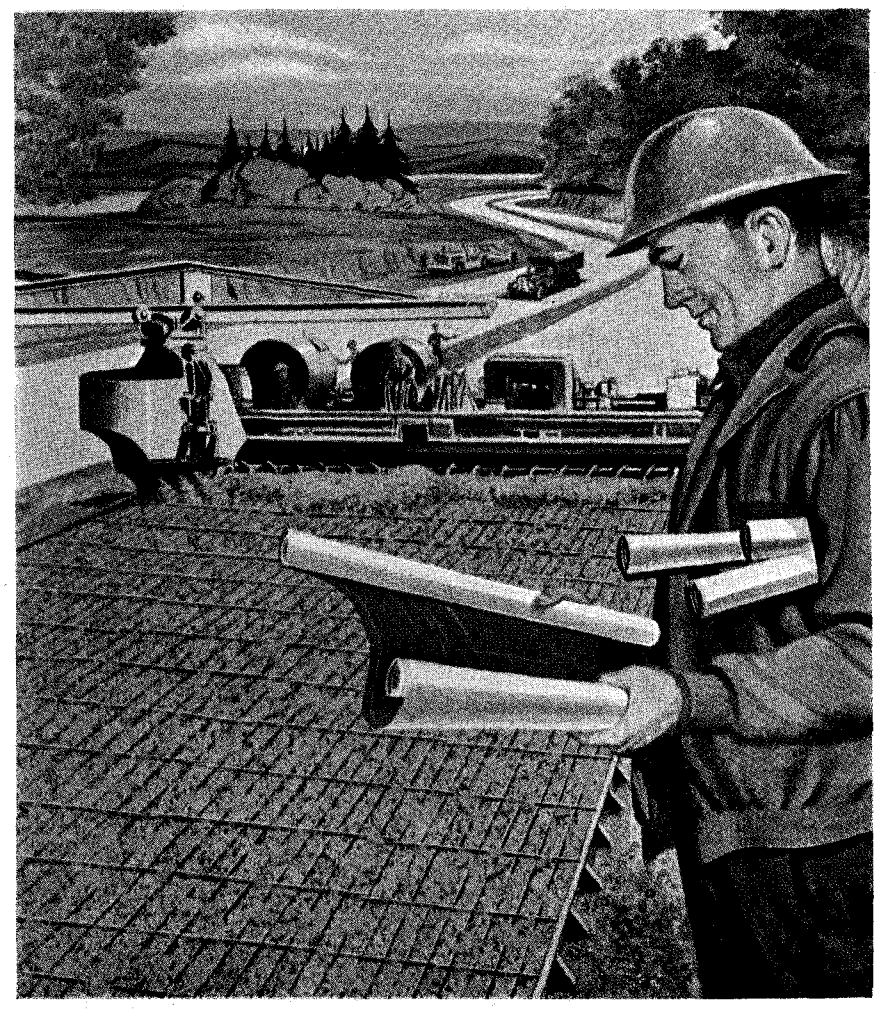
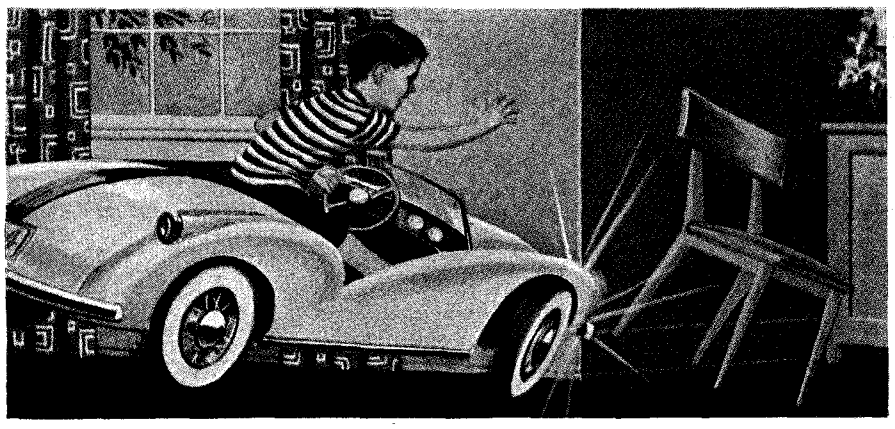
STEEL REINFORCEMENT FOR A HIGHWAY. A new and interesting design concept in concrete highway construction may soon eliminate the annoying thump-thump caused by your tires passing over expansion joints. Concrete may now be laid in one continuous ribbon using Truscon Reinforcing Bars. These steel bars are designed to strengthen the concrete and minimize the damages of cracking due to expansion and contraction. This new method, using steel for reinforcing, will enable your state and community to build roads faster. Elimination of expansion joints will mean less road maintenance. Money thus saved can be converted to new construction.





STEEL REINFORCEMENT FOR YOUR HOME. Hidden behind the plaster walls and ceilings in many homes is a steel screen that provides impact-resistance and greater reinforcing for vulnerable areas. It's metal lath and corner bead, low-cost steel building products made by Republic's Truscon Steel Division. Metal lath and plaster construction gives walls and ceiling high fire-resistance ratings. Flexibility of metal lath and plaster permits design of ceilings that are level, domed, or of unusual contour. Truscon metal lath and plaster construction resists cracking and chipping.

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Looking for Something?
BICYCLES
Yellow Pages
Classified Telephone Directory
FROM BICYCLES TO SPORTING GOODS
whatever you need-
Find It Fast In The Yellow Pages
Ads displaying this emblem make your shopping easy.

(*Continued from Page 68*)

"and this Donald is in. You don't think you're makin' a mistake, Fran?"

"I think I know my own mind," Fran told her.

"I wish I'd known mine when I was nineteen," her mother said. "When you get older you learn different."

It was near the end of the week when Fran received her first letter from Donald. She'd been hoping each day that when she came home she'd find one in the mail, but it didn't come till Saturday, and it was rather short. He was sending some pictures he'd taken, and which he promised definitely that he would mail to her. He hoped she was all right, but he said nothing about the big Saturday, next Saturday.

Fran's mother looked at the pictures critically, and then she said, "He's pretty husky."

"He was the best swimmer and diver at Seneca Lodge," Fran said proudly.

"Well," her mother said, "that's something, I guess."

Fran hadn't seen very much of Al Carver since the night they'd gone for a walk, and she knew that he was avoiding her deliberately. Al had his pride, and he didn't want her being sorry for him. She wondered what he was doing with himself these nights.

On Tuesday night, a few days before the big Saturday, she found out. She'd stayed over in the city to buy a dress for the date with Donald, and she didn't get home till after seven o'clock, and that was when she saw Al with the girl.

The girl was quite attractive, and Fran was a little surprised that he had done so well. She was dark and on the small side, but quite vivacious. Al didn't see her because he and the girl were heading for the bus stop up at the next corner. He was dressed, for a change, wearing a sport coat and shirt, and there was no doubt in Fran's mind that they were on a date.

She'd never seen this girl before in the neighborhood, and she wondered if she was new. She told herself that she was very happy that Al had found somebody, but when she turned into her own house on the block she discovered that she was a little peeved, and this was silly. Al Carver hadn't wasted very much time getting himself another girl, and all the while she'd thought he was brokenhearted, and she'd been feeling sorry for him. Well, it seemed that people got over broken hearts pretty quickly in Brooklyn.

She tried to forget about Al as she tried on the new dress, but she did wonder where they were going, and she wondered how he had met her. As far back as she could remember, she'd never seen Al Carver with another girl. Maybe now he was going to make up for lost time.

She wasn't going to worry about his dates, however, because she had her own coming up, her first date with Donald since Lake Kiamichi. Daily she waited for his letter giving her the final details as to where they were to meet and the time. She expected to meet him somewhere in New York, and probably early Saturday afternoon, so that they could have the whole day together. She wasn't sure what they were going to do, but it would be enough just to be together.

It was Thursday evening when she received the letter, and at least it was better than getting it on Friday, or even Saturday morning. He was at least being a little considerate by writing her on Thursday.

Fran picked up the letter when she came into the house that evening, and she took it to her room. She recognized Donald's handwriting from the first letter. He had a rather large, sweeping style, and she saw the postmark: ITHACA, N.Y.

She wanted to save reading the letter until she had changed and washed, but she was too anxious, and she sat down on the edge of the bed to open it and scan through it quickly.

After the first reading she started to become ill. There was a constriction in her throat, and her hands were suddenly cold. He wasn't coming. Not just this Saturday—he wasn't coming, and probably not ever.

Fran read the letter over again more carefully, praying that in that first reading she'd read sentences and paragraphs which were not there, and which some fiend had inserted to torment her.

He couldn't make it Saturday because there were other engagements, and he couldn't see his way clear to get down. That was bad enough, but worse was yet to come, and that quite clearly explained why he wouldn't be getting down this Saturday or any other Saturday.

He didn't admit that he had another date for this Saturday, and a date which he'd undoubtedly made since returning from Lake Kiamichi, but he did inform Fran that he had been dating someone else, a girl he'd known even before he'd gone up to the lake, a girl who was quite close to his family.

"If you have time," he wrote, "drop me a line, Fran. It'll be nice hearing from you."

He didn't mention any dates in the future; he didn't say anything about coming down to New York at any time to see her, and she remembered how they'd talked about that up at the lake. In very plain language she was being brushed off exactly as she'd brushed off poor Al Carver.

Fran put the letter in a drawer, and then changed her clothes; then she lay down on the bed and stared up at the ceiling.

Her mother called from the kitchen, "Supper's ready, Fran."

She didn't get up, and then a few moments later her mother stood in the doorway and said, "Gettin' cold. You ready to eat?"

"I have a headache," Fran said. "I don't think I'll eat tonight."

Her mother stood there, not leaving. She said finally, "I guess he's not comin' Saturday, is he?"

"No," Fran said.

She didn't cry. She just lay there looking up at the ceiling, knowing that it was all over, that Lake Kiamichi had been only a dream, after all, and this was reality, this room, this house, this street in Brooklyn. This was it.

"Well," her mother said, "maybe it's better to find out now. You oughta eat, though. Everybody oughta eat."

"I'll eat something later," Fran said.

She wondered if her mother could understand how this was, the emptiness, the deadness inside her. Food was nothing; food you looked at and became nauseated.

Fran lay on the bed until it became dark, and then she got up. Her mother had looked in on her once and said that there was hot water on for tea if she wanted any, and that she ought to go out and get some air. It was stifling again in the apartment.

When she came out of the bedroom, she noticed that her parents were both out, and she appreciated this. Her mother knew she wanted to be alone for a while, and she'd probably gone down the street to talk to someone. Her father must have gone out on the stoop, where he'd be reading the newspaper.

Fran had her cup of tea, and she got the letter out of the drawer and read it again, very slowly, and then she put it back. She was dead; she knew that. She would go on living, and she would go to work in the morning, and she would do the tasks assigned to her, and ride the subway, and come home, and eat a little, but she was dead and she would never live again.

She hadn't turned on the kitchen light. She sat there in the gathering darkness, the empty teacup on the table in front of her, and she looked out the kitchen window into a dismal back yard. An unpainted picket fence separated her yard from the next one, and in the next yard Al Carver had dug up a little patch of ground and planted some vegetables. She'd seen him out there a number of times, hoeing out the weeds. He wasn't there now.

She thought of Al with his new girl friend—Al, who was loyal and good. The girl deserved him; she richly did. And thinking about loyalty and devotion, and girl friends and boy friends, Fran started to cry. It was the first time she'd cried since she'd received Donald's letter, but she let herself go now, and when she'd finally finished with it the door buzzer sounded.

She pressed the button in the kitchen which released the lock out in the vestibule, thinking that it was her mother coming back to see how she was. She didn't put on the light, and she was still sitting there when a light knock sounded on the door.

When she opened the door, Al was standing there, looking at her.

"Fran," he said hesitantly, "your mother told me you got a letter, an' you won't be goin' out with this Donald, Saturday."

She stood there looking at him, not saying anything, knowing only that it was good to see him there, and that this was the way it should always have been.

"I thought if you weren't goin' out," Al said, "you might like to go to the beach with me. I—I'm not goin' anywhere either."

She wanted to cry, then, all over again. "You have a girl, Al," she almost sobbed. "You have a girl, and I didn't want you."

"Girl?" he said, puzzled. He laughed a little. "Guess you mean my cousin Edna. She just moved to Bay Ridge, an' she was over to see us. I took her home." He added, "I'm not doin' anything Saturday, Fran. You know what I mean?"

That's when she did start to cry, and she had to sit down at the kitchen table to do it. He came in and he stood next to her and put his hands on her shoulders. He was gentle, very gentle, and he didn't have much education, and maybe he would live in Brooklyn all his life and never get anywhere, like her father, like his father, like so many others, but he was gentle, and he was good, and she, Fran Halloran, was very, very lucky. Now she knew it, and she knew that she didn't deserve it.

THE END

Personal Glossary

By E. B. De Vito

A bore is one
Who wonders, "Where
Is everyone,"
When I am there.

A charmer's one
Whose flattery,
Though beamed at all,
Seems meant for me.

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Killer by Trade (Continued from Page 39)

"I wasn't watching."

"Don't you care where he goes, then?"

"Of course I care!"

"What good would he be in an emergency?"

I had had an idea that she might be near the breaking point, but when it came, it was still a shock. She looked at Van Willigen with hatred in her eyes, and suddenly shouted, "Why don't you leave him alone? He's worth a hundred of you!"

"Maybe," agreed Van Willigen, instantly placid. "I just want to talk to him, that's all." There was a kind of signing-off note in his voice, as if he had found out what he wanted, and I was not surprised when he stood up. "You won't help us, then? Is that it?"

"I tell you, I don't know where he's gone," said Mrs. Martin.

"We'll tell you," said Van Willigen cruelly, "just as soon as we find out."

He walked back with me, and as he walked, he spoke his thoughts.

"She knows," he said grimly. "She knows the lot. Notice how she said, 'He's worth a hundred of you'? That's his idea; he must have said it to her. And he would only have said it to her if he was talking about the murders, and boasting that he could get away with them."

I was doubtful. "She might have meant," I said, "that though he was poor, and the garage was a failure, he was still a good man, as far as she was concerned."

The police sergeant shook his head. "It was more than that. It was his idea, his very own words—him against the police. I can just hear him saying it." He came to a stop at the crossroads where our paths divided. "The pig!" he said suddenly, with extraordinary venom. "The useless white pig!"

There was a world of bottomless hatred in the word "white." To Van Willigen, as to every other South African policeman, Martin's crime was the ultimate crime. White men weren't ever meant to break the law; white men traditionally stayed in line. The only true enemy was the black man; the white transgressor let the side down, ruined the whole pattern unforgivably.

I felt him looking at me, staring at me. "Your friend," he said, with the same venomous emphasis, "may be anywhere by now. He's got the whole of South Africa. Any ideas on that?"

"He may turn up," I said feebly.

"You know how his mind works," said Van Willigen, as if he had not heard me. "If you do get any ideas, come and see me. And this time, come and see me first."

After thinking about it for a full day, I knew exactly what I had to do. I had to help, to the limit of my ability. I had to appoint myself the senior executioner. But there was a fundamental domestic shock awaiting me. Helene, having at first insisted that I go to the police, was now wildly opposed to my joining forces with them in the field.

"Haven't you done enough harm already?" she asked bitterly.

I thought that was unfair, and I said so.

"Unfair?" she mimicked. It was our first serious quarrel, and we were both tremendously aware of the fact, and of the crazy occasion that had sparked it. "Unfair? What do you think this is—a game of hide and seek? There's a murderer on the loose—mostly because of you—and now you want to play Boy Scouts with him. What possible help could you be to the police, anyway?"

"I know how Murderer's mind works." I was growing angry, but I was also deadly serious about the whole thing. "That's where I can help them."

"You just want to hunt him! You're going to enjoy it!"

"I won't enjoy it. You said it was all my fault, and I wouldn't argue the point. But it's been my fault from a long time ago."

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" she burst out. "Don't be so romantic."

"Perhaps it would be better if it was I that caught him."

"How 'better'?"

"Better than someone else."

"But he's mad!"

"Yes, that's what I mean."

I couldn't really explain it, either to myself or to her, and Helene was still blazingly angry when I left. But it was true that I didn't want Murderer Martin to fall into alien hands. Not to begin with, anyway. He was still my own creation.

Up at the police post, Van Willigen studied the wall map of the district, his broad back toward me. Martin had now dropped out of sight for twenty-four hours, and the hunt was on.

Over his shoulder, Van Willigen said gruffly: "Let's hear what you think."

I swallowed before speaking. I was aware of tension between us; obviously he blamed me for making a mess of things, and perhaps he suspected me of treachery as well. There were very many reasons why I must do the best I could.

"I've been thinking about it," I said slowly. "Thinking about what he'll do. You see, not only did I teach him how to kill. I taught him how not to be caught when this sort of thing happens. We had a drill for chaps who were on the run."

Van Willigen was facing me now. "What sort of drill?"

"It varied, but basically, it came down to one rule: not to hide, but to melt. That means doing only normal things; finding some simple background and sinking into it. For example, you must never hide in a haystack; you must stand beside it, and try to look like a farm hand. You don't crouch under a bed; you get into it."

Van Willigen grinned suddenly. "And try to look like a husband, eh?"

"Just that. Don't run, walk. Don't be alone; mix with the crowd. All that sort of thing."

"Well?"

"Martin will remember all that. He's obviously got a good memory. But he'll also remember that I'll be helping you, and that these were the things I taught him. He'll have to decide whether to follow the rules or to bluff."

"So we have to guess?"

"So we have to guess. And my guess is that, in order to bluff me, he'll make for the most obvious, most dangerous place he can think of. He'll put himself into a trap, a place where a trained man wouldn't go."

"Where's that, then?"

I pointed to the map behind him. "That," I said, "is the Robberg."

"The Robberg, eh? Now how could he hope to get away from there? You say yourself that it's a trap."

I nodded. "That's the whole idea. It's such a trap that no one will think of looking for him there."

"So? He's still in a trap."

"It's a trap we won't be watching. He could lie up there for a year if need be, till the hunt dies down and people forget the sort of man they're looking for."

"I won't forget," said Van Willigen curtly.

"You can't cover the whole of Africa. Martin can (*Continued on Page 76*)

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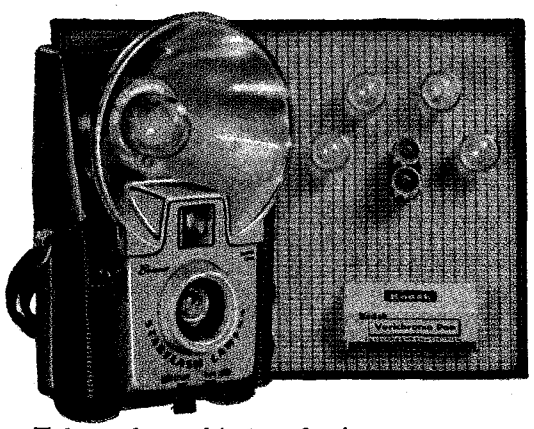

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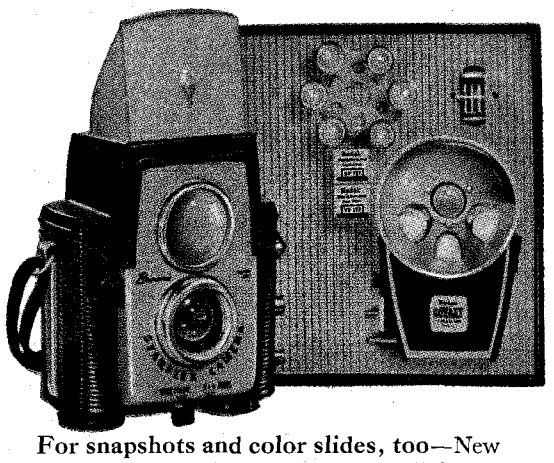

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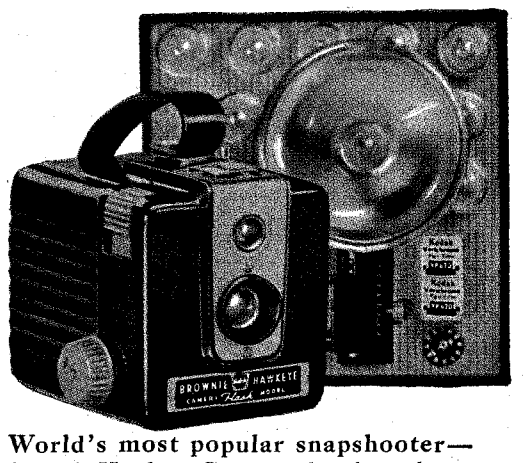

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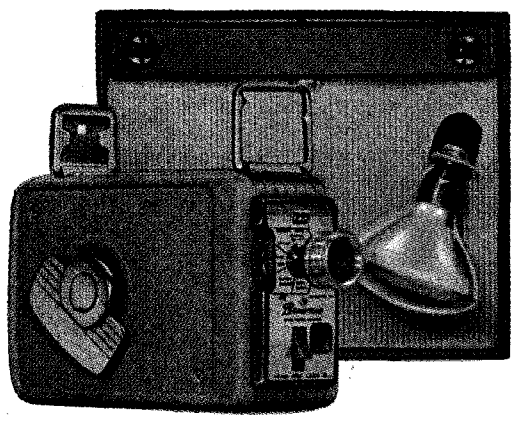

Makes color movies snapshot-easy—Brownie Movie Camera, *f*/2.7, is A-B-C simple to use. One setting . . . then sight and shoot. Complete with Brownie 2-Lamp Movie Light and flood lamps for indoor movies. $38.40
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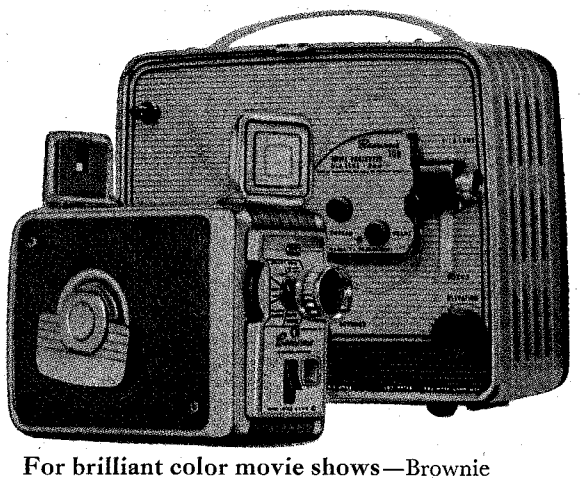

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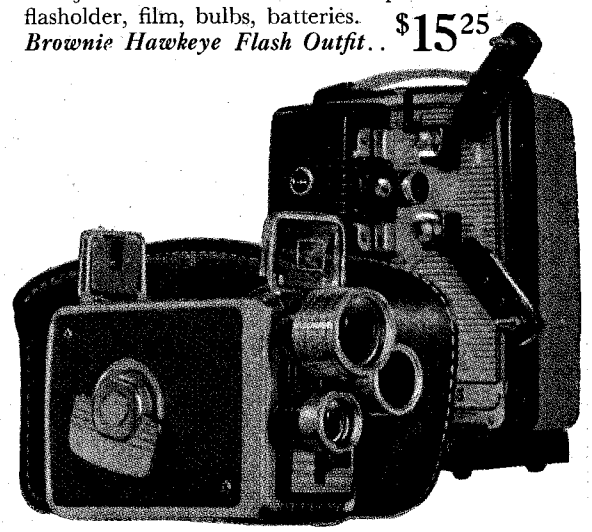

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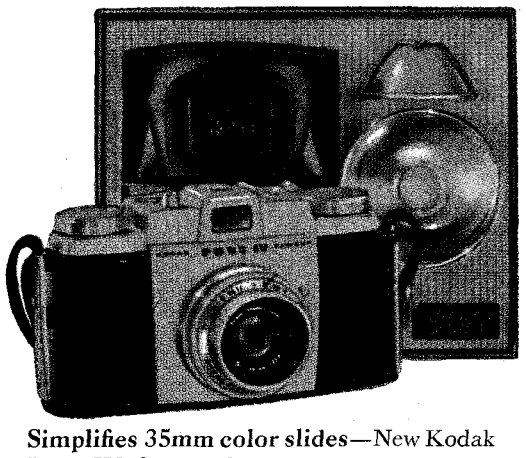

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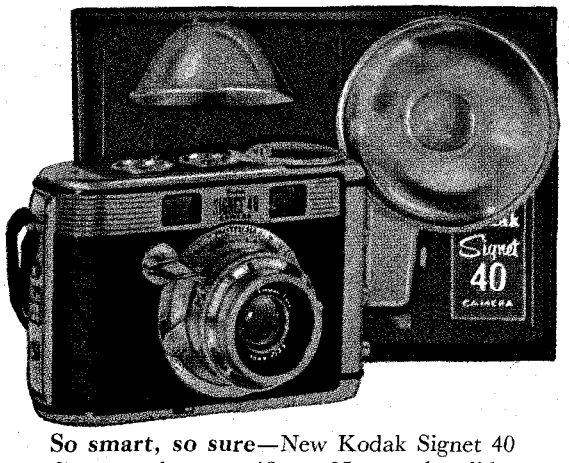

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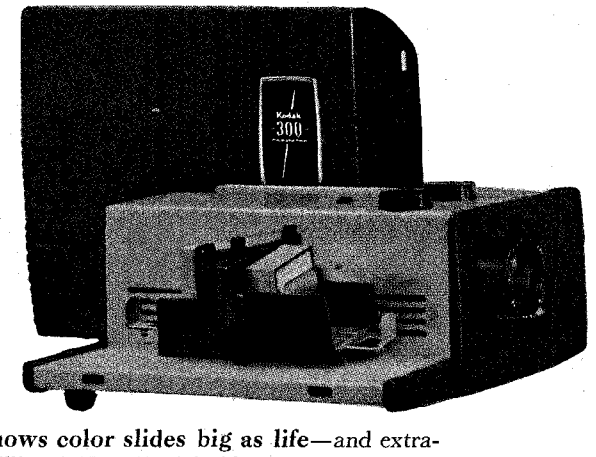

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(*Continued from Page 73*) stay there as long as he likes, and then slip through to the mainland and do his disappearing act."

"He'll be seen. Or he'll starve."

"He needn't be seen." Convinced of my theory, desperately anxious to play my part, I pressed on with it. "Think of all those caves. We could search for six months and never find the right one. Martin can fish at night. He can trap rabbits and dassies. He can steal food from the fishing hut; people always leave their spare tinned stuff behind, but nobody ever makes a list of it. There's plenty of water, plenty of firewood. Even if people do notice him moving about in the distance, they'll just think he's somebody on a fishing trip."

It was a long speech, and it took Van Willigen a long time to digest it in all its aspects.

"It's possible," he said, after a very long silence. "But I just don't believe in it. Martin wouldn't be such a fool as to bottle himself up on the Robberg. He hasn't made any mistakes so far, and he's not likely to start now."

"It's worth keeping a lookout, surely?"

Van Willigen nodded. "We'll do that. We're doing it in all sorts of other places. But the idea of a full-scale search of the whole peninsula isn't possible. Man, I'd need to take every policeman between here and Jo'burg to do it properly! Headquarters would have the skin off my back."

"Well," I said, preparing to leave, "that's where I think he is."

"We'll warn people to keep their eyes open when they're on the Robberg. But that's as far as I can go."

His voice was not cordial. Perhaps I was oversensitive, but it was easy to imagine that he was glad I had come up with such a silly idea.

If the atmosphere at the police post had been unenthusiastic, at my father-in-law's house it was positively sulphurous. Helene had lost none of her anger with the fact that I had tried to get involved directly in the hunt for Murderer Martin, and clearly she had been working on old James Forsyth. Never had he been so gruff and formidable, never so deaf. Dinner that evening passed in defeating silence, like some rotten film on television when the sound fails. Occasionally, through the service hatch leading to the kitchen, I caught sight of a pair of sad eyes in a creased black face. Timothy, it seemed, shared my view that this was no sort of honeymoon.

I took up this precise point with Helene, later that night when we were alone. It got me nowhere.

"I'm on my honeymoon," said Helene, with chilly emphasis. "You're on something different. A man hunt or something. If that's what you want, go ahead with it. But you can't expect me to be very enthusiastic."

"But, darling, I'm here."

"What's the good of that, if you're liable to go trotting up to the police post every time the bell strikes?" She looked at me with cold curiosity. "What did Sergeant Van Willigen have to say, anyway?"

"We talked about what Martin was likely to do, and where he would hide. That sort of thing."

"Are you going to go on helping them?"

"I hope so. I want to."

She shrugged. "Please yourself."

"But I'm here now," I repeated.

"Sweet of you to bother."

She would not relax or melt at all on that night, nor for the next forty-eight hours. On a somewhat different plane, the police preserved their own bleak detachment. But then, thank heavens, the tide turned and started to flow my way again. . . .

In the early afternoon, two days later, Eddie and White, our two gillies, were fishing for live bait near the Platbank, at the narrow neck of the Robberg between the peninsula and the mainland. They were casting into deep water; behind them the cliffs rose sheer and craggy, defying a thousand years of the sea's attack. Eddie kept losing his tackle—so he told the story later. Regularly he would cast into the angle of the bay, where he knew for certain there was no underwater ledge running out, get caught up in some obstruction and have to lose everything—bait, hooks, wire traces and endless fathoms of expensive nylon line.

While Eddie sat back, rather sulkily making up new tackle for the fourth or fifth time, White cast in at about the same spot. He struck almost immediately and this time his line came in freely.

But it was not a fish, nor weed, nor anything they expected to see. It was the linen cover off the back of a car seat. They thought nothing much of it, since people sometimes tipped rubbish off the top of the cliff, and it might have gone unrecorded. But they chanced to talk about it in the village that evening, and Van Willigen heard the story.

Early the next morning the police manhandled a derrick and some steel grappling hooks down to the rocks near the Platbank, and after two casts they got fast into something. There was a big crowd watching; scores of fisherfolk, and people from the village, and policemen, and reporters, and holiday makers from the hotel. I stood by Van Willigen as the heavy cranks were turned and the chain began to come home. When something broke the surface we saw it was the battered front end of a motorcar. Green sea water sluiced and poured from the car windows, opaque with weed and sand.

"Is it his?" I asked Van Willigen.

"Yes." He glanced far up over my head. "Must have been driven or pushed over the cliffs. We'll find the tracks up there."

"Does the road go so far?"

"Not the road. It's a pathway onto the Robberg. A small car like this could just about squeeze by."

"Looks as though he's here, then." I tried to make it sound noncommittal.

"Yes," said Van Willigen. He smiled at me, a friendly smile, acknowledging a different footing. "I'll have to take a lot back," he said ruefully. "How about joining the police?"

In a sense, Van Willigen had meant it when he asked me "How about joining the police?" It was not that he really needed my help—he had thirty extra men drafted into Plettenberg Bay by midday—but the fact that I seemed to have guessed right about Murderer Martin made me valuable, if not as a policeman, then as something between a mascot and a consulting psychiatrist. At all events, he asked me to join the hunt without hesitation and without guile. We moved into the area in force that same afternoon.

When he had said, at our earlier meeting, that to search the Robberg, yard by yard, would take every policeman "between here and Jo'burg," he had been right; it would indeed have needed an army, moving like ants, a foot at a time, probing every kind of inaccessible eyrie. Even so, one lazy or careless man, bypassing one single cave or rock shelter, could have ruined the whole enterprise.

What Van Willigen had in mind was a compromise—a band of more than seventy men beating their way slowly down the length of the peninsula. They couldn't look everywhere, but at least they could limit the areas where Murderer Martin might be holed up.

We advanced slowly, from the neck of the peninsula—where Van Willigen remained to direct operations by walkie-talkie—down south toward the fishing hut and the place where rock finally gave way to sea. It was a hot day, as usual, but a rarely beautiful one nonetheless.

I was stationed halfway up the eastern slope; below me were Eddie and three other men who covered the area between myself and the sea.

Presently, when we were halfway toward the southern tip of Robberg, Eddie let out a startled shout, "Master! Down there!"

He was pointing toward the water, and for a moment I thought he must have spotted Martin. But then I saw what he was pointing at. It was a colossal shark—clearly, the shark called Cinderella that Helene had told me about. From where I was stationed, far above it, it seemed as big as a submarine. Once it rolled over gently, and I had a glimpse of a white belly and a huge, pointed snout. I could see the smaller fish fleeing away in panic as it advanced.

Eddie shook his head comically. "Cinderella, master!" he called out. "No swimming today."

I let out the breath which unconsciously I had been holding. No swimming, indeed.

We were nearing the middle of the Robberg. Occasionally I and the others had poked our way into caves; there were scores of them, the haunt of bats and owls and dassies, and now perhaps the haunt of Murderer Martin. I was wondering all the time what he would do next. He would know that he had fooled us for three days; now he would see the line of beaters, and guess that the car had been found or that I had taken a hand to outwit him. If he had found a good cave already, he could lie hidden and let us walk over him. Or he could try a second trick. We did not wait long to find out.

Glancing down the hillside toward the sea, I noticed that the beater below Eddie was lagging behind. Counting, I saw that he was the fourth man between Eddie and the sea. I found myself thinking idly that he must have been sent along as a reinforcement. Earlier, I had noted only three others besides Eddie in our section; a policeman, another gillie and a visitor from the hotel who had volunteered to help.

The fourth man's pace was getting slower, and I waved to him to hurry up and straighten the line. He waved back and seemed to quicken his pace. Then a shoulder of rock hid him, and when next I looked down, he was no longer in sight.

I stopped, feeling my stomach drop a yard. I called out urgently, "Eddie! Where's the man below you?"

He looked surprised and pointed seaward. "All there, master."

"How many?"

"Three, master."

"I thought I saw four a moment ago."

His hand went to his mouth, the Cape Coloured gesture of dismay. "Ai!" he said. "There were four."

I turned and raced up the hillside toward the link man with the walkie-talkie. Even as I climbed, with a pounding heart, I could not help feeling a grim admiration for Murderer Martin. He had slipped through the cordon, joined the line of beaters just long enough to establish himself as a natural part of the landscape and then had melted entirely.

Gasping, I reached the hilltop and snatched the walkie-talkie mouthpiece. Van Willigen answered me.

"He's got through!" I shouted. "I'm almost sure he has! He's behind the line of search!"

Van Willigen swore vividly. "I'm nearly alone back here."

"Spread your men out. I'll bring mine back."

We retraced our steps as quickly as possible. When we reached the neck of the Robberg, there was the comforting sight of a dozen men spread across it in a tight controlled line. They were all in visual touch with one another.

Van Willigen explained, "Some more boys arrived just when you signed off. He can't have got past. How did it happen, eh?"

I explained, as best I could, the stratagem I thought Martin had used. Van Willigen listened with a caustic expression.

"But didn't you notice, man?" he asked, exasperated, as I finished.

"No. Don't you see? He was moving the same way as we, from the first moment anyone saw him. Then, when he was part of the picture, he slipped out of it."

"He can't have got past here," said Van Willigen again, looking round him. "There wasn't (*Continued on Page 80*)

"That's not the way you used to zip me up when we were first married."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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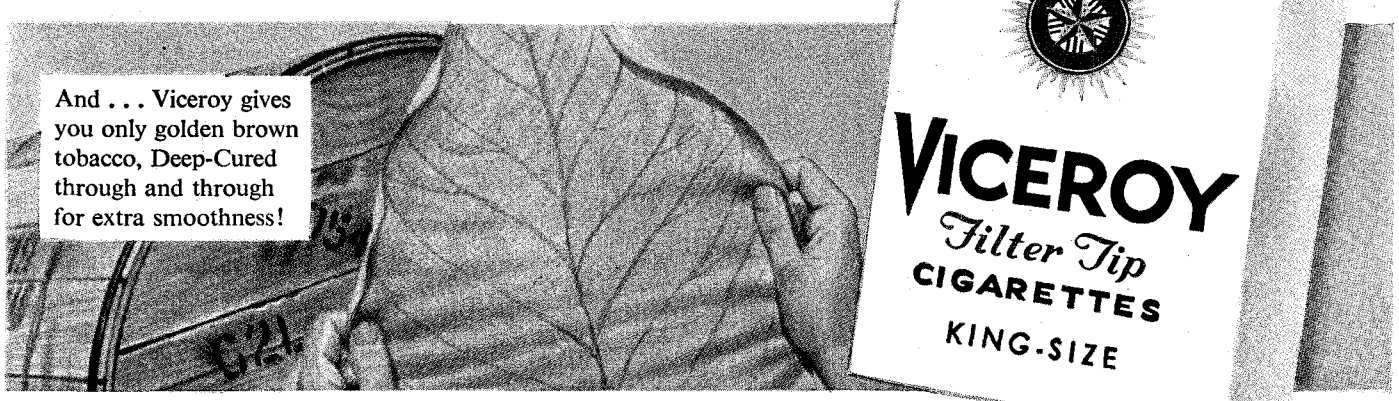
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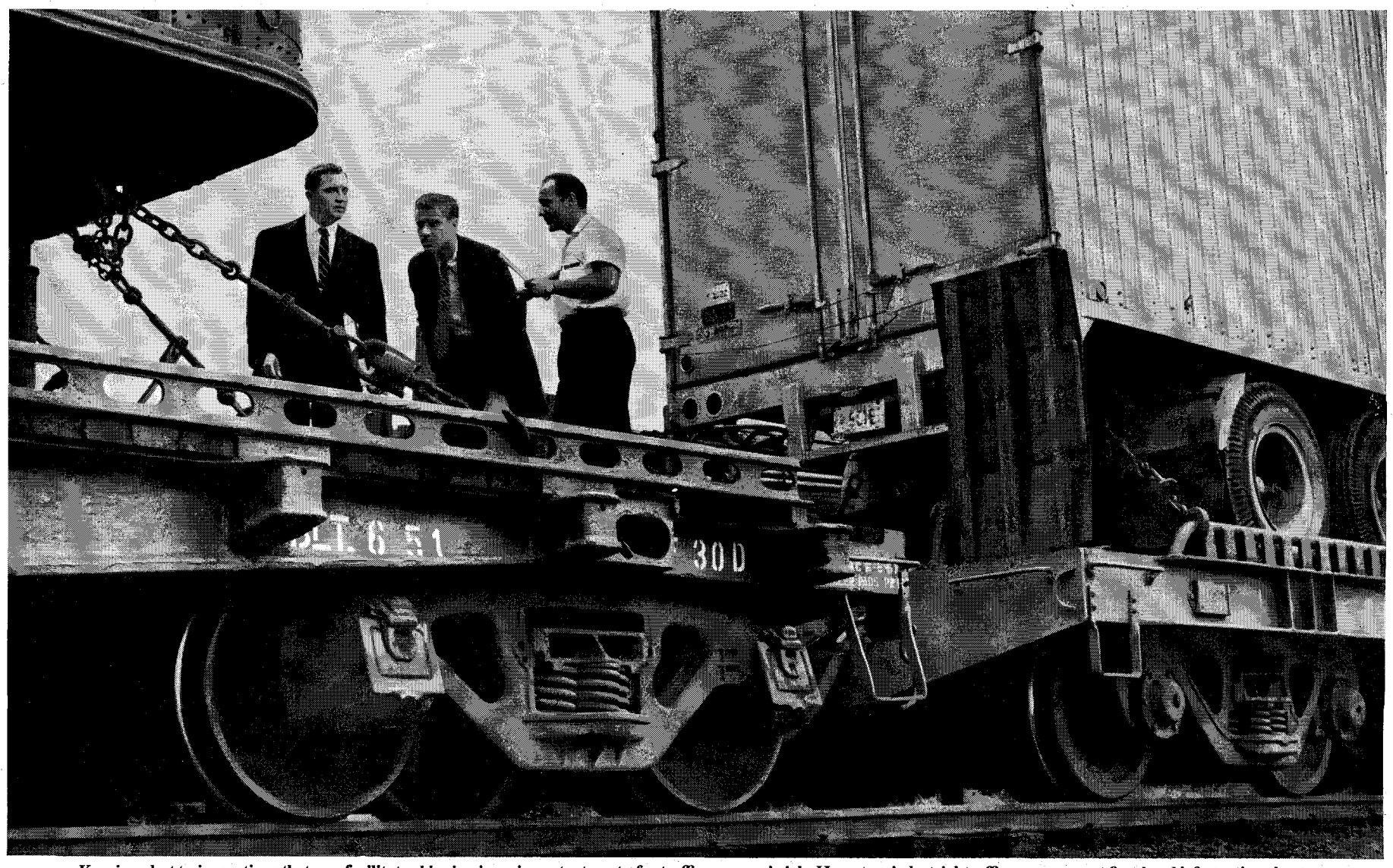

Keeping alert to innovations that can facilitate shipping is an important part of a traffic manager's job. Here, two industrial traffic managers get first-hand information about a recently developed system for shipping cargo-laden trucking company trailers by rail. Trailers return to the highway for delivery of their cargoes to final destinations.

Should your child be a Traffic Manager?

by GEORGE P. BAKER

Professor of Transportation, Harvard Business School, President, Transportation Association of America
(As told to DONALD ROBINSON)

WIDE-WINGED PLANES racing through the skies. Mighty trains roaring down the tracks. Powerful trucks dashing along the nation's highways. Hefty ships cutting through ocean waves and inland waters. Every moment of every day they are on the go, carrying goods from place to place.

Transportation is a huge, $100-billion-dollar-a-year industry in the United States today. And it is still growing. In 1939, American transportation men handled 543.5 billion ton-miles of freight. In 1956, the total was over 1,350 billion ton-miles. By 1960, the figure is expected to be 1,750 billions.

There is a key man in this dynamic field—the industrial traffic manager. He helps keep freight moving speedily, safely, punctually. He sees to it that raw materials reach the factories, that finished products arrive at the markets, that you and I get the things we need when we need them.

His is among the most interesting, constructive assignments in all industry. It is no accident that industrial traffic managers rarely switch careers.

Just look at the absorbing duties a traffic manager for an industrial concern has. The movement of all goods to and from his company's plants is under his personal direction. Should a shipment be sent by road, rail, water, air, or pipeline? It is his decision. Which route should be traveled? It is up to him. What carrier should be awarded the multi-thousand-dollar business? He says.

No simple task this. Not when you consider that, to do it well, a man must know every type of transportation service thoroughly, and be able to make his way through countless freight classifications, rates and routes, plus thousands of intricate local, state and federal transportation regulations.

The industrial traffic manager has lots of other stimulating functions, too. Real detective work like tracing lost shipments, for example. Processing damage claims. Auditing bills which can run into millions of dollars. Leasing port and terminal facilities for cargo. Handling insurance questions.

There's more: Many companies operate their own fleets of trucks, tanks and freight cars, barges, and even planes. Whether or not to do so is the traffic man's problem.

If he is qualified, the traffic manager may be called upon to appear at formal hearings before the Interstate Commerce Commission, or other regulatory bodies, and argue his company's case in rate matters.

In addition, some traffic men are responsible for packaging, loading and warehousing. They have much to do with the selection of new plant sites, too.

As you can see, a traffic manager is a pivotal person in his company. He works closely with the production department to set shipping schedules that jibe with manufacturing programs. He sits in with the purchasing department to determine quantities that can be transported most economically. He cooperates with the sales department in the development of new marketing areas.

A good man can save his company a vast amount of money. Not long ago, a man I know of took over as traffic manager for a manufacturer of "assemble-it-yourself" furniture. He did some careful research into freight classifications and came up with a bright new idea.

"For years," he said to the owner of the company, "you have been shipping your nuts and bolts and your wooden parts in the same crates. Let's ship them separately from now on."

"Sounds crazy to me," his boss said. "Why?"

"Because they have different freight classifications. If we ship them separately, we can get the benefit of the lower rates on the nuts and bolts."

His plan was adopted. It is saving his firm $280,000.

Inasmuch as some industries spend almost forty percent of their sales income on outbound freight, you can

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see the significance of reduced transportation costs. And the importance of the traffic managers who achieve them.

I must admit that traffic managers have not always stood high in industry.

They did when they first came into existence. That was in the early days of railroads, last century. There was no regulation of freight rates, and each concern had to make its own bargains with the various railroads. It hired a specialist to do the negotiating and a good one was worth his weight in gold.

However, after the passage of federal legislation in 1887, regulating freight rates, it was widely felt that nothing much was left for traffic managers to do. Their stature often dwindled to that of minor shipping clerks.

Now times have changed again. With the evolution of modern, competitive means of transportation—trucks, airplanes, barge lines—industry has come to realize more and more that traffic management is a science which it cannot afford to neglect.

Today, traffic managers enjoy considerable esteem and influence. More and more of them rank as vice presidents of their companies. They have sizable staffs under them and they are paid accordingly.

Lately, a survey was made of the salary scales among industrial traffic managers. It was learned that many leading traffic managers receive salaries of around $50,000 a year. In the chemical and petroleum industries salaries of $25,000 to $30,000 are common.

Traffic managers count heavily outside of their own companies. In moments of crisis, the government invariably turns to them for help. During World War II and the Korean War, many did yeoman service in Washington, transferring raw materials to war plants and getting munitions and troops to the battlefields.

I know of one traffic manager who was awarded the Department of Defense Citation for Exceptional Civilian Service in the Korean War.

Nor is that all. The views of traffic men are sought in state capitols and in Washington and they play a crucial role in setting government transportation policy. Their views are often worked out in the National Industrial Traffic League, a shipper association with high principles and fine traditions, and in the Transportation Association of America which gets men from all forms of transport and shippers and investors to sit down around a table and work out common problems of national significance.

Traffic management has other advantages to the young person seeking a career. The hours are regular. Working conditions are pleasant. You often travel far and wide. You usually have job security. Chances for promotion are excellent.

Best of all, I can truthfully report that traffic management has graduated from the level of an occupation to the prestige heights of a profession. Traffic men have a splendid code of ethics—adopted through the endeavors of the American Society of Traffic and Transportation and the transportation fraternity, Delta Nu Alpha—and they have immeasurably upgraded the academic, character and other qualifications important for employment in the field.

Traffic men like to get together. A tremendous number of active traffic clubs give young men a chance to meet others in their profession and discuss their common problems. This kind of activity, along with the valuable educational activities of Delta Nu Alpha, the American Society of Traffic and Transportation and Associated Traffic Clubs of America, offers remarkable opportunity for a young man's development.

Opportunities for jobs are almost limitless. Industry is crying for competent, trained traffic managers. A real shortage exists.

It is worth noting that half of the 267,000 factory enterprises in the United States still do not employ a traffic manager. This means that a really ambitious young man, with a few years' experience, has an open road in front.

Obviously, traffic management has a darker side to the picture. A newcomer must recognize that he is not going to become a millionaire. Although wages can be more than comfortable, they are not astronomical. Furthermore, the first years may be pretty much of a grind. While you are learning the business, a great deal of routine work has to be done.

You'll also be irked to find that the name "traffic manager" is often used much too lightly in industry. Too frequently it is given to shipping clerks and others whose jobs don't warrant it.

This cannot be denied either. Once you get to be a traffic manager, you may well not go farther, though of course many do.

Where do girls fit into the industrial traffic management picture?

Opportunities are ample for them. Certainly the climb will be steeper for them than it is for boys. That is the case in most lines. Nevertheless, many girls are now in the field. A number have attained the top and are highly respected for their accomplishments.

Already there are more than fifty women's traffic clubs in the country. The Women's Traffic Club of New York alone has 500 members.

You ask what manner of youngster would do well in industrial traffic management? Unquestionably, he (or she) must have an ingrained love for transportation. He could well be the kind of boy who couldn't stop playing with model trains—or planes.

In my opinion, the boy thinking of industrial traffic management as a career should like geography; he will need to know the nation's maps inside out; have an excellent memory—he'll want it for memorizing rates and routes. Be adept at figures. Be a good logical talker. Be an affable, tactful type who gets along well with other people; personal contacts carry immense weight in this business.

Since he may be purchasing millions of dollars worth of transportation, he should be the type of boy who knows how to spend money wisely and who likes to shop around before he buys things.

In addition to their own company affiliations, most traffic managers belong to various clubs and associations where mutual problems are discussed. Above, at an executive meeting of the New York Commerce and Industry Association's Transportation Council, are traffic managers of some of America's leading corporations.

There is no set preparation for a post as an industrial traffic manager. A man with only a high school education can qualify, provided he's had enough practical experience. The careers of many distinguished traffic men attest to that. However, most companies now prefer college graduates.

It is best for a man to have had four years of college or its equivalent when he takes the Interstate Commerce Commission examination to be licensed to argue cases before that agency.

College should not be too much of a financial strain. Boys and girls can work their way through, and scholarships are available for the smarter ones. A drive is on right now to get industrial concerns to underwrite scholarships for young people interested in a transportation career.

I would suggest a general college education, rather than a purely business course. I have found that the man with a broad background and wide interests is generally best fitted for all aspects of life including business. If it is financially practicable, I feel that a young man would be wise to take a four-year general course and go on to a graduate school of business where he could specialize in transportation. Or he can go to one of the many colleges which offer a general educational course for two years and a business administration course for the last two.

A boy who can't get the money for full-time college can go to school after work. Most of the larger universities give night courses in traffic management. In many big cities he can also attend traffic institutes, sponsored by the transportation organizations, and study under traffic management "pros." Through such means, he can obtain the technical knowledge necessary to pass the I. C. C. examination and the examination for membership in the American Society of Traffic and Transportation, which will allow him to use the coveted designation following his name, "Member, A.S.T. & T."

One more point has to be made before I finish. Industry is not the only field for a traffic manager. He might be employed by a chamber of commerce or a board of trade. He might even have his own firm. In these capacities he would act as a consultant to both industry and carriers on transportation problems. If he prefers, he may move over from the buying side of transportation to the selling side in the "sales" or traffic department of a carrier organization, although the transfer usually works the other way.

All of these fields are admirable professions. No matter which a young man enters, he can be sure of an interesting, stimulating career—and the reward of knowing that he is helping to give his country the finest transportation system in the world.

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HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities *to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.*

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This article on Traffic Managing is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Banking, Printing, Home Economics, the Mineral Industry, Personnel Work, Retailing, Atomic Science, Librarianship, the Armed Forces, Engineering, Food Retailing *and* Medical Technology. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

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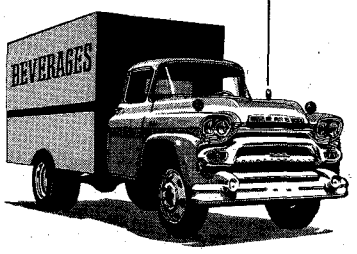

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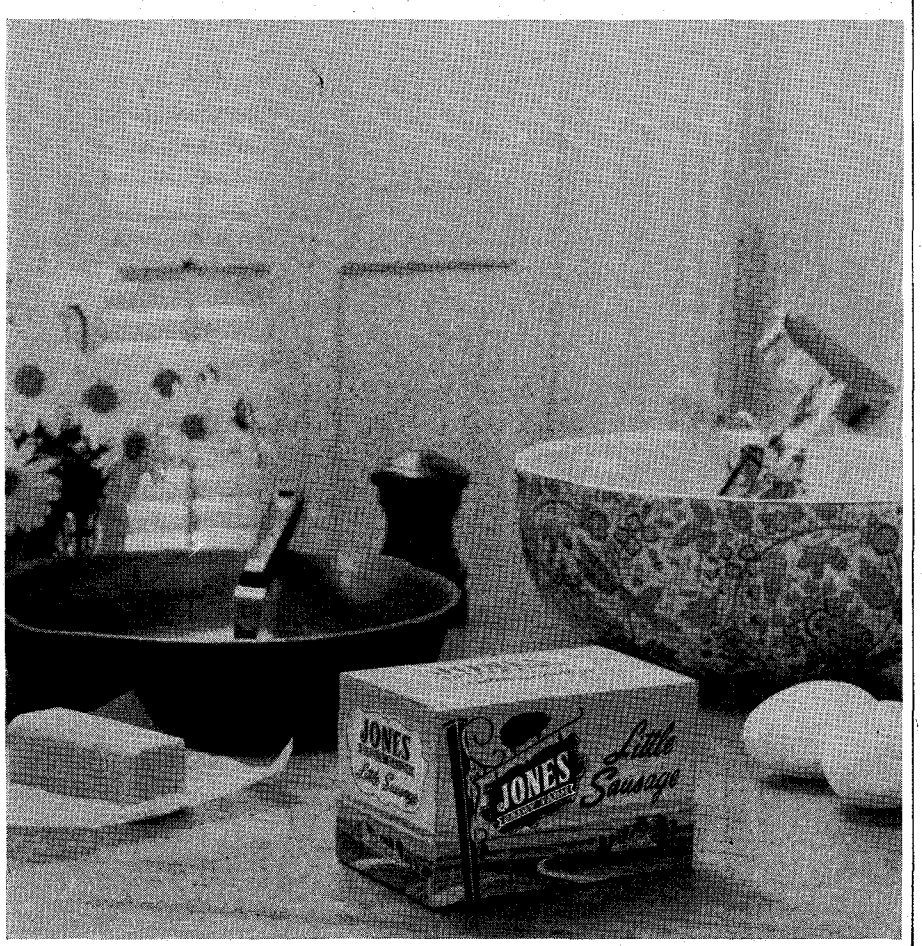

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Jones Dairy Farm, Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin

(*Continued from Page 76*) time. You must have walked over him again."

"Easy to do, with all those caves."

"Well, we won't take another chance. We'll seal off this area"—he gestured—"so that nobody can leave the Robberg. I don't mind if we have to wait a year, like you said." His voice was grim and purposeful. "If we make this exit watertight, he can't get off the Robberg. This is the only way by land, and he can't swim because of the sharks. All we have to do is wait."

It was about seven o'clock in the evening, at the beginning of a magical dusk, when I left the Robberg. There seemed no point in my staying on; with all his men drawn back from the peninsula and concentrated on the narrow approach, Van Willigen had a sentry to every yard of ground.

On the way back, I found myself thinking of that remark of Van Willigen's: "He can't swim because of the sharks." It was worrying me, for some reason that I couldn't pin down. It rang a bell—not a new bell, but an old, important bell from the past, which, try as I would, never sounded clearly enough for me to recognize it.

It was tied up with danger, escape, the solution of problems. It did not seem to spring from watching the monster, Cinderella, swim by, though it might be linked with that terrifying sight. Finally, when I was near the house, I gave up the puzzle. I had a foreboding that I was going to be faced with another one—Helene.

Women are enigmatic, incomprehensible, adorable; and never had I received more entrancing proof of this than when, on my opening the door of my father-in-law's house, Helene called out to me and then ran into my arms as if I had come back in triumph from the North Pole. It was very nice to be kissing her again.

"Oh, darling!" she said presently. "I thought you were dead!"

"Dead?"

"Yes, dead, darn it!" She kissed me again; it was difficult to feel that one would ever die. "We heard about the car's being found. I knew you'd go and look for that awful man. What happened?"

I sketched briefly the day's events, culminating in the abortive drive down the length of the Robberg, and my certainty that Murderer Martin, though slipping through one cordon, was still firmly contained by another.

"So you were right all the time about what he'd do?"

"It looks like it."

"How clever you are."

"Hungry too."

She led me through into the sitting room, where I was confronted by the formidable figure of James Forsyth, sitting in his armchair and glowering at me like some ancient, sculptured representation of Ill Will.

"So you're back!" he barked out dauntingly. "About time too!"

"Dad," said Helene firmly, her arm linked in mine, "don't be beastly to my husband."

His hand went up to his ear. "Hey? What d'you say?"

"You heard."

He started to speak, and then gave it up. I could hardly blame him. When Helene's back was turned, he favored me with a resigned, somehow congratulatory wink. It made me wonder what Helene's mother had been like. I had a fair idea of the answer.

Dinner was a cheerful meal. I should, I suppose, have been thinking about Martin, cornered in terror, but such thoughts were drowned out by the warmth and joy of coming home again.

Helene had gone to our room, and I was preparing to say good night to James Forsyth, when he spoke the sentences which changed, or spoilt, or solved everything.

We were talking of Cinderella, the enormous shark.

"I'm glad you've seen her," said James Forsyth. "I never have, though I saw the one they caught at Durban a few years back. Over two thousand pounds. . . . Nothing much you could do about that, if you fell off the rocks at the wrong moment. Unless you had that chemical stuff handy."

That chemical stuff. Shark repellent. The bell rang clearly for the first and the last time, and I knew how Murderer Martin was going to escape.

The motto of the Royal Marines is *Per Mare Per Terram*, which in any language, classical or bad, means "Go Anywhere." It had led, in wartime, to some strange habits and some odd items of equipment; and none more strange or odd than the packets of shark repellent carried by Murderer Martin when we crossed the Rhine in 1944.

They had been a present from an American air-crew member who, with equal inconsequence, had coveted Martin's homemade ice-pick stiletto. Martin was very pleased with his new equipment. "Safety first, that's me!" he used to say cockily, showing the small "repellent" packets to his friends. He seemed to have made up his mind that, if he was likely to get his feet wet, he had better be ready for every conceivable hazard of the deep.

Proudly he had tucked them into his pack, together with the appropriate instructions on how he should use them when forced down in shark-infested waters.

Wartime souvenirs are odd things. I know a man who still keeps on his mantelpiece the detonator of the land mine which blew his foot off at Tobruk. I myself have an Iron Cross, Third Class, which I undoubtedly won in action.

I knew now, for certain, what souvenir Murderer Martin had brought to South Africa.

"Darling, I just know," I said. "It's the only thing that makes sense. He'll swim ashore, in spite of the sharks, and slip through the whole cordon. There's no one guarding the beaches at all."

"I suppose so," said Helene despondently. "But do you really have to go?"

"I must."

"Why not leave it to the police?"

"I want to do it myself."

"When we got engaged," she said, "you told me you were a chartered accountant."

"I will be one," I assured her. "Tomorrow."

Once more I could not have told why I wanted to deal with this thing myself, except for the one basic factor: I had started it, and I had to finish it.

"Take the big car," she said, deciding suddenly. "And be very careful."

"I promise."

"Dad has a gun. Do you want it?"

"Yes, I think I do."

Five minutes later, with James Forsyth's battered old Luger in my side pocket, and Helene's perfume lingering on my lips, I drove out along the coast road toward the Robberg, for my rendezvous with Murderer Martin.

I switched off the car's lights when I was still a mile from the Robberg and while the sand dunes still stood between me and the peninsula. Thus sheltered and camouflaged, I coasted slowly along the farm track leading down to the beaches. I had chosen the eastern side as the only place possible for Murderer Martin to make

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his landing; on the other flank of the neck linking Robberg to the mainland, there was no beach at all. No swimmer in the world could have made it.

I brought the car to a standstill and started to walk across the dunes to the lower beach. Within a few moments I had reached the edge of the sea. To my left were the lights of Plettenberg Bay, dominated by the clusters that lit up the approach to the hotel. Before me was the restless sea, still in darkness until the moon rose; it washed and sucked at my feet, sending a million small waves slurring across the sand as the tide advanced. To my right, high above me, was the enormous bulk of the Robberg.

Here, all was activity. Van Willigen had brought up some portable floodlights; I could hear the steady beat of the generator, and see men moving to and fro in silhouette, and follow the beam of the lights as they stood sentinel over the whole approach to the peninsula. Here and there were the pricking points of campfires.

A few score yards beyond the neck of the Robberg the campfires and the floodlights petered out, and there was simply the whole dark lonely mass, the infected part which hid the quarry.

I sat down under the lee of a rock, just above the straggling line of weed and driftwood which marked the last high tide. Occasionally I raised the glasses I had brought, and scanned the water at the Robberg's edge, but it was still too dark to see more than a few yards from the shore. It was very cold waiting, but I would have been shivering anyway.

The next sound I heard was Helene's voice, out of the darkness, saying, "I love you."

If one has to be startled out of one's wits, this was the nicest way for it to happen. I scolded her for leaving the house when she had promised not to; then kissed her for coming. Husbands must hold a fair balance.

"But could you actually see me?" I asked.

"The car gave me an approximate line," she told me, "and you were silhouetted against the surf. It's getting a little lighter."

It was indeed true; to seaward, the sky was paling, reflecting the moonrise.

"You're trembling," said Helene presently.

"It's a bit cold down here."

"I've brought some coffee."

The coffee helped to relieve a vigil which managed to become tense and tedious by turns. We talked in whispers, but the atmosphere remained oppressive.

Every few minutes, as the moonlight strengthened and I could see farther down the Robberg, I raised the glasses and studied the coastline. Now the whole peninsula was bathed in a cold light, and I could examine the wet rocks, from which—if my wild guess came true—Martin must make his plunge.

I found myself dwelling on the terrors of that journey, and what fantastic nerve it would take to lower oneself into the black waters full of darting shapes, trusting to a few packets of chemical at least thirteen years old, and then to swim and swim, with the cruel enemy behind and underneath and in front. He would have to throw some of the repellent ahead of him, and then swim toward it, trusting to cross the gap. I shivered again, and Helene, nestling against my shoulder, looked up.

"Cold?"

"No, just thinking." There did not seem any need to explain.

"When he comes ashore," she said, "you'll be terribly careful, won't you? He'll be desperate; he might do anything."

"I'll have to keep a safe distance away, and so will you. He can't have a gun in working order, or, if he has, he'll have wrapped it in something for the swim, and he won't be able to free it quickly."

"Don't take any chances, all the same."

It was midnight, then one o'clock. Above us on the Robberg neck the campfires were dying out one by one, but the floodlights still burned brilliantly, stabbing a pathway into the darkness, and figures still moved here and there, in a watchful cordon.

I trained my glasses, as usual, down the edge of the Robberg, studying the rocks glistening in the moonlight, and the gulfs of shadow in between. About a mile away, a new shadow seemed to move and then melt into a larger one. I watched the spot for a full minute, my eyes smarting and watering. Then the large shadow thickened on the side nearest the water, and up the track of the moon a man's figure, dwarfed by the great rocks, stood poised at the very edge of the sea. Then it slipped downward and disappeared.

"That was Martin," I whispered tensely. I felt the skin of my scalp prickling. "He's started."

I moved my line of vision slowly to the left, away from the Robberg, knowing that he would swim away from the lights and toward the covering darkness in the middle of the beach. A wave lifted and seemed to carry with it a darker patch of shadow. Something solid. Not the sea.

It happened a second time, only a little clearer, a little nearer. Swiftly I dropped to the ground, seeking a lower eye level. At the next lift of the wave, there was a man's head outlined against the horizon.

He swam slowly toward us, laboring, sometimes pausing for rest or, I supposed, to spread more of the shark repellent. I wondered how close some of the gliding forms had dared to come, and if they had actually touched him. Soon we could both see him with the naked eye and make out the whiter blur which was his face, and distinguish the small line of

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foam that marked his advance. He was going to land almost opposite to us.

"Keep behind me," I breathed to Helene. "Don't get between him and me."

Murderer Martin was within the line of breaking surf now, struggling toward the beach. Presently, with strange relief, I saw that he had reached shallow water and was safe from all enemies except myself. Then he heaved himself upright and waded the last few yards. We could hear the hoarse sobs of his breathing. He must have been nearly spent. He splashed and stumbled up the final slope, and came to a stop, a wild, dripping figure in the moonlight, staring about him like a jungle animal on the alert.

I stepped out, gun in hand, and said, as I had said before, "Hello, Murderer."

On top of the ordeal Martin had just survived, and the strain of being on the run for three days, my sudden appearance out of the darkness must have been stupefying.

He stared at me as if he could not believe his eyes; his exhausted, laboring breath checked for a moment, and then came in great gulps, as if he were fighting for his life. His body seemed to shrink inward as he whispered, "By heaven. It's the skipper."

I was sorry for him and for this crushing end to his hopes; I could not help being sorry. I had to recall the brutal robberies, the three murders, before I lost the feeling that I was flogging a prostrate man. But it was made easier for me, when his first move was to straighten up, gently and imperceptibly, and edge nearer to me.

"Stay where you are!" I called out. "This gun's loaded!"

"Windy, aren't you?" he sneered. But he had stopped, and stood a dozen feet away, still hard-breathing, staring at me with glittering, mad eyes. "I nearly killed you this afternoon," he said. "You walked back within a foot of me. Wish I had. That search party was all yours, wasn't it?"

I nodded, never taking my eyes off him for a second. "I guessed you'd make for the Robberg," I said. "And I guessed the shark repellent also."

"Good old skipper," he muttered bitterly. "Never misses a trick. The war was all yours too."

"What do you mean?"

"You taught me what to do."

There was a small noise behind me. I did not look round. Helene came forward until she stood by my side.

"He didn't teach you this," she said.

Martin shifted his eyes to look at her. After a moment he said, "Husband-and-wife team, eh?"

There was no sneer in his voice, but an undercurrent of sadness, of mourning for what he had never had and would never now possess. Once more I had to steel myself to hate and fear what he had done. Perhaps he was aware of this dividing thought.

"How about it, skipper?" he asked, on a wheedling note. "Give me a break. This is all your fault, you know; really it is. You taught me, you made me. I could never get rid of it. And I didn't have a chance, not after the war." His insane eyes peered at my face as if searching for what would move me. "You don't know what it's like to try job after job, and make a muck of the lot, and have everybody laughing and looking down at you." His breath came faster. "I was only living properly while the war was on. Peace was rotten. It's been a dead loss, right up till now."

"But that's twelve years ago."

"All the same, I only just came alive again."

"By murdering?"

"Getting a bit of my own back."

I heard Helene draw in her breath. It was as she had said: this was a case of delayed shock, and here was the horrible end result of it.

"Give me a chance, skipper," he urged again. I felt a tension rising in him, like a spring coiling, and I took a half step back and a fresh grip of the gun. "Just let me go. Just turn your back. You'll never hear of me again."

"I can't, Murderer."

"What's it matter to you?"

"I've got to take you in."

"Give me a drink, then. I'm done." He made as if to move nearer.

"No!" I shouted suddenly. "Keep away!"

He was watching me with tremendous, evil concentration, and I stared back, my nerves triggered, alert for any vile trick. I knew that if he got the shadow of a chance, he would jump at me or perhaps grab Helene, use her as a shield, start to strangle her, anything.

He put both hands up to his face, rubbing the sea water out of his eyes and smoothing back his bedraggled hair. He looked from me to Helene and back again, as if he were searching for a chink in our defense, but we were both well out of range. His teeth began to chatter suddenly.

"I saved your life," he muttered. "How about it?"

"No."

"Let me run for it."

"No."

"Give me a drink, then, for heaven's sake."

I hesitated. "All right. Then we'll get moving." With the gun still trained on him, I reached in my side pocket, drawing out my flask. "I'm going to throw it on the ground in front of you. Don't come forward."

The flask landed with a thud at his feet, and he bent down to pick it up.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Climbers

By Charles Lee

Moments of time
May be mountains,
Leaning up the long slant
of day,
An arduous climb,
And rougher still
The steeper slopes of night.
There are other mountain
climbers
Than mountain climbers;
Other summits than peaks.
Sometimes
Even to rise from sleep
Is Everest.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

He very nearly brought the trick off. As I watched him grasping the flask, his whole body suddenly jackknifed upward, and he flung the heavy flask and a great scoop of sand full at my face. Though I had been keyed to the alert, it was still a mortal shock. As Helene screamed a warning, I jumped backward, out of range, but temporarily sightless.

If he had made a quick break for it then, he might have got away. But the murderous instinct was too strong. Instead of darting away into the darkness, he made as if to spring at me, his arms outstretched, his fingers curled like claws. It gave me time to recover.

I roared out, "Stop!" and he saw the gun pointed again, and came up short, a few feet from me.

"All right, Murderer," I said, hard-breathing. "That's the end of the party."

The moon was full on his face now, and it gleamed wet and dead-white like a landed fish.

"Good try," he said. He laughed shakily. "Trust you to spot it. I'm going to run for it, skipper."

"If you do, I'll shoot."

"Better be shot than hanged."

He was turning away from me. "Don't be a fool!" I said. "Give yourself up. Take your chance."

"I'm going to run for it."

His back was toward me now, his body bent forward and poised for flight. Over his shoulder he called out, "Shoot straight, skipper!" and broke into a quick, loping trot.

I hesitated for two or three long paces, aware of bereavement and of an enormous guilt within myself. I heard Helene whisper, "Oh, God!" in pity and horror. But then I shot straight. It was the least I could do for the man who had twice saved my life.

THE END

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You, Too, Can Have Art Treasures

(Continued from Page 28)

This often happens to people who risk bringing home these artistically high-powered and insidiously attractive objects. But even if you do contract a severe case of the "I want thats" when exposed to astoundingly accurate copies of small art treasures, the results seldom cripple your pocketbook permanently. The loot Miss Congdon accumulated during her museum binge averaged only eight dollars per item.

I, too, came down with the "I want thats" while looking into this museum-reproduction business. I wanted that chubby, turquoise-blue miniature of a hippopotamus, a reproduction of one fashioned by a skilled Egyptian ceramic artist more than 3700 years ago and found in an ancient tomb. The original in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, is no more for sale than is the Statue of Liberty. But I can buy the soul of that little hippo, so to speak, in an accurate, museum-approved copy for $9.75. In the University of Pennsylvania Museum I wanted that tiny West African "gold weight"—used to weigh virgin Ashanti gold—in the form of two men shaking hands. I wanted the bony little Spartan warrior, looking like a praying mantis in a Ku Klux outfit, from the Wadsworth Atheneum, of Hartford, Connecticut; the silver statuette of the very ancient Peruvian hunchback riding a llama, from the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, D.C.; the miniature portrait figurehead of a young boy named Charles H. Hunt, carved to commemorate the christening of a clipper ship named after him, from the Peabody Museum, of Salem, Massachusetts; and the chunky granite frog by the modern sculptor, John B. Flanagan, from the Detroit Institute of Arts. Not only did I want these items. I could afford them. Their total cost came to only $67.50.

Nearly forty museums from San Francisco to Paris now make available to the American public authorized reproductions of carefully selected items of fine art in the round—sculpture, carving, glass, ceramics, bronzes and precious-metal ornaments. The museums' supervision of this legal forgery assures the buyer of a high level of take-home style and beauty. Yet the cost is kept low. As a result, some of this year's most stunning Christmas presents will not be mink coats or diamond bracelets, but museum reproductions tagged from $2.50 to $125 per copy.

There are drawbacks, buyers find. The incisive style of museum reproductions makes the things that usually stand on desks and mantelpieces look like thirty cents after drastic inflation. And if you intend to use these fine copies as gifts, it is best to have your purchases sent directly to Cousin Jane. If you take them home and admire them, the parting may be difficult.

Today's museum reproductions are not to be confused with the poorly detailed, yellowing, plaster-of-Paris busts of Athene and Socrates that used to gather dust over the bookshelves in the study hall. These were mostly libels on the original. The new tradition utilizes recently developed, superfine plasters claiming to be eight to fifty times as hard as plaster of Paris and able to hold exact details of tooling and texture. Molds made of special rubber are used to take impressions directly from the original or an authorized master model, and catch every variation of shape and surface. The detail of the reproductions is so exact that the shop making copies of the British Museum's famed Rosetta stone—the carved slab of basalt that taught scholars to read ancient Egyptian—discovered that the Greek letters of the lowest section are cut more deeply than the Egyptian hieroglyphics of the top section—something the museum itself had not known.

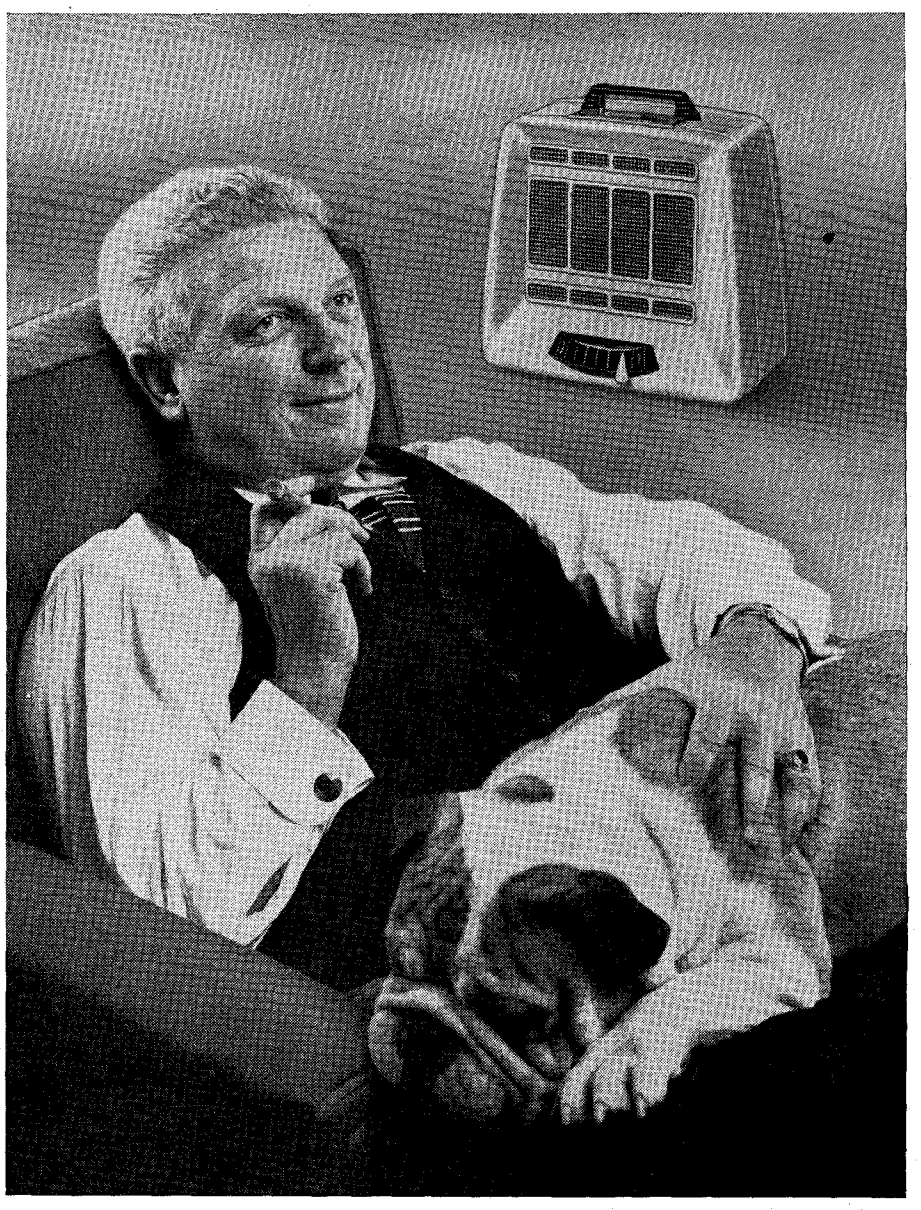
For surface color, accurate hand finishing by artist craftsmen and variations in the plaster mix combine to catch the spirit as well as the tints that an ancient artist used when he fashioned, say, a figurine of a bare-bosomed Minoan lady some 3000 years ago. The aim is to mimic the effects of age, so the piece looks just as it does in the museum. New employees sometimes want to shine up the old object, so it will look as new as it did when first dedicated to some Mayan or Sumerian deity. This is treason. Unless the slight organic stains from vegetation are precisely duplicated on this Roman marble plaque, the boss of the copyists will hear from the Detroit Institute of Arts, which owns the original, and carefully rides herd on reproductions. The formula for the green wash with which the University of Pennsylvania Museum ages its reproductions of Egyptian black bronzes is known only to the inventor and the inner circle in the basement workshop.

The originals of these enticing art objects come from all places and periods—Cambodia and Ecuador, Japan and the Marquesas, ancient Greece and modern France. The customers' motives vary too. For stanch Republicans, people often buy reproductions of the Worcester Art Museum's image of Ganesha, an elephant-headed god known in his native India as "remover of obstacles." Lawyers go for Mesopotamian clay tablets engraved with a 5000-year-old legal code. Women use museum reproductions as center of interest in floral arrangements. Decorators employ them to catch the spirit of a period—for an eighteenth-century room, a French portrait head of that time from the National Gallery of Art; for a modern room, a semi-abstract figure of a lady combing her hair, with a hole where her head should be, from the Museum of Modern Art.

But the usual motive is simpler: The buyer just takes a shine to the looks of this Haida Indian totem pole from the American Museum of Natural History, or those suave, grave figurines—nice for book ends—of a Chinese scholar and his secretary, from the Louvre. The sale may be clinched by the implicit guarantee of a great museum that the copy authentically conveys the merits of the original. Chances are high that the customer never saw the original. Chances are good that he seldom enters museums.

"Since most people don't come to museums much," says Mrs. Harold Louvier, who works with her sculptor-husband making museum reproductions in Beverly Hills, California, "we're doing what we can to bring the museums to the people."

Sometimes the accuracy of the reproductions is misunderstood by customers. Not long ago a lady returned a copy of a Roman head that a decorator had ordered for her. The nose had been broken in transit, she complained, unaware that the carefully duplicated nose was broken a good 1500 years ago, probably by some Vandal invader of the Roman Empire. Customers have been known to shock conscientious reproduction makers by asking for a change in the object—perhaps a little more red and less green in the patina of a bronze. Such requests invariably are turned down firmly. One of the rare exceptions to the rule occurred



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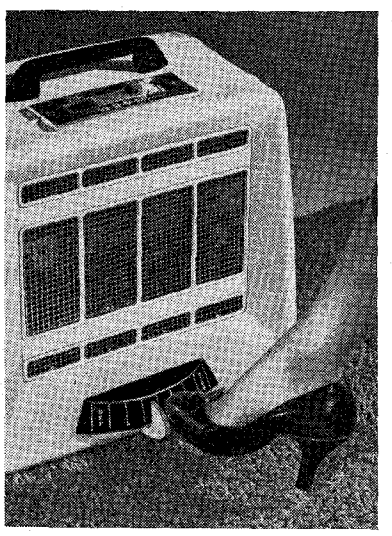

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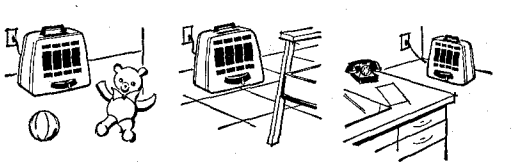

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in the case of a Greek plaque with a human figure carved on each side—one figure as modest as you please, the other flagrantly immodest. For once, the curators, who had found the plaque a great public favorite when exhibited strictly innocent side out, consented to certain discreet alterations so both sides could be reproduced.

Made under such watchfulness, these legal counterfeits are real foolers. Dr. Philip C. Beam, director of the Bowdoin College Museum of Fine Arts, was recently passing through its galleries with a newly arrived reproduction of a Gothic figurine in his hand. While stopping to chat with people, he gestured casually with the statuette and several times was severely rebuked for his unprofessional carelessness—suppose he accidentally dropped this irreplaceable masterpiece? An expert visiting the Princeton Museum of Art saw a good reproduction of a well-known, unique, ivory figurine and asked in astonishment, "Do you mean to say you've found another one?"

In certain reproductions of woodcarving the special plaster copies are betrayed only by their greater weight and colder feel. Even feel and weight are right in the Metropolitan's reproductions of ancient gold ornaments—costume jewelry to knock out any lady's eye at twenty paces—in heavy gold plate over sterling silver. The "centrifugal casting" process used for these is the same one which makes the gold inlays in your teeth fit so snugly. Technicians from the outside foundry come to the museum for the preliminary wax impressions, for the Met never allows the originals to leave the premises. When the Gorham Company, of Providence, Rhode Island, was fixing to reproduce the Met's antique silver for sale to the public, a Gorham expert moved to New York for several months and worked in the museum.

The British Museum and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts make their own molds of art objects from which licensed outsiders make reproductions for sale. Cranbrook Institute of Science in Bloomfield, Michigan, and the University of Pennsylvania Museum are altogether do-it-yourself, with their own shops. When the original donor's bequest allows it, most other museums now temporarily entrust chosen objects—insured up to the eyes, of course—to the specialized studios that manufacture authorized copies.

Museum curators and manufacturers are exceedingly careful in selecting pieces to be copied. Of a given item, they wonder: Is it a worthy example of its period? Does the public like it well enough to buy it? Will the process of making a master model damage it? Harold Louvier once ate a chunk of the rubber used in his molds to convince a museum that it wasn't corrosive. Is it too beat up to ship safely? Many an object seems sturdy in its glass case, but actually is so weakened by "bronze disease" or some other hazard of extreme age that it may collapse if carelessly picked up.

"Our goal," says Bradford Kelleher, who arranges these things for the Metropolitan, "is to reproduce everything but the fragility."

The necessary skills are hard to find. To date, the highest usually derive from Europe. The Met's lovely ceramic reproductions are made in Italy. Italian craftsmen working from a fine Pennsylvania Dutch plate were pleased to recognize techniques and patterns already familiar from Italian peasant work. This side of the water the head molder is likely to be Italian or French or German.

"Just a branch United Nations," says Leonard C. Rattner of his staff at Museum Pieces, Inc., a New York reproductions studio. A few blocks away, at Alva Studios, an elder rival outfit, all races and colors work away at turning out the Daniel Chester French seated statue of Lincoln—the one in the Lincoln Memorial—the Houdon bust of Washington, the Renaud medallion of Franklin, as well as scores of items from West Africa, Syria, India and points east via China, Polynesia and the Pacific Northwest.

These Lincolns and Washingtons are "reductions"—scaled down from life-size or larger figures—which pose problems in authenticity. It takes rare skill to squeeze a large statue into something nine inches high without losing the spirit of the original. The French do such work best. Better still, sometimes there is a signed miniature from the sculptor's own hand, often the model that he submitted when competing for the assignment, as in the case of the seated Lincoln. Other such sculptor-created miniatures available in museum reproduction are a head from the great French sculptor Rodin's Burgesses of Calais, from the Fogg Museum of Harvard University; his famous The Kiss, from the National Gallery of Art; and a scale-down done specially for reproduction by Wilhelm Lehmbruck of his Kneeling Woman in the Museum of Modern Art.

Hairline closeness to the original is subject to random check. Harold A. Sparks, Jr., director of merchandising for Williamsburg Reproductions, Inc., a branch of the Rockefeller-created museum town of Williamsburg, Virginia, never visits a large city without prowling the local stores to see how quality is keeping up in the Williamsburg items. Museum men are equally alert.

"Our displays of reproductions for the public," says Mrs. Emily Pettinos, sales manager for the University of Pennsylvania Museum, "are right in the lobby, where all the curators pass at least twice a day. Just a touch out of line and we'd hear about it fast."

Yet sometimes inexactness may better express the quality of the original. The Met's reproductions of antique glass are not molded precisely to match, but are individually blown in old-time style by craftsmen using the same techniques and variety of glass. Williamsburg Reproductions does the same in furniture, silver, glass, and so forth. The end product, it is believed, combines the essential beauty of the original with an aliveness of feeling that molding cannot produce in such materials. Trouble lurks here too. Customers may complain that no two glasses are precisely alike in the dozen they bought, or object to the "ponty mark," the swirly little spot necessarily left in all hand-blown glass where the blower's "pontil" tool was attached during the process.

Williamsburg reproductions go all over the country to gift shops, department stores, decorating outfits, just as the Met's silver does. So do museum reproductions in plaster and metal, paying a royalty—2 per cent is usual—to the originating museum. Bookstores are naturals for them. Brentano's sells over $250,000 worth of them a year—and in the book trade that is anything but hay. There are also numerous nonprofit outlets—the shops that most modern museums run to sell the public art books, post cards, Christmas cards and color reproductions, the proceeds going to the museum's general or educational funds.

This has a public-relations angle. Most such shops give discount to museum "members"—those annually contributing to the museum. Thus a ten-dollar membership at the Brooklyn Museum, which handles a few museum reproductions as well as a rich range of international folk-handicraft items, gets you 20 per cent off on purchases. At the Museum of Modern Art, fifteen dollars gets you 25 per cent. The well-justified hope is that many members thus acquired will maintain their memberships year after year to enjoy the museum's advantages in exhibits and special occasions.

Much broader is the general effect of museum reproductions on the public.

"It is the educational aspect," says Dudley Tate Easby, Jr., secretary of the Metropolitan, "that justifies and provides the basic reason for a museum's sale of reproductions." To have a few of these lovely, small objects always under your eye in home or office means learning more about art. A child reared in a house containing such shapely things is likelier to acquire a deep-down, lifetime feeling for three-dimensional beauty. Museum reproductions can be as enriching, in fact, as the great music and books that conscientious parents insist on making available for Junior.

Visits to museums theoretically take care of this side of him. But there is a difference between going to a museum as a half-distracted member of a giggling group to see things in glass cases for a minute each, and having exact facsimiles of them familiar in home or schoolroom day after day—no glass case, no grimly necessary signs about "don't you dare touch it." That ancient Spartan-warrior figurine is best appreciated by picking it up, seeing it from this and that angle, rubbing inquisitive thumbs over its sharpnesses and curves.

Some educators now exploit this art you can handle. An imaginative Madison, New Jersey, teacher, Hyman Kavett, uses reproductions to persuade his pupils into ancient history as amateur archaeologists. He buries in sand a small Greek head or a little Egyptian sphinx, briefs the kids on professional "digging" techniques with teaspoons and toothbrushes, instead of picks and shovels that might damage finds, and then all hands start "discovering" whatever may be there. Duly uncovered and inspected, the sphinx must be accounted for: Where did it come from? Who made it? How old is it? What was it for? How do you know? And the class is launched into the ancient world with enthusiastic momentum.

The virtues of art you can handle apply with great poignancy to the blind. Those who can't see, value the opportunity to appreciate with their hands. Dr. Ruth Harrell, of the College of William and Mary, who uses museum reproductions among other art objects in her work with the blind in Norfolk, Virginia, points out that here the sightless can "feel equal to the sighted. Together with the sighted, they speak of texture, form, materials, subject matter. 'In almost every other activity we feel set apart from normal persons,' the blind report, 'but not in enjoying the sculptured form, for here we can make original observations as nearly and accurately as anyone else.'"

In Daytona Beach, Florida, the local lodge of B'nai B'rith, the Jewish benevolent organization, is financing a museum-reproductions museum at the Adult Training Center of the Florida Council for the Blind. The idea came from Henry Saltzman, a local art teacher and dealer, and Betty Bowles McCoy, a student who works at the center. Each piece will be mounted at easy handling height with rails to guide the blind student to it and a historical-artistic description in Braille attached. Mr. Saltzman has already been lecturing to blind classes, letting them handle a highly abstract museum reproduction; then a detailed, realistic one; then a modernly distorted one, and so on, thus conveying idea and relations that can come to the sightless no other way.

Some art experts earnestly resist the spread of reproductions on the ground that money spent on them would be better applied to buying original modern prints or carvings from living artists who need eating money. The reproduction-minded reply that the best thing for art and artists, living or dead, is for more people to grow art-minded—which is precisely what authentic museum reproductions encourage.

In any case, museum reproductions are here to stay. The proof is that funny business already has cropped up. Legitimate reproduction makers pay royalties and work from the original pieces in the museums. Some characters, however, now buy good reproductions at retail and make unauthorized copies for cut-rate competition. This is probably the only example in history in which it is worth anybody's while to counterfeit counterfeits.

THE END

"Eggs are up. Pork is up. Butter is up."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"It's a rich man's kind of car...but my kind of price!"

"I might be a rich man myself some day... but why wait! I feel like one right now in my new Plymouth! It has the luxury of cars costing thousands more. And yet it's right in the low-price 3! No wonder they're saying: *There's no catching Plymouth!*"

- **SILVER DART STYLING** — A long, low sweep of beauty!
- **TORSION-AIRE RIDE** — Luxurious big-car comfort!
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Star of the Forward Look **Plymouth** *...ahead for keeps!*

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I Learned Slavery Isn't Dead

(Continued from Page 27)

of a comparatively poor country now command personal fortunes more staggering than anything dreamed up in the Tales of the Arabian Nights. In the search for new sensations—and new ways of spending money—slaves for the harems of the rich have now assumed a priority even over king-size American automobiles.

Naturally the U.N. has no authority to interfere in the internal affairs of a country where slavery is legal, under Islamic law. However, the trouble with the Saudi slave trade is that it is no longer purely an internal problem. It impinges on other countries because there are now not enough slaves in Saudi Arabia to satisfy the demand for them. So, to fill the gap, men, women and children are being stolen or tricked into slavery from other lands.

Last year this situation led the United Nations to suggest that its members should have the right to search suspected slave vessels in the Red Sea and Persian Gulf, a proposition resolutely opposed by Saudi Arabia and certain other countries.

Although in Saudi Arabia slavery is legal, the laws of Islam do not permit a Moslem to turn a free man into a slave. They do not condone the stealing of children from foreign countries, like those kidnaped at Buraimi. They do not permit the tricking of simple aborigines who believe they are making the pilgrimage to Mecca when they are on their way to bondage—and all this is what is happening today by a series of tricks. That is why the U.N. vainly attempted to limit a wicked and illegal traffic.

Slave trading has increased for the very simple reason that increased demand has meant rocketing prices and fat profits. Today a normal young girl for the harem fetches around $1200—up to $2000 if she is fair-skinned. Men under forty for rough work are priced at about $500. Older women are normally sold for from $120 to $150, sometimes even less. And above all in price and rarity are underage girls for the harems. For one who takes a prince's pleasure—and has a medical certificate of virginity—a dealer can get up to $3000.

Slaves for Saudi Arabia are now "recruited" from two main areas: First, the Persian Gulf district, including the Baluchistan Desert across the Gulf of Oman. Second, from Central and West Africa. The traffic flourishes despite the fact that in 1936 Saudi Arabia passed laws banning the importation of all slaves by sea, and banning the importation of any, even by land, who did not have proof that they were born slaves—for Islam lays down that the child born to a slave is "the fruit of the mother and belongs, as does the calf or kid, to the owner of the mother." The law also confined slave dealing to licensed brokers. On paper this sounds enlightened in comparison with the past, but in practice these laws are now being flagrantly disobeyed. The traffic is carried on with a cold-blooded cynicism over a vast area, ending always in one of two places—Mecca or Riyadh.

How does it operate and to what extent? There is so much unproved rumor about the slave trade that only documented evidence can be relied upon, and the details presented here come from British authorities in the countries adjacent to Saudi Arabia; from the testimony of escaped slaves; from French officials who have done much to uncover the trade; from court records open to inspection; from the British Anti-Slavery Society—a small but unimpeachable organization, to be discussed later; from my own experiences over three years in these regions.

All this adds up to the following picture—a picture which, for me, started at the Buraimi Oasis in October, 1955:

For many years Buraimi was the central clearing post for a big illegal slave traffic and is still a disputed area in the uncertain boundary between Saudi Arabia and the British-protected Trucial States. In October, 1955, British-led troops marched into the area and ousted the Saudis, charging they had for three years used the oasis illegally and for slavery, in violation of a truce agreement pending negotiation. That was why I happened to be there, and the girls that we found there had been abducted into slavery in a manner typical of what is happening today in this region.

Four of the girls had been kidnaped from a lonely village near the Gulf coast, thirty miles from Buraimi. The mother of one of the girls told me in stark sentences how it happened.

"One night a dance was arranged in our poor village," she said. "The whole village attended, grateful for a rare treat. As the time came for the last dance, Bedouins from the Al Murra tribe descended on the party in a savage raid and took away my daughter and three other girls. There was nothing we could do."

That dance had been arranged by a slave trader called Ibn Gruraib al Mirri, who had also promoted the raid. Gruraib was one of three big slave dealers at Buraimi. He made regular trips from the oasis to Riyadh, with sixty captured girls by caravan. When the girls were kidnaped they were taken to Buraimi, the assembly point for captives. There they were provided with forged documents proving they had been born slaves and so making their importation into Saudi Arabia "legal." These documents were sold to the slave dealer for forty-five dollars each by Sheik Rashid bin Hamid. Two of the other girls had been brought from another village, the process having been legalized by child-marriage ceremonies to the dealer, for which poverty-stricken parents were paid. The last two girls had been brought across the Gulf of Oman by Arab dhow.

Another slave route into Saudi Arabia is across Africa, a journey so long it isn't possible to take captives. So here more subtle means are employed among the many Negro Moslems who live south of Morocco and Algeria. To them, the crowning achievement of their pitiful lives is a pilgrimage to Mecca. This a few Saudi slave traders use as bait.

The French ambassador to Saudi Arabia has made a report to Paris on this subject, because it affected many French colonials in equatorial Africa. In this report, the ambassador said: "Dealers established in Jidda or Mecca send out naturalized representatives, usually of Senegalese stock, in order to kidnap a certain number of victims from villages. Timbuktu seems to be one of the centers most raided by these unpleasant characters. The latter introduce themselves as 'missionaries' entrusted with leading their fellow men to the holy places of Islam.

"A number of Moslem aborigines are easily trapped in such a manner. Men, women and children are then driven off to the Red Sea coast at Port Sudan or Suakin. Once they have crossed the sea, the Negroes land at Lith, a small harbor about 200 kilometers south of Jidda. There they are denounced as clandestine pilgrims [because they have no visas], loaded onto trucks, driven to Jidda and jailed. The next day an Arab dealer comes along to collect his human wares from the police. The prisoners are immediately sold and taken to the houses of their masters."

This African business is so profitable that it now is organized on a continent-wide scale, with a special group of dealers. They include Amadou Bouboué, a Senegalese naturalized Saudi who lives at Jidda, and Sheik Abdou Bagné, a native of the Niger, while Sheik Abdullah Bouheiri, head of the municipality of Jidda, sells directly and only to the Saudi princes. To organize the trade on the long trans-African route, these dealers are helped by three Senegalese who travel regularly between French West Africa and Jidda. Their contact man in Africa is Mohamed Taher, who lives in the French Sudan.

There is another trick used to fill the slave bag. Rich African merchants take along servants with them when they make the pilgrimage, and dispose of them for cash. Through this system, a man with enough servants can make the pilgrimage to Mecca and actually show a profit. This has been done (*Continued on Page 88*)

NEXT WEEK

How I Trapped My Fellow Cops

Ordeal of a Courageous Washington Policeman

Television's Desperate Numbers Game

The Facts Behind the Rating Systems

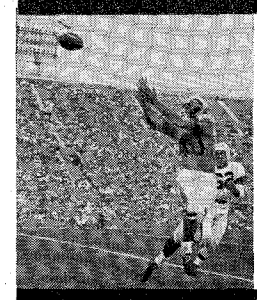
BEGINNING:

West of the Law

by Clarence Budington Kelland

IN COLOR:

Toyland for Hollywood Kids



My Forty Years in Pro Football

by George Halas

The Forward-Pass Revolution

Birth of Football's Aerial Attack

Montana's Galloping Governor

The Places I Follow My Husband!

Adventures of a Modern "Prospector's" Wife

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"The smartest move of my selling career was joining I.D.S.!"

by N. D. Akeley

Mr. Akeley joined the sales force of Investors Diversified Services, Inc., direct from a successful career as a salesman and then sales manager of a food products company. Now, only 5 years later, he is one of the top I.D.S. salesmen in his division; has more than doubled his income; is well established as a leading citizen in his community.

"I've been selling for a long time—nearly 18 years. And I've always been with good companies selling good products. But I will certainly say that the smartest move of my selling career was when I joined I.D.S.—Investors Diversified Services.

"One thing I like is that I am practically my own boss, with my own business, and nobody puts any kind of ceiling on how much I can earn.

"Another thing is that the products—the five mutual funds and the face-amount certificate company—are exclusive . . . and I have an exclusive territory on them. I am supplied with time-tested selling plans and the home office keeps me right up-to-date with good sales material.

"Furthermore, I.D.S. gives me benefits no one ever offered me as a salesman before: a generous retirement program; a yearly bonus; group insurance; hospitalization insurance.

"And finally, one of the biggest reasons I like I.D.S.: the people you work with. They are on their toes . . . hard working . . . aggressive. You'll get the idea of *how* aggressive when you consider that more than half the current assets under management of I.D.S., over $2-billion, have been added in the last seven years!

"These are the reasons I am making a career out of selling for I.D.S., and why I think any successful salesman should consider this company too."

CAN YOU QUALIFY TO REPRESENT I.D.S.?

I.D.S. now has over 2,800 men and women representatives working out of 147 divisional sales offices in the U.S. Because of rapid growth, we need even more qualified people to help us service our more than 800,000 customer accounts. Can you meet these standards:

Presently employed in selling or a closely related activity?

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Interested in finding a *full-time career* opportunity with America's top sales team in its field?

Have enough confidence in your own ability to sell a top product on straight commission?

If you can answer "yes" to all the above questions, let's have a frank discussion about the opportunities. Write Grady Clark, Vice-President, Sales, for an appointment at the I.D.S. office in your locality.

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(*Continued from Page 86*) repeatedly, and the urge to make the pilgrimage is so great among the devout that hundreds of simple Negroes fall for the ruse each year. Occasionally a slave escapes. Such a one was twenty-three-year-old Awad el Joud, of Dire, West Africa, who testified in French Africa on the subject of how he was sold.

"In 1949," he said, "my master, Mohamed Ali Attaher, decided to go to Mecca and informed me that he was going to find work for me in Jidda, at the home of his friend, Prince Abdulla Faycal, and that the wages I would earn in the prince's service would pay for my return trip. I entered the service of the prince, but never received any wages. One day in 1951 I heard my former master had left Saudi Arabia, and I immediately understood everything. He had sold me to the prince as a slave. I was one of about forty slaves working for him. One morning in May, 1953, I was told to prepare to leave. I was driven to the slave market in Jidda. The steward handed me over to the keeper, and in less than an hour, without a word of explanation, I found myself in a hall crowded with men and women waiting to be sold to the highest bidder."

This young slave managed to mingle with spectators leaving the hall after the sale and made his escape.

The slave trail from West Africa starts at the town of Bamako in French Sudan and, after passing through Timbuktu, goes for hundreds of miles, north of Kano in Nigeria, to the French town of Fort Lamy in Chad. From there the route leads to Abéché, the last big town before French Africa meets the Sudan. Across Sudan the "pilgrims" make their way to small bays near Port Sudan or Suakin. Of course the French know perfectly well what is happening, but there is little they can do. The Negro Moslems are not yet slaves, and to interfere with a man making the pilgrimage is one of the most heinous crimes in the world of Islam.

But the French have kept the most meticulous check on the traffic of French Negroes passing through Abéché to the Sudan. The latest figures show that in 1954, 21,907 pilgrims passed through Abéché. So far, only 9011 have returned. Some have died, of course, and others are believed to have voluntarily found work in the cotton fields of Sudan. But obviously hundreds, if not thousands, have been pressed into slavery in Mecca or Riyadh. There the last act of this sordid drama is played out.

At Mecca there is a slave market called Dakkat al Abeed—translated roughly, "the slave platform." There is also an open slave market at Riyadh. Slave brokers handle the sales in both places. The brokers keep the slaves in small rooms in their own houses, feed them on bread and water, and take the slaves out for inspection by appointment, if prospective buyers are important enough.

Very few white men get to see the sales, which arouse intense excitement, but I know of three who have seen them. One is a Dutch export manager who visits Saudi Arabia twice a year. Early this year we met in Khartoum, the day he had flown in from Riyadh. "I never saw anything like it," he exclaimed; "the buyers were fighting like women at a bargain sale, with the girls paraded in front of them like mannequins."

I asked him how he managed to be present. "It's typical of the Saudis," he replied. "They go to enormous lengths to hide their slave sales from foreigners, and then —— Well, this sale was arranged suddenly and the sheik who had promised to sign my contract before I flew out just couldn't resist the temptation to go to the sale. He left a messenger at his palace to take me along. I sat there during the sale, pretending not to look, while he signed the contract."

In the Mecca slave market the slaves are usually paraded singly for sale, but in Riyadh it is more usual to yoke six or seven together. Most evidence points to slaves' being reasonably well treated—a point on which the Koran emphatically insists—provided they renounce all ideas of freedom. Some men become stewards, chauffeurs and even trusted bodyguards. Masters always like their slaves to marry other slaves. A large proportion of the girls sold into the harems bear children—slave breeding is just as important as slave trading. All the offspring of slaves are automatically slaves of the owner for life or until he wishes to sell them. There seems no doubt that women slaves who bear children to their masters are often treated in practice as wives.

But once a slave shows a spirit of rebellion, things are very different. The escaped slave Awad el Joud told the French, "I myself was not badly treated because I always did my work adequately, but I cannot forget the unhappy fate of one of my fellow slaves. He had been suspected of robbery and tried to run away. He was led before my master, who beat him to death with a stick."

Any attempt to escape is almost always punishable by death. French and British authorities last fall received irrefutable proof of what happened to twelve men who had been kidnaped into slavery from the Baluchistan desert. They had been sold in the market at Riyadh, and three became personal slaves of princes. Somehow they managed to steal camels and water and fled into the desert. All twelve were caught inside Saudi territory. Nine were executed on the spot, but the three slaves of the princes were brought back to Riyadh. There they were paraded before the public and then beheaded by a Negro slave called Hilali.

It is only right to mention that, though disobedience is always harshly punished, many Moslems endeavor to obey the laws of slavery as laid down in the Koran, which makes it clear that though the prophet accepted slavery, he did not like it. Indeed, he frequently exhorted the faithful to buy a slave's freedom to ease their own passages to heaven.

The United Nations has never pretended it can take effective measures against slavery inside Saudi Arabia. However, it is the way the slave dealers trick or steal free men, women and children that has caused the U.N. to try to remedy an evil which interferes with the freedom of nationals from other countries. It is this, too, which distinguishes slavery in Saudi Arabia from slavery in other countries. It is, of course, an unfortunate fact that slavery exists in many different quarters of the world today.

In parts of Africa, girls are still sold in marriage without their consent and can be resold. In some parts of the Far East, the rich have long bought cheap servants under a system of sham adoption. In Peru, Indians still sell their captives to the plantations, while in the High Andes of Peru hundreds of thousands of Indians are serfs for landlords, working in exchange for the use of a small plot of land to grow their food. Others still pledge their children in payment of debts. There are at least 40,000 slaves among the nomad tribes of French Equatorial Africa. There are still slaves in the British Protectorate of Aden.

But along the edges of Arabia much slavery has been abolished. In the Aden Protectorate, slave trading has ceased and slaves can demand their freedom if ill-treated. Those who are fighting slavery know full well that you cannot stamp out an age-old tradition by the stroke of a pen. But you can limit it, and by limitation slowly bring about its end. That is what the U.N. is trying to do with the Saudi slave trade.

The British themselves have seen how difficult it is to stop slavery, though they have managed to work successfully toward abolition in the Trucial States. But as the British Government told the U.N.: "The complete abolition of slavery in the Aden Protectorate is a matter of some difficulty; the majority of such slaves as still exist enjoy a certain measure of security and the harsh environment of the country renders them unwilling to change their status."

I myself saw what this means when an old slave applied to the British political adviser near the Yemen frontier for manumission. The wrinkled old man came to the front of the British office and, according to custom, clutched the flagpole from which the Union Jack fluttered, and cried, "I ask for freedom!"

The British have no authority to interfere in the Aden Protectorate's internal affairs, but the British official went to see the sheik who owned the slave.

"Of course he can have his freedom if he wants," said the sheik. "He's too old for any work; he's not really a slave at all. I'm just keeping him in his old age." But the slave persisted and finally got his certificate of manumission. His face broke into a wide, broken-toothed grin. Then he went straight back to his master to carry on as before, with the slight difference that he was technically free. "Free," as the sheik added sardonically, "to leave a comfortable home and starve."

But, as the Anti-Slavery Society points out, there is a fundamental difference between slavery and slave trading that depends on raids into other people's territories. The Anti-Slavery Society, which works in close collaboration with the U.N., has its headquarters in two dingy rooms near Victoria Station, London, and a paid staff of two—Comdr. Thomas Fox-Pitt, who is fifty-nine, and his secretary, Mrs. Jocelyn Crawford, wife of a British barrister. Many voluntary helpers work with the outfit, which assembles and sifts all the evidence on slavery it can get.

"As soon as we have this evidence," says Fox-Pitt, "we hand it over to the U.N. That's our big job—prodding the U.N. into the action we hope it will one day be able to take."

Since the Anti-Slavery Society is small and poor—450 paying members and an annual income of around $6000—it might seem at first just another of those woolly do-good organizations that are, in fact, more well-meaning than practical. In a sense, this is partly true. There is little practical that this society can do, as such. But there is a lot it can do by prodding others—this it has been doing with force and determination since its formation in 1839. Though poor, its strength lies in the fact that it is regarded as producing only evidence that is undeniably honest. All governments having such evidence invariably send it along to the society, which acts as a sort of clearinghouse.

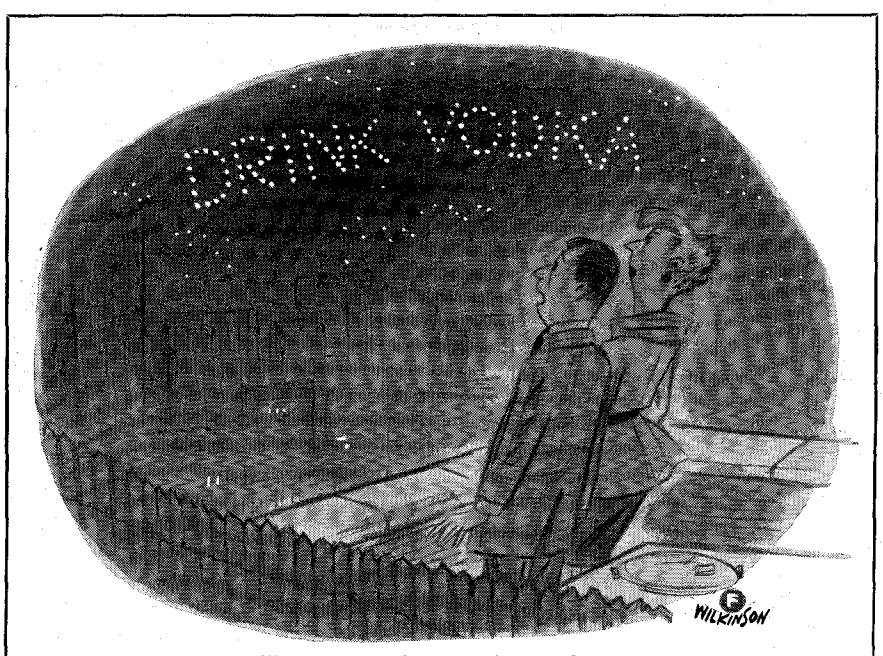
The society has a record of which it can be proud, despite its obvious limitations. As the British journal New Statesman pointed out early this year, the society was instrumental in getting the League of Nations to form its antislavery convention in 1926. Eight years later the society helped to form the league's committee of Experts on Slavery, which, between 1934 and 1938, managed to get slavery abolished in Nepal, Iran and Kalat, and was largely influential in outlawing slavery in Ethiopia. The society includes members of Britain's Parliament, and its two joint presidents are Lord Templewood and Lord Winster, the famous Dr. Gilbert Murray was a joint president until his death this year. That by no means makes it an organization powerful enough for direct action, but it does make it an important lobbying institution.

It was certainly partly due to the Anti-Slavery Society that the U.N. formed its special committee in January of last year to study the Saudi slave trade, and which resulted in a conference in Geneva last fall.

That conference, alas, was a dismal flop. The committee had suggested the only practical way of limiting the Saudi slave trade: To give warships and aircraft of U.N. members the right to search and seize slave ships on the seas, in a defined zone including the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. Had that clause been passed, slave ships would have been outlawed as effectively as piracy. But Russia and the other Iron Curtain countries joined Egypt, Sudan, Saudi Arabia, the Yemen and India in opposition, and the idea was thrown out.

For the moment, that is where the matter stands and there is little the U.N. can do. But the Anti-Slavery Society can at least keep working on the world's conscience—keep reminding the world that at this moment, while we walk in freedom, boys and girls are being abducted and simple-minded Negroes tricked to satisfy the appetites of slave dealers.

THE END



"I suppose this was inevitable!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The $64,000 and I (Continued from Page 21)

was graduated, my father was hit by a car. Apart from a broken leg that healed quickly, we knew of no serious damage. But one day he said to me, "Son, I'm sixty-nine, and this ends eventually for everyone. Have you ever thought how life will be without me, when you'll have to make your own decisions?"

"Don't talk like that!" I exclaimed.

"Why not?" He smiled. "I'm nearly seventy. I've been all over the world. I've been happily married twice, and have a fine family. I'm happy, you understand, but I'm very tired, and life holds nothing new for me. When I die, if there's another life, I'll have it. If there isn't, then there'll be complete nothingness. How can you not be happy for a father who is looking forward either to another life or complete rest?"

Not many months after this, he complained of a headache at the dinner table, and five minutes later it was over. He died in my arms, smiling. A cerebral hemorrhage, which the doctors linked to that car accident, was the cause of death.

I was on my own. There are only two places for a youngster who wants to be an actor, New York and Hollywood. Hollywood was closer. I landed there with a little over $200, a seventeen-year-old kid who had never been away from home alone before. I left my name at all the movie studios. Nothing. Finally, I organized an act and got my first job, in a night club, all on my own. We were four boys and a girl, and we called ourselves the Hollywood Rioteers.

By 1940, when I quit in discouragement, I was doing a single. I was writing all my own stuff and I wasn't getting fired so often, but all I was getting out of it was experience. Back to San Francisco, where Eddie Skolak was presenting burlesque in the President Theater. He hired me to be straight man for Smoky Wells, one of the great old burlesque comics.

"Fine!" Smoky said, when I went backstage to introduce myself. "We'll do Handful of Nickels and Buzzin' the Bee ——" He saw my blank look. "You don't know 'em, do you, kid? All right, here's what we'll do."

Burlesque skits are never written. Every comic does the "bits" his own way, working with a straight man or a "talking woman," a stripper who can carry lines. It was my first experience with improvisation—"winging it," as it's called when you're out there with no memorized lines to carry you.

I also sang, in a beige linen dinner jacket, maroon bow tie and Tux pants. About the third week, I happened to glance into the orchestra pit. Those guys seemed to be winging it too. At least they weren't reading sheet music. They were staring up glassily at the girls, who were doing a production number based on Mighty Lak a Rose. Without the roses, we could have been raided.

To test a hunch that suddenly came to me, I went on singing, but with improvised lyrics:

Sweetest little feller,
Kissed his daddy's nose.
Hate your brother Freddy—
He's got twenty-seven toes!

Nobody even heard me.

Considering how unimportant I was to burlesque, it's odd how important burlesque was to me. Much of what I learned about show business I learned on the rowdy old stage of the President Theater.

Last year my wife and I went back to San Francisco, after The $64,000 Question had become the biggest hit on TV. Mayor George Christopher escorted us to the city hall, which bore a banner reading WELCOME HOME, HAL! Later I went down to the President and rapped on the stage door.

Eddie Skolak peered out. "Hal, boy, for crying out loud!" he exclaimed. "Where you been?"

I left burlesque in 1940 because welders were making more money than baritones that year. I was working in the shipyards when Pearl Harbor was attacked. The next day I went down and enlisted in the Army. I lasted just nine hours, being thrown out for flat feet. I was a perfect physical specimen, only in my family we had different feet. Good ones, just different—but try to tell that to the Army.

I was still in the shipyards on November 10, 1942, when I was drafted for limited service and was sent to a camp on Puget Sound, for training with a coast-defense searchlight battery. I arrived at Christmastime, accompanied, of course, by my Army General Classification card, which listed my background as an entertainer. The next day my battery commander called me in.

The Zero Hour

When, sleepless, at the
crawling clock you blink,
Friend, is it ever *later* than
you think?

Norman R. Jaffray

Chrome Mixer, 2 bowls, slicer, shredder, grinder, 59.95
10-cup Coffee-Well, 19.95
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9-speed portable, 5 colors, 19.95
New giant family-size grill, 24.95

The lady loves beauty... loves Christmas... loves Dormeyer

How to start Christmas *right:* Watch the glow in her eyes when she unwraps her new Dormeyer! Whichever Dormeyer you choose, you give the gift of better living. You give the happy assurance of owning the newest and best. You give beauty... gleaming modern beauty she can be proud of. You give all this... when you give a

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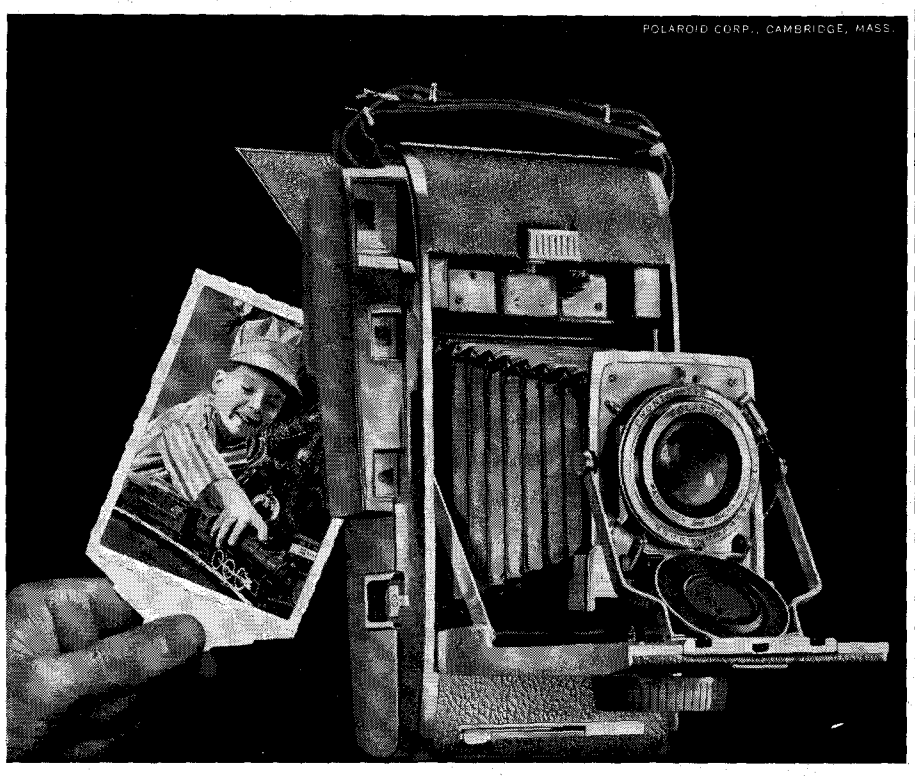

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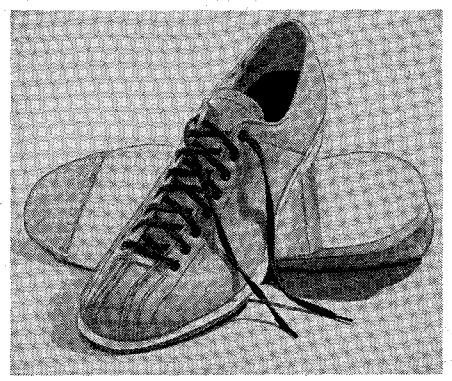
THIS IS the unique gift.

The Polaroid® Land Camera. The only camera that gives you a picture in sixty seconds—the camera that everyone's talking about, that everyone wants.

Available in five models from $72.75 to $169.50.

Earn These Comfortable Bowling Shoes for this Season!



THESE gunsmoke bowling shoes of soft glove-tanned leather can easily be yours.

Send us two 2-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions at $10.00 each or four 1-year *Holiday* subscriptions at $5.00 each. All subscriptions must be sold outside your own home at the full price. Both new and renewals count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with your own name and address and full remittance. You'll receive a gift certificate with which to claim your shoes.

Offer good in continental U.S. only, until January 31, 1958. Sorry, no bowling shoes may be sold for cash.

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272 Independence Square **Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania**

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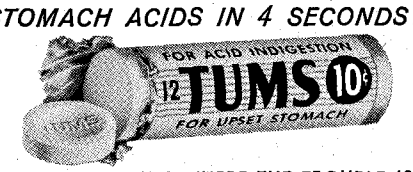
GET TOTAL RELIEF FROM EXCESS STOMACH ACIDS IN 4 SECONDS!



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VIOBIN *Wheat Germ Oil*

HELPS HEART ACTION

·INCREASES ENDURANCE·

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400 persons, middle age—mechanics —boys—runners—swimmers . . .

ALL showed increased endurance and better heart response.

Send for free book No. 10-(8 yrs. University Tests)

Write to: VIOBIN, Monticello, Illinois

Refuse substitutes. Only VioBin proved effective.

"Would you like to put on a Christmas show?" he asked.

Would I! I went back to barracks and wrote the whole show. We did two performances, one for enlisted men and one for officers and their wives. On Christmas Day the post commander sent for me.

"Son," he said, "that was a fine show! You know, you ought to be in Special Services."

"Thank you, sir. I'd like to be," I said with unfeigned warmth. Special Services was the outfit that staged all the entertainment for troops. Show business!

"You'll hear from me, Mendelson," the colonel promised.

I went jubilantly back to my searchlight battery. A week later came my call. Back to the captain's office I went. "You lucky son-of-a-gun," he said wistfully.

"What is it, sir?" I said; thinking, *Hello, Broadway.*

"Radar operator!"

Every man on the post wanted it but me. In November of that year I was discharged, with all other limited-service men, because of my flat feet.

I was twenty-three years old when I hit San Francisco, and so broke that I had no time to build an act. I had to have a job. I started making the rounds of the San Francisco radio stations. For some reason, Bob Sweeney, chief announcer at KYA, put me on the staff.

Sweeney was an Irishman of deceptively commonplace appearance, bald since youth. We hit it off from the start. Soon we had a little local comedy show—nothing sensational, but for the first time I was working with good material.

And soon I had a show of my own. No one else wanted it, because it meant opening the station at 6:00 A.M. "And by the way," the manager said, "why don't you adopt a professional name? Something you can hang a catchy slogan on."

"How about Hal Marches On?" I said. "You know—Hal March is on at six tomorrow." I've never gone to the trouble of changing my name legally, but I've signed some pretty big contracts "Hal March," and it works.

On June 6, 1944, I went down to the station and heard that the Allies had invaded France. Sweeney came in, and we discussed the war for a while. It made our jobs look pretty inconsequential.

Suddenly I said, "Sween, there's no future in this local jazz. I'm going to Hollywood."

"When?" Sween said.

"Right now. Today I quit!"

I hit Hollywood that afternoon. Some of the best announcers in radio were looking for work there. The industry could already see its strange new shape looming up in the indistinct fog on a little glass screen. The panic was on.

I was too young and dumb to be frightened. I rented a room on Gower Street, a real garret, and began making the rounds. I could live for days on popcorn and water. The water swells the popcorn, and when you feel full at twenty-four, you're well fed. The strange thing is how much work I got. In every radio show there are several bit parts, a line or two each. I was all of 'em; some weeks I made as much as twenty bucks.

Sween came down that fall and moved in with me, and we shook hands on a deal: Until we landed a show of our own we'd split everything we made down the middle. The next day I landed a job as the male lead in a soap opera, The Story of Sandra Martin. Ninety a week! Even split down the middle, that was wealth. But it was all we had. The fact that Sween had been one of the top men in San Francisco radio meant nothing. The only credits that counted were Hollywood or New York credits.

"Hal, the only way we'll ever crack this town is with our own show," Sween said one evening, after a long, hopeless day of job hunting. "Let's write one."

Innocently, we sat down and wrote three scripts for a show we called There's Always the Guy. It was based on familiar stereotypes, the bores we all know and detest—simple stuff, but pretty sharp satire.

Three weeks from that day, Sween and I sat down at another big table to talk contract. We had already arrived at a "letter of agreement," covering twenty-one points—seven more than President Wilson had found necessary to settle World War I. We had the biggest sponsors in radio, Procter and Gamble.

But here we sat, splitting ninety dollars a week and screaming, "Whaddaya mean, P and G owns the package? It's our idea, and nobody owns the package but Sweeney and March!"

What we did was walk off and leave $1,500,000 on the table. That's what that contract would have paid us over its five-year life. A week later a man called us and gave us a weekly comedy spot on the Hoagy Carmichael show, at $150 each.

Luck? Well, we were pretty good, too, good enough to be hired for the biggest network shows of the day. Rudy Vallee's Villa Vallee. Ginny Simms' show. The famous Elgin Hour, on a bill with Burns and Allen, Jack Benny, Jimmy Durante, Garry Moore and Don Ameche. The big time! I was so impressed by those stars that I would have worked for nothing.

We failed to get a show of our own—television already had radio on the ropes—so back to free-lancing we went. But somehow, Sween and I knew we'd eventually be teamed up again. It came about through the biggest showdown fight in the history of the industry—the one between CBS and the advertising agencies, with NBC lined up with the agencies.

At that time the agencies controlled the shows, hiring actors and writers, picking and rejecting whole show ideas, and leaving the networks little more than middlemen. I don't know how much CBS budgeted for the fight when they decided to buck this system, but I'll bet Lincoln fought the Civil War for less.

The first act CBS hired when they started packaging their own shows was Sweeney and March. We were on the air eighty-nine weeks, and not once was our show marred by the mellow tones of a commercial. The advertising agencies wouldn't touch a "house package" at any price. Marie Wilson finally lifted the curse with My Friend Irma, but it took her 100 weeks. Sponsors started sneaking in bids for her, and then CBS began its famous "kidnaping raids" on NBC talent. Its biggest catch was Jack Benny, whose $4,000,000-plus contract is still a record. Nothing could stop the house package then. Pretty soon NBC was doing it too.

Sween and I made our first TV appearance at an experimental station on top of Mt. Wilson, in 1944. All seven of the Los Angeles transmission towers are up there now, while the studios are down in Hollywood. But when we made our debut, it was a long scenic ride through the Angeles National Forest to the cameras and mikes.

Sween had got married just before CBS put us on as a "house show." His bride was Beverly McCarthy, a CBS elevator operator. He made her quit her job. "No wife of mine is going to work!" he said indignantly.

At the time, both of us were broke and out of work. I dug up five dollars to pay for their wedding, and a friend of Bev's got them a week in a Hollywood motel.

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We made our first trip to New York at Christmas, 1944, to guest on the Perry Como Supper Club. Soon after that, CBS dropped us. Back to free-lancing we went. There seemed to be a shortage of competent supporting players, especially those who could handle comedy. I had more work than I could do, with the biggest shows on radio and TV. And I chucked it all to go partners with Sween again, when we got an offer to do a disk-jockey show for Radio WJZ in New York.

Besides that job, we soon had an ABC network show in the afternoon. It was a busy life that began so early in the morning that I had practically no private life. Sween and Bev's baby, my godchild, Bridget, was born in New York. For Sween, it was a good job. The baby got him up early anyway—why not go to work?

We got fired from both jobs in a row with a station executive. Sween and Bev returned to Hollywood. I stayed in New York, working mostly with Jackie Gleason, who was just then fumbling his way to greatness. Jackie was doing that debonair, devil-may-care playboy, Reginald Van Gleason III. I was the butler, the straight man.

In one scene, Jackie was supposed to break a bottle over my head. He had a "breakaway" bottle, made of thin plaster, and I shouldn't have felt a thing. But Jackie hit the bridge of my nose with the thick bottom of the bottle. I felt the bone cave in and knew he had cut the skin too. It was a live show—no chance to edit this out. And we couldn't let the audience see the gore.

I kept my back to the cameras, but let Jackie see the blood. From then on, we "winged it" all the way. I played the butler pouting, and Jackie did the greatest Reggie of his career.

I worked every big show in New York, but the idea of guest stars is to give the audience new faces, and pretty soon mine wasn't new any more. Back to Hollywood I went. One day I had a call from Tom D'Andrea, a talented writer-actor. "How would you like to work with me on a television idea?" he asked.

His idea turned out to be The Soldiers, which we wrote together and broke in with Donald O'Connor on the All-Star Revue. We returned to do it twenty-five more times, mostly with Don, but also with Eddie Cantor.

In December, 1954, I got a call from Tom McAvity, head of NBC-TV in New York. His problem was the Imogene Coca Show. This was Coca's first year as a single, after the Show of Shows broke up, and the act wasn't going well. Tom and I made a fast deal by phone, and I hopped the first plane to New York.

I was still with Coca when the show closed in June, 1955. By then, another job was waiting for me. In April I had been approached by Louis G. Cowan, an advertising man who created television shows. Cowan told me about a new show they were going to launch on CBS. It was called The $64,000 Question, and he wanted me to try it.

Now, to me, all quiz shows were hoky. I had been making good money for years, working when I pleased. I was beginning to get a solid reputation, not as a star, but simply as a reliable actor. I argued with the man for three weeks and not once did we mention money. I simply was not sold on the show.

"Well, check with NBC," I finally said. "Tom D'Andrea and I are supposed to go on with The Soldiers this fall. If they'll let a little slack in their leash, maybe I can do it for the summer only."

We started June 7, 1955. Not even Cowan had suspected how big it would be. There never was any question of "building" the show; The $64,000 Question started at full speed.

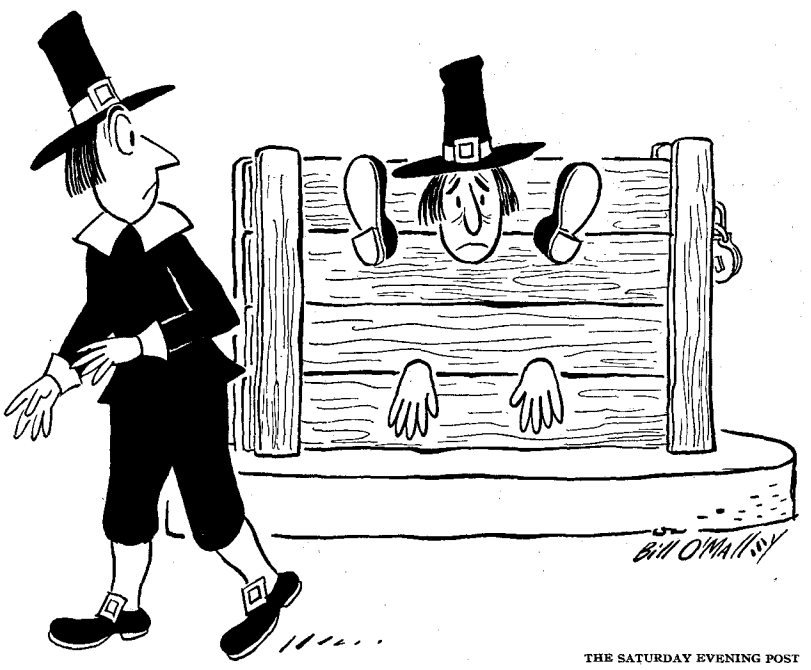
It was the biggest crap game in history, with overtones of a Harvard doctoral interview, the third ballot of a presidential convention and Russian roulette. Churches canceled their Tuesday-night meetings. Movie theaters and ball parks ran our results in flashes, to hold their Tuesday-night audiences. For thirty minutes every week, while The $64,000 Question was on, ringing phones went unanswered.

But I was too busy to know what was happening. NBC had suddenly decided to exercise its option and start The Soldiers that summer too—from California. All summer I commuted weekly between Hollywood and New York. I was making more money than one man could spend; it was a little frightening the way the stuff piled up.

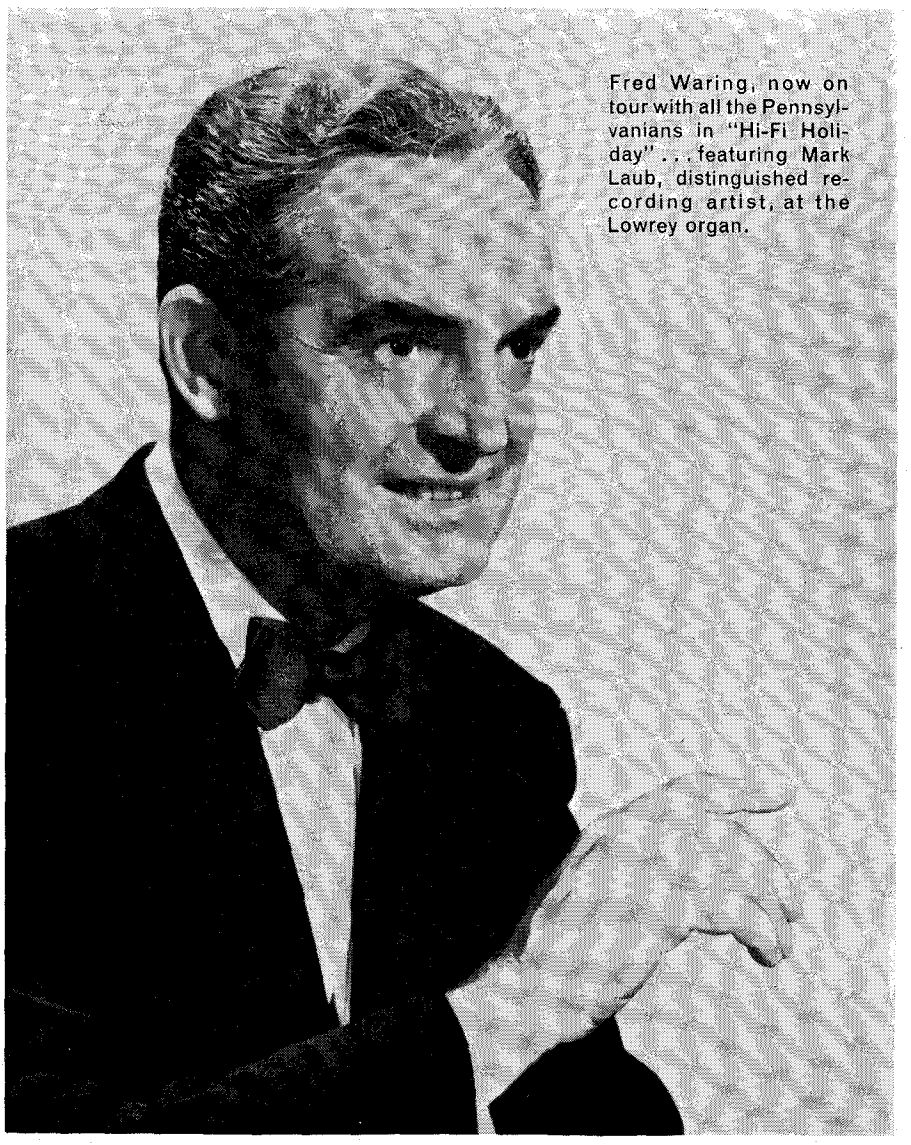
And for what? For nearly twenty years I had worked at being an actor, and here I suddenly make it as a guy who is nervous and charming. Try that on your ego sometime, and see how much good the money does!

I heard that Maurice Evans was doing Dream Girl for Hallmark on CBS. I told my agent I wanted the male lead.

(*Continued on Page 94*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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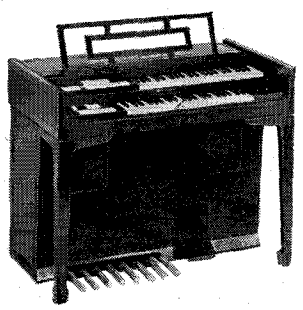
At home and on tour...

Fred Waring chooses the Lowrey Organ!

Like so many fine musicians, Fred Waring prefers the Lowrey . . . his personal choice in his home . . . his professional choice on tour. Enthusiastically he tells audiences everywhere about the tone, range and versatility of this amazing organ. He enjoys demonstrating the Lowrey's many exclusive features and wonderful new sounds. It's just as Mr. Waring says, "No other organ can do these things."

And as Fred Waring has welcomed the Lowrey into his own home, so you too will find it a thrilling musical experience for your family. For the Lowrey organ is easy to play—and the most rewarding for the beginner. Why not find out for yourself!

Lowrey has a model for everyone!



LOWREY organs

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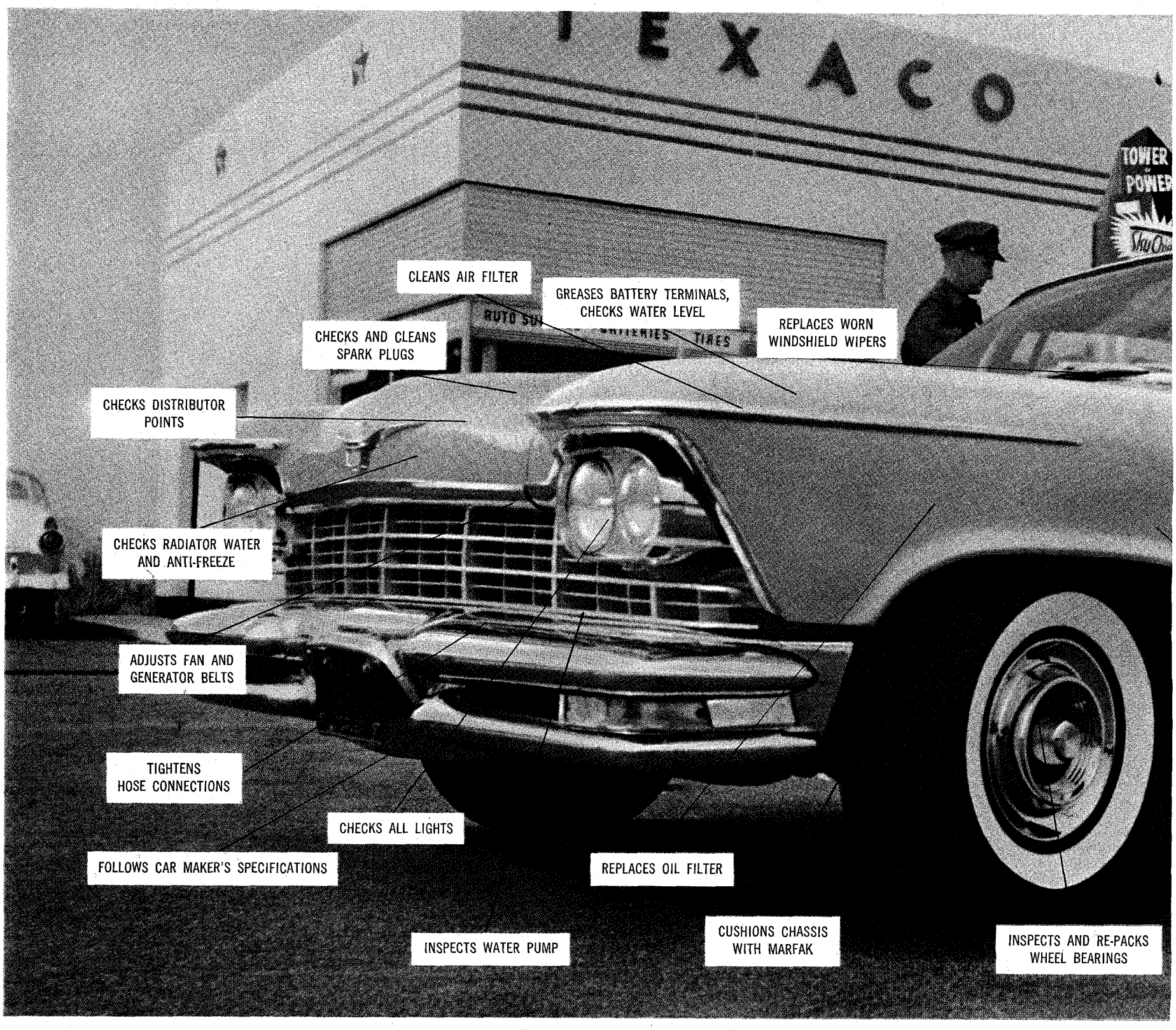
22 ways a Texaco Dealer keeps your car


CLEANS AIR FILTER
GREASES BATTERY TERMINALS, CHECKS WATER LEVEL
REPLACES WORN WINDSHIELD WIPERS
CHECKS AND CLEANS SPARK PLUGS
CHECKS DISTRIBUTOR POINTS
CHECKS RADIATOR WATER AND ANTI-FREEZE
ADJUSTS FAN AND GENERATOR BELTS
TIGHTENS HOSE CONNECTIONS
CHECKS ALL LIGHTS
FOLLOWS CAR MAKER'S SPECIFICATIONS
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These 22 services are just a few of the many offered by your Texaco Dealer. He is a trained specialist in inspecting, detecting and correcting. Wherever you live, wherever you drive, stop in regularly and rely on him. He's the best friend your car has ever had.

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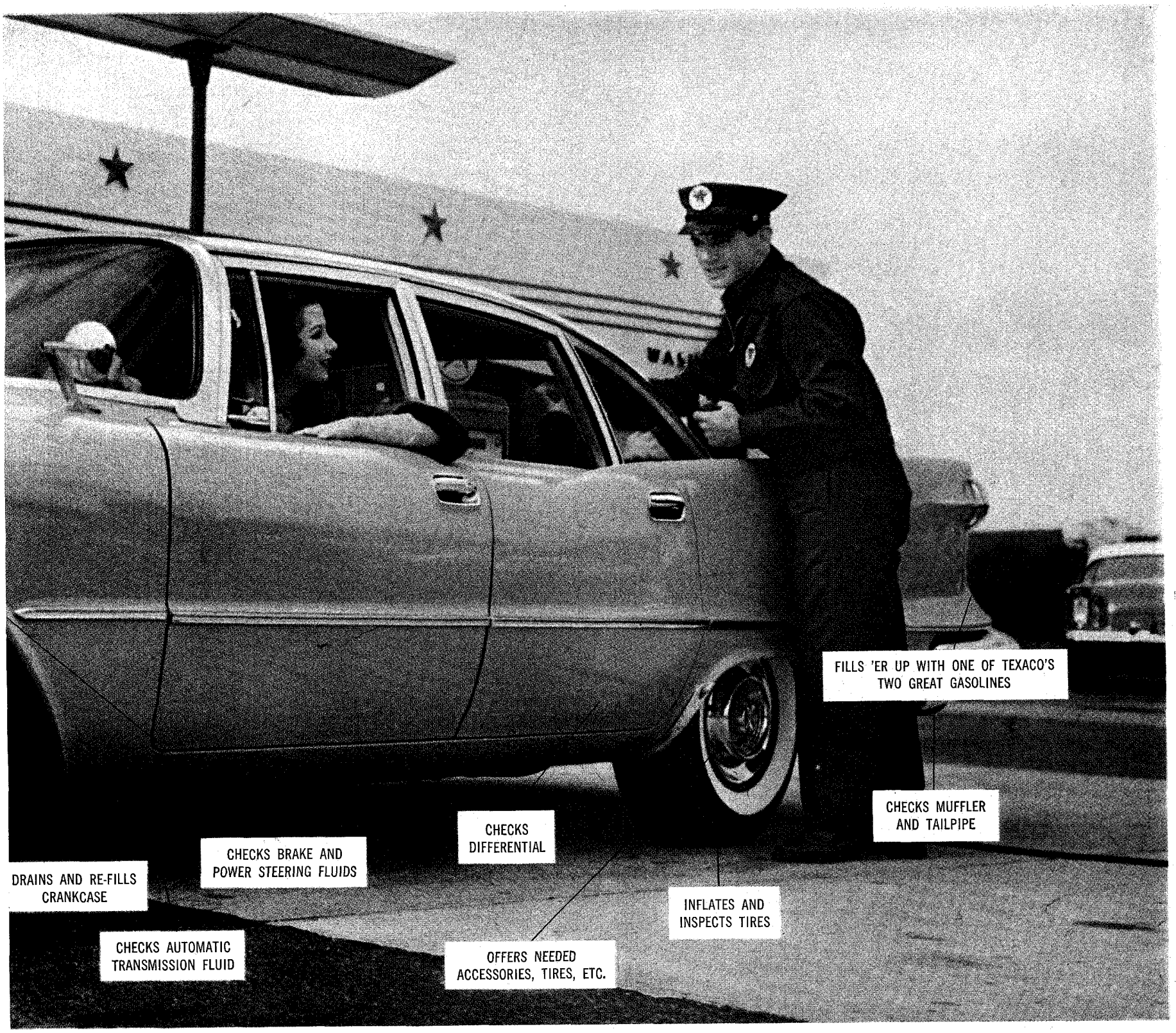
unning better than others


FILLS 'ER UP WITH ONE OF TEXACO'S TWO GREAT GASOLINES
CHECKS MUFFLER AND TAILPIPE
CHECKS DIFFERENTIAL
CHECKS BRAKE AND POWER STEERING FLUIDS
DRAINS AND RE-FILLS CRANKCASE
INFLATES AND INSPECTS TIRES
CHECKS AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION FLUID
OFFERS NEEDED ACCESSORIES, TIRES, ETC.

And everywhere you drive—two great gasolines: Texaco Sky Chief Su-preme, at the Tower of Power, or regular-price Fire Chief . . . famous Havoline Motor Oil . . .Texaco Marfak chassis lubrication . . . Texaco PT Anti-Freeze . . . a Texaco quality petroleum product for every car need.

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ACO Dealers in all 48 states

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TUNE IN . . . METROPOLITAN OPERA radio broadcasts Saturday afternoons, ABC.

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PORTABLE ELECTRIC TOOLS

FOR HIM—FOR NOW—FOR ALWAYS

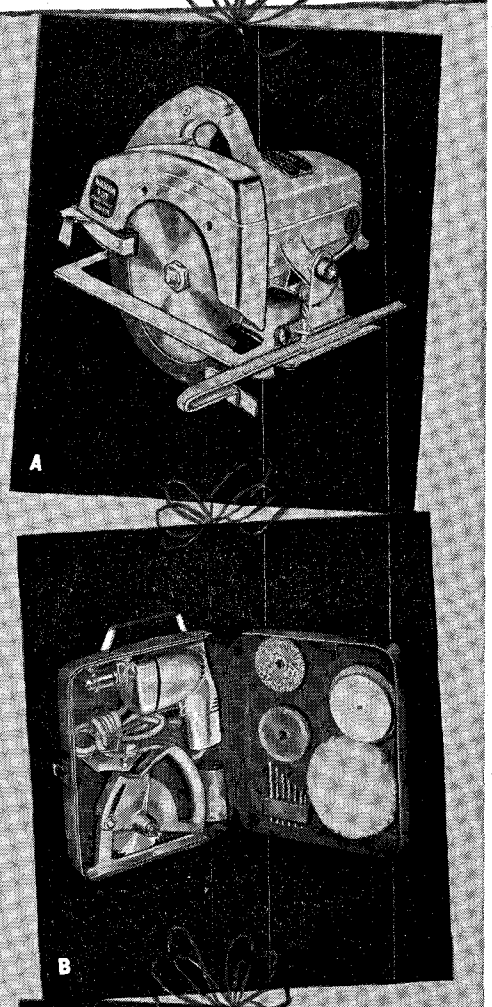
FOR A
MAN-SIZED
MERRY CHRISTMAS
. . . with many
useful returns

There's man-sized satisfaction in using Cummins tools — with the heft, balance and power of professional quality design priced for everyone! And with the Cummins Threesome in your workshop, there's easy-handling power for virtually all of your craft and maintenance projects.

A. CUMMINS MAXAW — WITH MAGIC-PIVOT. Makes all cuts in 2" dressed lumber. Years ahead styling, safety and convenience features are built into Cummins Maxaws to give you professional sawing accuracy. Four MAXAWS to choose from, $49.95 to $84.95.

B. CUMMINS PORTABLE ELECTRIC WORKSHOPS — precision-engineered, versatile power to drill, saw, sand, polish, buff and grind! Priced from $24.95 to $49.95.

C. CUMMINS DOUBLE-ACTION SANDER — Only power sander in America to give you a choice of *orbital* or *straight-line* sanding action at the turn of a key . . . for fast Standard finish or silk-smooth Superfine finish. Only $49.95.



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Cummins Portable Electric Tools

5055 N. Lydell Ave., Milwaukee 17, Wis.

Heart of your workshop

A Complete Line of Electric Tools for Home and Industry

(*Continued from Page 91*)

"Afraid not, Hal," he said. "Evans is a purist in the Shakespeare tradition. He doesn't know you, and frankly, he isn't going to be impressed by your fame."

"Let me read for him," I suggested. "If I stink, it's nice to be told that by Maurice Evans."

He raised his eyebrows. "Hal, stars don't read!"

"Didn't you hear me?" I said. "I want that part! I'm Charley Audition himself, and what's wrong with it?"

I got the part, and it got good reviews, and I felt better. I did another show, on Studio One, in the part of a comic whose sponsor drops him. We were barely off the air when I got a call from Hollywood. It was Don McGuire, a writer-director-producer at Paramount. He had just seen the show. Was I interested in a movie role?

Was I! Don came to New York with a script called Hear Me Good, a comedy about a con man who gets trapped in his own angles. Don thought he could make the film in six weeks, whenever I could get time off. "We'll rehearse as though for the legit stage, where no one dares blow a line," he said. "Then, when we start to shoot, we go straight through without a retake."

Don's idea had been tried before, and had failed. But we made Hear Me Good last summer, in four weeks of hard rehearsal and eleven days of shooting. Only one retake was necessary.

For making this picture, I was paid $10,000 a week—60,000 clams, for six weeks' work. No matter how long you've dreamed of big money, when it finally arrives you're emotionally unprepared. In the back of your mind there's always the nagging question: *Am I worth it?*

The answer, of course, is no.

I meet people every week who are going for big money for the first time in their lives. Yet we have no neurotics on The $64,000 Question. They're the happiest stars in show business, because they have the intellectual curiosity that makes poets out of cab drivers.

Long before I met the people on The $64,000 Question, Bob Sweeney taught me the need of serving something besides myself. Sween never lectured, but one phrase he used often: "You gotta give!" And you can't be around the most unselfish man in the world without learning something. If I have one talent of which I am proud, it is this: I can learn.

Most men are ready for marriage by their middle twenties. I was thirty-six before I felt competent to assume the responsibility for another person's happiness.

Candy Toxton was born in a small town near St. Louis, Missouri, in a big family with little money. Her father died when she was young, and she went to work as a model—in St. Louis, Chicago, and then New York.

She made six movies under the name of Susan Perry. One of them, Knock on Any Door, was with Humphrey Bogart. This was pretty good for a Missouri girl with only a high-school education, and it was only a start. But she chucked it all when she fell in love with Mel Torme. They had been married seven years and had two children when they broke up.

I ran into Candy while I was commuting between New York and Hollywood. We went out to dinner a few times. I shied away from falling in love. I was too confused by what was happening to me then to invite another complication in my life.

It was Candy I trusted, not myself, when I flew out to Las Vegas after her divorce was granted. Beldon Katleman, owner of the El Rancho Vegas, picked up the tab for our wedding, just as I had for Sween's a few years before. Only where Sween's cost me five dollars, Beldon must have put out that many thousands.

Candy's two children by her first marriage, Stevie and Melissa, live with us in Scarsdale, New York. Our own son, Peter Lindsey March, was born June 7, 1957, the anniversary of the first night The $64,000 Question went on the air. Candy's obstetrician was Dr. Francis Salvatore, whom I met when he came on the show and won $32,000 as an expert on food and cooking.

I've been lucky in the people I've met on the show. They've taught me that money isn't going to help a lot, unless you've already found happiness in your heart. And right now, I've got it made; the money is just extra.

Want to know the big winner on The $64,000 Question? I am, and don't think I don't know it! The future? Just let it be 10 per cent as good as it is today.

THE END

Radio comics Sweeney and March (right) in the days before Hal zoomed into television.

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Murder on My Street (Continued from Page 44)

and Conrad Parker had not been in town yesterday. Or had he?

Bruce found Molly Conley waiting, ready to leave. She was the sort of blonde to whom lines of character in the face were becoming. Every line seemed functional, especially when she smiled.

"I've put Pam to bed already," she said. "She protested it was too early, but she's worn out."

"Thank you, Molly," he said.

She slung her bag, heavy with the weight of the .38 over her shoulder, and said, "See you at noon tomorrow. Take care."

When she had gone, he looked in on Pam. Her sleepy voice called, "Is that you, pop?"

"Yes. I've come for my good-night kiss."

He bent over the bed, and for a moment she clung to him, then let her head fall back on the pillow and asked conversationally, "Do you like Molly?"

"Yes, don't you?"

"Sure," Pam said. "But she's kind of nosy, isn't she?"

"She's a detective. She's supposed to be nosy."

"Then she must be a good detective," Pam said. "She was nosing into everything around here. She even looked behind the pictures on the wall."

Bruce laughed gently. "Forget about it, honey. Go to sleep."

"Tell me something to dream about," she said.

"Do you decide your dreams in advance?"

"Of course. Don't you?"

"I never tried it."

"I especially want something nice to dream about tonight," she said. "Something very, very nice."

"How about taking a boat ride on Long Island Sound on a beautiful boat all covered with silver, with a flying bridge where you can stand high up with the wind in your face and wave at the sea gulls?"

"Yes, that's nice," she said.

"Maybe that dream will come true. I know a lady who has a boat and she wants to take you for a ride. She saw your picture and she thinks you're pretty cute."

"What's her name?"

"Ellen."

Pam smiled and closed her eyes, but she still clung to his hand. He sat on the edge of the bed, waiting for her fingers to relax, waiting until he could steal away. When he was sure she was asleep, he started to withdraw his hand, but instantly her fingers tightened and she said, "Don't go away yet."

"I won't."

"Pop, I've been thinking," her drowsy voice said. "I'm not really sure about this afternoon in Beacham's."

"Do you mean you made it up, Pam?"

"No, I didn't mean that. It's just that I looked up and saw a man and I was scared. I was real scared, pop, but later, when I thought about it, I thought maybe he wasn't the same man at all. Maybe I was just scared and he looked like the man like how a chair in a dark room can look like a wolf in the middle of the night. You see what I mean?"

"I see," he said. "Honey, go to sleep and don't think about it any more."

The telephone rang in midmorning, and it was Laura calling.

"Bruce, I just talked to Ellen Cole on the telephone," she said. "She wants you to bring Pam out tomorrow and she says please don't say no. She wants you to come out about ten in the morning. I'll be there. We'll make it a party, a picnic lunch and all that. Don't say no."

"We both say yes," he said. "Pam will love it. But I'd have to bring another guest along. Your friend, the lady detective. She's assigned to be with Pam and I'd like to have her come. I have confidence in her."

"Of course she should come," Laura said. "I'll tell Ellen. And, Bruce, maybe you'd like to know that the Old Man also had a hand in this. He thinks you need help and support, Ellen said. But still, I ought to warn you it's not all rosy. Arthur is a man of strong emotions. He can be vindictive."

"Why should he be vindictive?"

"He thought the world of Harry Banks. He really did. Ellen told me he cried last night."

"Arthur Cole cried?" Bruce was incredulous.

"She told me she heard him sobbing. Of course, it was likely a crying jag. He's been drinking an awful lot lately."

"But if he feels vindictive toward me, is it a good idea for Pam and me to go out on his boat tomorrow? It doesn't promise a very gay outing."

"Oh, Arthur won't be going," she said. "So that's no problem."

Lots of people are smart up to a certain point—their heads.

ANTHONY J. PETTITO

"All right, then," he said. "We'll be out there at ten o'clock. Shall we pick you up on the way?"

"Yes, please."

"How about your father? Will he be coming?"

"He's going into the Medical Center tomorrow morning," she said in a changed voice. "For observation, tests—all that. I'm afraid he's pretty sick, Bruce."

"I liked your father, Laura," he said.

"Did you? You certainly had a lot of questions to ask him. You sounded like an assistant district attorney."

"The best way to get information is to ask questions," he said. "He knows all about oil."

"See you at the office later," she said, and hung up.

Pam was excited about it. She laid out the shorts and jersey and sneakers she would wear, and was full of the plans that only the soaring spirits of a child can make.

"I am having fun on my vacation," she said. "I don't even know that I want to go away to camp. Pop, wait until you see the clothes Laura and I bought yesterday. They're going to deliver. There was one wonderful yellow dress, but it's awfully expensive. Pop, may I have it? Laura said she'd talk to you about it. Did she?"

"No, but a lot of things happened yesterday. We'll see."

When Molly Conley arrived at noon, Pam ran to tell her about the boat trip and Molly said, "Are you going to run off and leave me, Pam?"

"You're invited too," Bruce said. "Tomorrow is my day off and I can be with Pam all day, if you want to make other plans, but I wish you'd come."

"Count me in," Molly said. "But I'm liable to get seasick."

Pam looked anxious. "Seasick?"

"I'll get some stuff at the drugstore," Bruce said. "Nobody will be seasick."

When he started for the office, Molly followed him to the door to put the chain on. He grinned at her and said, "Pam tells me you gave this place a going-over last night."

She laughed cheerfully. "Just routine, Mr. Carter."

"I don't keep anything behind my pictures but dust," he said.

"As long as it's not happy dust, O.K.," she said, and closed the door.

It was another hot day. The sun beat down on the low brick and brownstone houses of the neighborhood, and the concrete sidewalk gave off waves of reflected heat. In front of Hans Schwartz's grocery store the vegetables had begun to wilt, and the piece of scrap metal that weighted the newspapers on the bench in front of Lester Silver's stationery store was burning hot to the touch.

Barney Muldoon, the pink-faced patrolman on the beat, was standing in the shade of the awning and said almost automatically, "I'm keeping an eye on your house, Mr. Carter."

Generally he kept an eye out for a drink on the house, Bruce thought. The fact that Barney was watching over Pam inspired no particular confidence, but Bruce smiled and said, "Thanks, Barney," as he went in to pay Lester Silver for the newspapers.

Lester was slow in making change, held the coins in his palm for a moment while he asked softly, "What's going on, Mr. Carter?"

"How do you mean, Lester?"

"O'Reilly, from the precinct, came around to talk to me. He talked to Hans Schwartz, too, and I saw him go in the restaurant on the corner. He wanted to know if I'd ever seen you with the King girl. Why?"

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him I could swear you don't know her."

"That's right. I don't."

"I wonder about cops," Lester said. "Have they got anything in their heads besides fat? Miss Sharp was killed there around the corner and your little girl saw the man who done it. She sure didn't see you, so why are they checking up on you? I told O'Reilly it was that fellow up at your newspaper who was killed yesterday that knew Miss King. I saw him in my place with her, I told him."

"They were sitting there at that table, you said. How did they act, Lester?"

"They just talked real low," Lester said. "He was telling her something and she kept nodding her head, I remember."

"Like partners, would you say?"

Lester Silver looked surprised; then nodded and said, "That's it, exactly. Like people who had something cooking on the back burner."

"Thanks, Lester," Bruce said, and walked on to the subway. On the way uptown on a local train he read the newspapers. The photograph of Sylvia King was plastered large on each front page, with the caption: "Have You Seen This Girl?" But he found little new on the murder story. Inspector Harrison was quoted as saying that police were investigating the possibility that trafficking in narcotics was involved in the murder of the managing editor of the New York Express, but he added a warning word: "We are not convinced that this was not an inside job, stemming from interoffice jealousies and hostilities. An executive of the Express has been questioned and remains under investigation."

The inspector had made up his mind, Bruce thought, and was searching for evidence to bolster his opinion. The one fact that had balked him so far was the turquoise earring with the initial S worked in silver by some Navajo craftsman. The bit of turquoise and silver established beyond a doubt that Sylvia King was involved, that narcotics figured in both murders, and that Sylvia King had had a hand in each.

At the Express office, Bruce found that the police had been busy in the building. Jack Gray, in briefing him on the day's news, said, "The elevator men on the back elevators don't remember taking any strange women up to the fourth floor and the cops haven't turned up anybody who saw a girl remotely resembling Sylvia King (*Continued on Page 97*)

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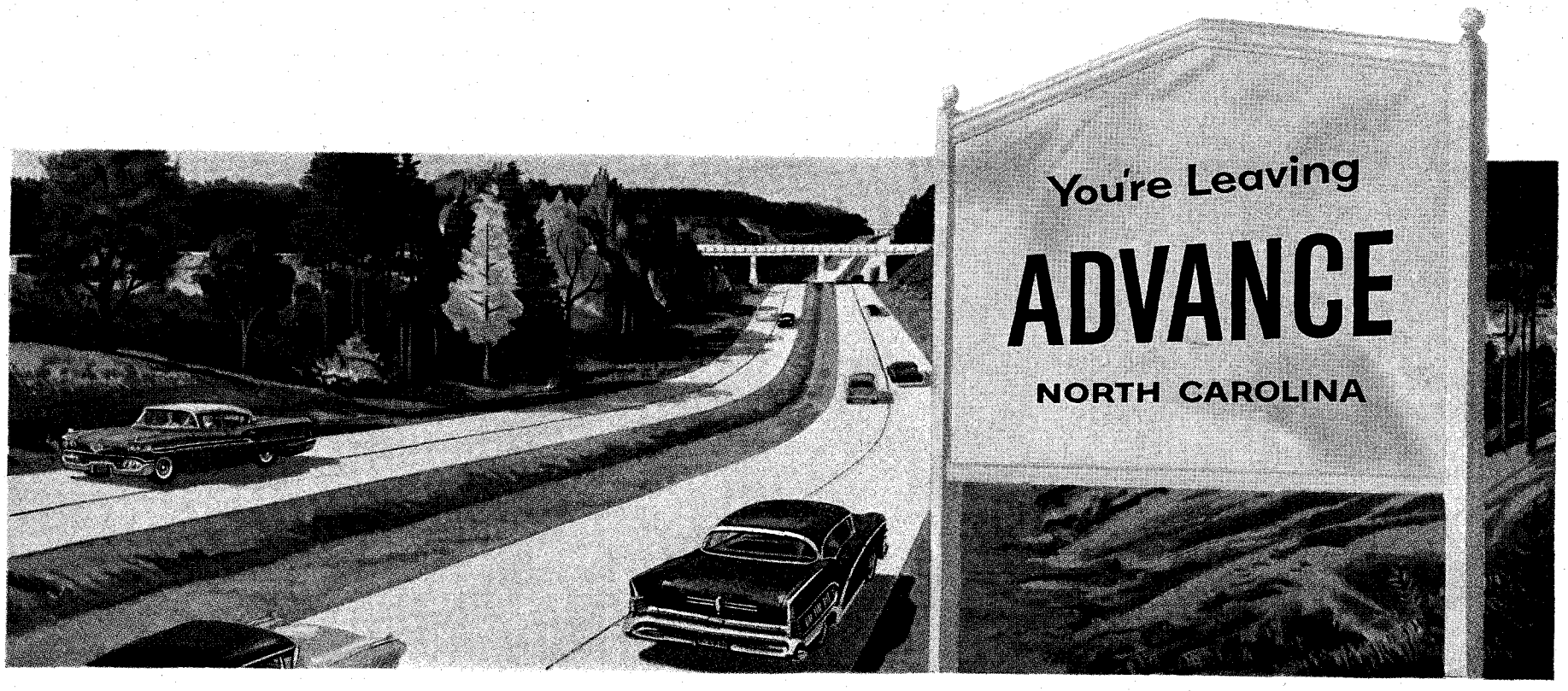

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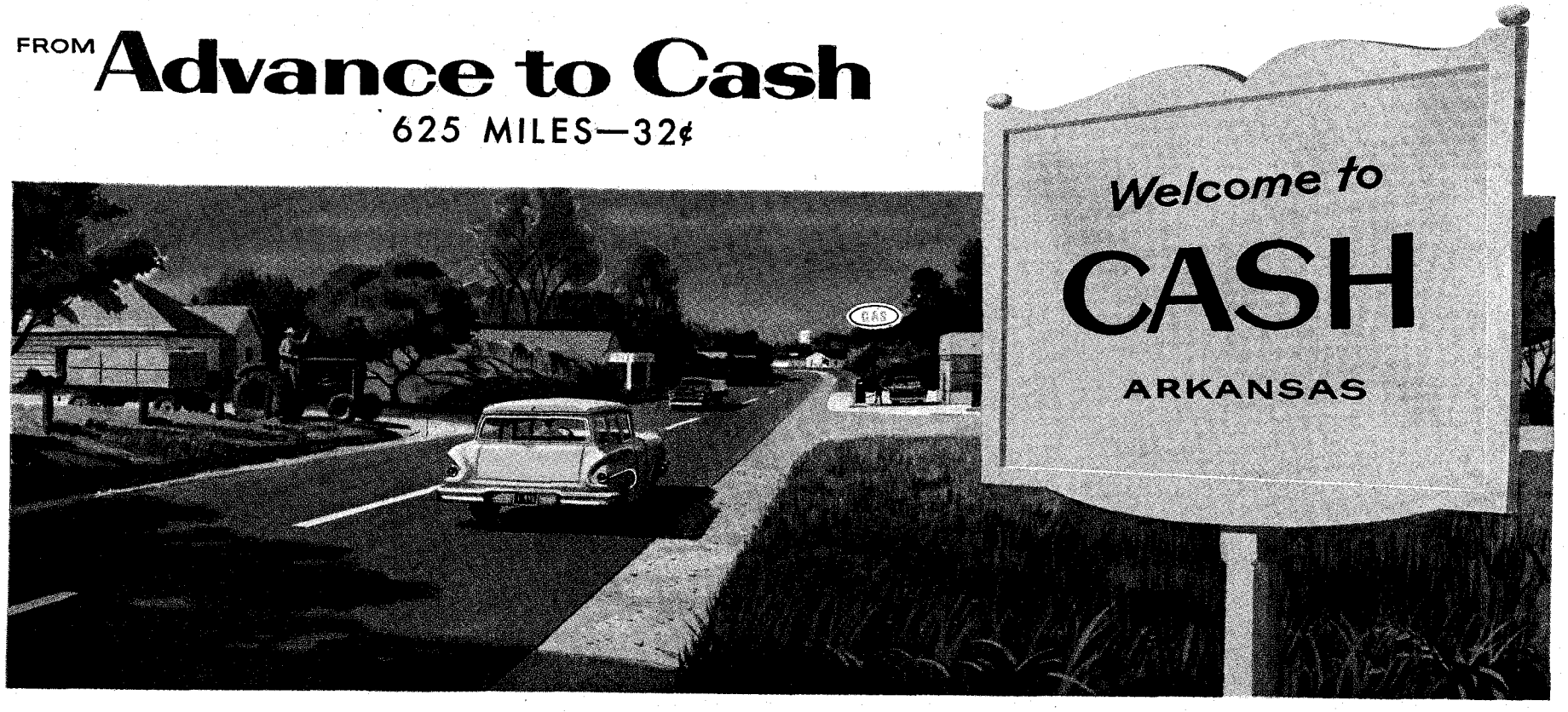

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(*Continued from Page 95*) around the building. Of course she could have used the stairs, but she had to come out in the elevator lobby here on the fourth floor to get to the back door of Harry's office, and that lobby isn't exactly deserted. Guys are going back and forth to the washroom pretty often, for one thing."

"She must have watched her chance," Bruce said.

"Must have," Jack agreed. "But it's a funny thing. The cops were looking for her. There was an alarm out for her, but she walked into the office of a great metropolitan newspaper and knocked off the managing editor and walked out again with nobody the wiser. You'd think somebody would have noticed a chick with a build like that."

Bruce nodded and glanced across at the managing editor's office. The door was closed and a uniformed patrolman sat at the secretary's desk inside the railed enclosure. The office had been photographed, brushed for latent prints, examined inch by inch, and experts still were working inside. He saw the door swing open and Lieutenant Digby came out. He lifted his hand in a casual greeting to Bruce and crossed to the city desk.

Bruce liked the lieutenant's unassuming manner, liked his quiet smile and watchful eyes and the quality of dogged persistence about him.

Digby slid onto the chair Bruce kept available for visitors and said, "I'm not supposed to be working on this angle of the case, but I'm like the moth and the flame. The inspector told me to get busy on the junkies, leave the homicides to the precincts and the Homicide Squad. I keep telling him that junk is the root of the matter in both these murders, but it seems your boss, Mr. Cole, has filled him full of a lot of malarkey about Mr. Banks. Harry was incapable of dealing in junk, he says. Harry was a clean, red-blooded American boy, he says. It was impossible for Harry to have been mixed up with a girl like Sylvia King and her work, says he."

"Of course, he may be right," Bruce said.

Digby shook his head. "He couldn't be more wrong. I had a peek at Harry's bank account today. He put ten thousand dollars in the bank last May, the day after Sylvia made her deposit in her savings account. It was a cash deposit—all folding money."

Bruce sat up straight and said with satisfaction, "Then that settles it. They were working together."

"Looks like it. It looks very much to me like they split up the take from a kilo of the stuff."

"Brought in from France?" Bruce asked.

"I don't know. I haven't got any line on that."

"But Harry had contacts in France. He knew his way around." Bruce considered, shook his head. "But if it was Harry who killed Adele Sharp, I think Pam would have recognized him, even though she does think now she let her imagination run away with her in Beacham's yesterday."

"She said that, did she? Well, the cold truth may be that she wouldn't know the man if she saw him. The kid is only ten years old and this whole thing has been a shock. Anyhow, I don't figure that Harry killed the Sharp girl."

"But Sylvia King must have had a hand in it."

"If they peddled a kilo of heroin, somebody bought it," Digby said. "It could be it was the wholesaler who killed the Sharp kid. It could be him Pammy saw. It could be there was another big deal pending and Sylvia went to fetch the stuff, and Adele surprised her with the connection and the stuff, and they had to kill her to shut her up."

"But why was Harry killed?"

"Maybe he balked at murder. Maybe the King girl didn't want to split and was afraid he might spill what he knew."

"And incriminate himself?"

"If he turned state's evidence he'd get a break."

"And lose his job here?" Bruce shook his head.

Digby shrugged and picked up a newspaper from the pile on Bruce's desk. He slapped the two-column cut on Sylvia King with the back of his hand and said, "Look at that kid. Not a brain in her head, you'd say. Not a thought in her head but mink and men, in that order, but she's unscrupulous and she's crooked and she's smart enough to drop out of sight. We've had a hundred tips, mostly crackpot, and we've run every damned one down, but we still haven't got a line on Sylvia King."

"The girl baffles me," Bruce said. "Apparently she was peddling dope, yet she was about to come into some money. Her royalty interest would have been worth a good deal. Conrad Parker—Miss Parker's father—is in the oil business and he knows the lease involved. He said the King girl's interest would be worth much more than ten thousand."

"He know the King girl too?"

"No."

"That's down in Oklahoma," Digby said. "Harry Banks spent some time down there. Maybe this Mr. Parker can help us out. Where will I find him?"

"He just got into town last night. Miss Parker can tell you where he's staying."

"The Sharp kid said Sylvia had a boy friend down in Oklahoma," Digby said. "We haven't been able to get any line on him. She worked as a car-hop and she must have picked up with plenty of guys, but this fellow, Peter Johnson, kept coming back, Adele told me. Last time she saw him was three or four months ago, before Sylvia came up here."

"Miss Sharp said she understood he was a married man."

"Or maybe he played it cagey because he was in the racket," Digby said. "The way Sylvia dropped out of sight I have an idea she may have put a lot of distance between her and New York. Maybe she's back down in Oklahoma, and maybe this Peter Johnson knows where to find her."

"But she was here yesterday."

"Her earring was here yesterday," Digby said. "That don't say she was."

"So you've come around to the inspector's way of thinking," Bruce said. "Maybe I planted it. Is that it?"

"Relax," Digby said. "I don't think that, but maybe it was planted to lead the police off the track, or maybe somebody wanted to frame the King girl."

"In that case, it would be someone who knew her well enough to get hold of one of her earrings."

"Exactly," Digby said.

"But why would he want to frame her? Got any idea on that?"

"Hatred," Digby said. "Vengeance. Maybe just to save his own neck. Maybe he had reason to hate the two of them."

"The wholesaler, maybe? The big connection?"

"If the King girl were arrested on a charge of murder, she'd spill all she knew to save her own neck," Digby said. "That kind of deals the wholesaler out. He'd just take care of them both, plain and simple, if that's what he wanted."

"Then maybe an addict who hated them?" Bruce suggested.

"What the devil, would an addict kill off the source of supply?"

"I have a thought," Bruce said. "Suppose she lost one of her earrings at the Revelry Club. Suppose somebody picked it up and planted it in the office when he killed Harry Banks."

"Somebody with a habit who went down there to get a deck?" Digby asked. "Somebody like your former managing editor? His prints were on the Ayer cup, of course. Yours weren't."

"Well," Bruce said, "what do you think?"

"Only two theories make any sense to me," Digby said. "Either the King girl was here and killed Harry Banks or the earring was planted to lead the investigation off the track, away from this newspaper office."

"The inspector's line," Bruce said.

"He has to follow every line, and so do I."

"Such as having Molly Conley search my apartment?"

Digby smiled.

"Molly searched my apartment," Bruce said. "O'Reilly has been going around my neighborhood asking questions about me. I understand I'm getting a full-scale investigation."

"Well, cops are cops," Digby said. "And you know, pretty near everything that applies to Harry Banks applies to you too. You were in France yourself. You could have made some contacts, couldn't you?"

"You're welcome to examine my bank account," Bruce said. "You won't find any nice fresh deposits of ten thousand dollars, unfortunately."

"I wouldn't expect to," Digby said. "I don't think you're pushing dope. I don't think you killed Adele Sharp. I doubt that you killed Harry Banks. I think that earring was in the managing editor's office because the King girl was there and lost it there. That's the line I'm working on. But, on the other hand, you had no apparent connection with the King girl and you could have planted that earring to lead the investigation down the back alley. I don't think you did, but I'm probably the only cop in town who's on your side."

"Thanks," Bruce said. "Don't think I don't appreciate it."

The lieutenant went on his way and Bruce returned to his work. As the afternoon passed, the tempo of the city room quickened. Local news was heavy, although overshadowed by the murder story, and he was kept busy, but at half past three he made his customary call and talked to Pam.

"Molly and I are having lots of fun, pop," she said. "We're playing dominoes. Will you be home before I go to bed?"

"Yes, honey, I'll be there."

"How is Laura?"

"I haven't seen her yet."

"When you do, remind her—you know, about that yellow dress. She was going to talk to you about it."

"Honey, you'll have your yellow dress," he said.

Or the moon, he thought. Anything she wanted, anything he could possibly give her. Maybe she hadn't really seen the man in Beacham's, maybe she wouldn't know him if she saw him face to face, as Digby had said, but this waiting and questioning and dreading was almost unendurable.

The night side took over at five o'clock and Ben Rosario relieved Jack Gray. General-assignment reporters were coming in from their day's assignments and copy was beginning to move. The last hours of the day always passed swiftly, and Bruce was surprised to find Arthur Cole's secretary at his side, summoning him to the seven-o'clock news conference.

Arthur Cole was waiting at his desk in the blond-paneled office, his eyes brooding, his chin blue from the day's growth of beard. The night editor and the foreign editor were already there, and the conference got under way at once. The murder story was first on the agenda, with Ben Rosario reporting, and it happened as it had the day before—the discussion seemed muted and the other editors avoided looking at Bruce. When the dummy page had been blocked out, Bruce rose to his feet and said to Arthur Cole, "Pam is looking forward to a day on your boat tomorrow."

"How's that?" Arthur said. "Oh, yes. Well, I won't be there myself. I'm planning to run up to Montauk tomorrow night, you see. I'm meeting a couple of fellows up there and we're going to try our luck for tuna."

"Is this trip interfering with your plans?" Bruce asked. "We can put it off, of course."

"Not at all. Ellen ought to have some fun with the boat. I'm glad she's cooked something up, and Mr. Vincent is all for it too. I can fish any time, of course."

There was little cordiality in his tone. There was no smile. There was no fellowship in his glance. His manner was cold and formal, and Bruce left the office thinking that, except for Pam, he would have called it off. But Pam was looking

"How well did you say you knew these woods?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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forward to it and Ellen Cole wanted her to come; also, the Old Man would be along, which Bruce knew was the real reason Arthur had arranged his plans accommodatingly. But the devil with Arthur Cole, he thought; let Pam have her day on the water.

As he was passing Laura Parker's office, she called out, "Hey!" and he turned back. She came slowly to the door and her smile seemed troubled and reproachful.

"Bruce, we're good friends," she said. "Aren't we good friends?"

"Why? What's happened?"

"I was wondering what you told Lieutenant Digby about my father," she said. "He came to see me, asking where he could find dad."

"It was nothing," he said. "I only quoted what your father said about the value of Sylvia King's royalty interest."

"Who is this Peter Johnson he talked about?"

"A man Sylvia knew in Oklahoma."

"But dad told you plainly he didn't know the girl," she said. "I don't think people ought to go around saying things about other people in a situation like this."

"Laura, I didn't say anything against your father. I wouldn't dream of doing that. I'd have no reason to."

"It's O.K.," she said. "I only wondered. How is Pammy today?"

"It may have been a false alarm yesterday. When I tucked her in last night she admitted that her imagination ran away with her about what happened in Beacham's. She was scared and her imagination took over—like a chair in the middle of the night that takes the shape of a wolf, she put it."

Laura shook her head. "I wonder. She's such an honest little girl. She would lean over backward not to mislead anybody, and I expect she worried about it."

"Let's pray she didn't see him," he said. "If she did, it means he was watching her. It means he followed her there." He felt the tension return, felt the dryness of his mouth and throat. "I've been comforting myself with this thought. Why should he go after Pam? She would never see him unless he was picked up and brought before her for identification or ——" He moistened his lips. "Or unless he's someone she might likely encounter. Unless he's someone who works in this office, perhaps, and can't take the chance of a casual encounter."

"That would mean somebody on this newspaper was mixed up in dope, and a murderer on top of that," Laura said, and looked about her at the city room. "That just doesn't seem possible."

"But Harry Banks was mixed up with dope," Bruce said. "Apparently he and Sylvia King were partners."

He saw Gordon Gilman coming out of the reference library, moving, stooped and slow, with his head bent and his black eyebrows bunched in a frown, with the overhead light shining on his bald spot where the sparse hair was brushed crosswise.

"The man had his hat on, pulled down low," Bruce said. "He could be as bald as Gordon Gilman or, for that matter, he could have a wheatfield of hair, like the Old Man."

"The Old Man?" Laura laughed. "He'd love that. He doesn't drink. He doesn't smoke. Do you suspect that he dabbles in drugs?"

"It's only that I saw him last night with his hat pulled down low, hiding his white hair, and for a moment I didn't recognize him. He looked much younger. His eyebrows were astonishingly black and his eyes were as shiny as blue glass."

"My Lord, Arthur Cole has black eyebrows, too," she said. "Do you suspect him? Ben Rosario has black eyebrows. You have black eyebrows. I have black eyebrows. Pretty near everybody seems to have black eyebrows."

Bruce smiled. "I was illustrating a point, not making accusations."

She patted his arm lightly. "You're thinking too much about all this. It will do you good to get away from it tomorrow."

"I have an idea we upset Arthur's fishing plans," he said.

"Yes, I guess he was annoyed," she said. "He was planning on running up to Montauk tomorrow with his fishing pals, but Ellen told him he could just as well put it off until night and fish Sunday, so he's going to meet his friends up there." She smiled. "Don't forget that Ellen is the real power in that house. It's her money, for one thing. It's her house. It's her Uncle Ezra."

He glanced at his watch. "I suppose you've had dinner?"

"Not yet."

"I suppose you've got something planned with your father?"

"Am I to suppose that you're asking me to dinner, Bruce?"

"I have to get down and relieve Molly Conley by eight, and I thought if you'd come down with me I'd cook something for us both. Pam will still be up and she'd love to see you. She asked about you."

"She did?" Laura seemed pleased. "Well, it happens that I'm very available, Bruce. Daddy is having dinner with the Old Man tonight and I didn't want to spoil their fun. This is his last night out. He goes into the Medical Center in the morning."

"I'll get my hat," he said. "Be right back."

But when he reached the city desk, Ben Rosario said, "The big brass wants to talk to you, Bruce. Inspector Harrison is waiting in the managing editor's office."

The uniformed patrolman opened the door for Bruce and he found Detective O'Reilly with Inspector Harrison. There was a gleam of triumph in the inspector's eyes as he tilted his head back and thrust out his jaw and said, "It's useless to deny that you know the King girl, Mr. Carter."

"I do deny it," Bruce said.

"We had a little chat today with a character named Charlie Pearl," the inspector said. "You know Charlie Pearl, I believe, or do you deny that too?"

"I saw him once," Bruce said. "No, twice."

"Mr. Pearl says you're friendly with the King girl. In fact, he said that you yourself told him so."

"I never saw the girl in my life," Bruce said. "Oh—I remember. The other night I stopped in Charlie Pearl's place and asked him some questions about her. He wanted to know what my interest was and asked if I was a friend of hers. I believe I said I was, in order to get some information from him about her."

"O'Reilly tells me you asked Pearl for any effects she may have left at the club," the inspector said. "You found a pair of turquoise earrings there. Right?"

"I didn't find anything. He wouldn't show me her things."

"Mr. Carter, I think you did see her things. I think you got at her locker and picked up that pair of earrings."

Bruce smiled tightly. "That's something you'll have to prove, inspector."

"It's something I intend to prove," the inspector said. "The one missing link in the whole chain of evidence was those earrings—where they came from, how you could have got hold of them."

"I don't suppose it occurred to you that Charlie Pearl might have got hold of them," Bruce said. "He was pushing junk at the Revelry Club. Adele Sharp was killed because of junk, and so was Harry Banks."

"Narcotics has nothing to do with the murder of Mr. Banks," Inspector Harrison said firmly. "I'm not fooled on that. The only apparent connection was that earring, and I think I've got to the bottom of that."

"There was a cash deposit of ten thousand dollars in Harry Banks' bank account," Bruce said. "Have you got to the bottom of that?"

Inspector Harrison put his hand in his pocket, smiling, looking into Bruce's eyes with the expression of a man turning up an ace in the hole. "This isn't a bad picture of the King girl," he said. "When did you take it?"

In his hand Bruce saw the snapshot of Sylvia King in a bathing suit, standing on a sandy beach with a lighthouse in the distant background.

"This is yours, isn't it?" the inspector asked softly.

"No, it isn't mine."

The inspector's smile was toothy and complacent. "I'm surprised to hear you say that, Mr. Carter, since this snapshot was found in your apartment."

"Adele Sharp let me have that at the time she told me her cousin was missing," Bruce said. "Later she produced the other photograph—the one in today's paper."

"You say you don't know Sylvia King," Inspector Harrison said. "But she lived across the street from you and you were the one who walked into this newspaper with the story that she was missing. You were the one who had this snapshot in his possession. You were the one who was asking Charlie Pearl to see her effects."

"That snapshot was in Sylvia King's apartment," Bruce said. "Lieutenant Digby must have seen it there."

"Digby again?" the inspector said. "I'm getting a little weary of Lieutenant Digby."

"Possibly you're weary of seeking the truth, inspector."

The inspector's jaw clamped shut and without a word he snatched up the

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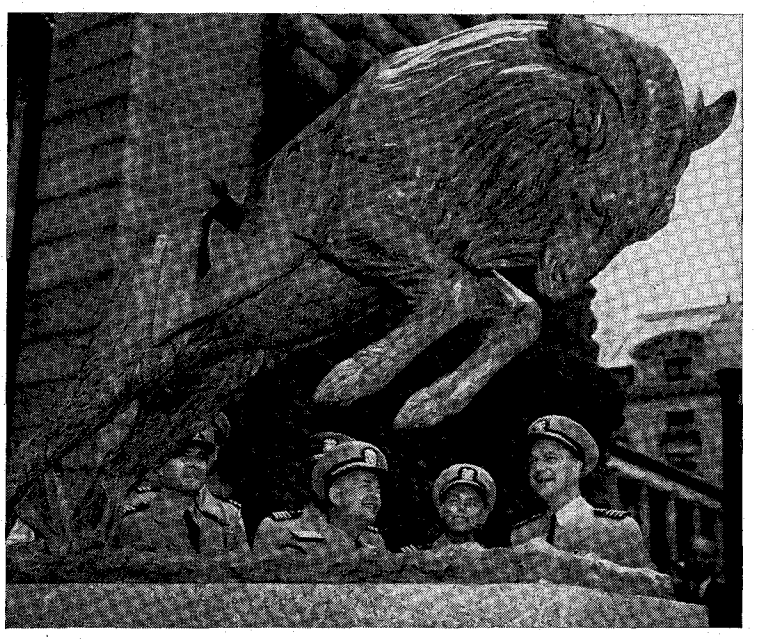

THE NAVY'S GOAT

When the Navy's mascot takes the field in the 1957 Army-Navy game at Philadelphia, he will be the eighteenth of a line which reputedly goes back to the time that the Navy really got the Army's goat. Football legend has it that the midshipmen commandeered a goat from West Point in 1890 and promptly beat the cadets, 24–0. Perhaps because that was an Army goat, he is not counted in the Naval Academy's official goat records.

The statue above, erected last May by the Naval Academy class of 1915, commemorates the first of fourteen true-blue Navy goats to be called "Bill." Bill I, borrowed from the cruiser New York, figured prominently at the 1900 Army-Navy game. After winning, the middies paraded him through the aisles of their special train from Philadelphia to Baltimore.

The careers of Navy goats, however, often have been harder than a dog's life. Bill VII in 1919 and Bill X in 1934 sulked and were ignominiously fired in mid-season. Bill XI was retired with an inglorious case of mange. The next two mascots died suddenly. Bill XII, a silky-haired Angora presented by the Texas Centennial Exposition, held sway from 1937 until his unexpected death in 1945. Governor Coke Stevenson of Texas rushed another Angora over as a replacement. That one died on the eve of the 1947 Army-Navy game. The present mascot, presented by Annapolis barber Roger Williams, is a durable grayish-blue Maryland goat, quite a departure after a long line of white billies.

Perhaps the most famous Navy goat, however, wasn't called Bill at all. He was nicknamed "Three-to-Nothing Jack Dalton," after the noted Navy kicker whose field goals twice defeated Army by 3–0 scores. When "Three-to-Nothing Jack"—the goat, that is—died of colic, the midshipmen had a taxidermist mount him. Entombed under glass at the Academy, he still rears on his hind legs in fighting pose.

Arthur Larsen

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receiver from the telephone on Harry Banks' desk and barked a number at the operator. When the call went through, he said, in a voice formidable with authority, "Digby, I'm surprised that an officer of your rank and experience would give police information to a suspect in a murder case. . . . I'm talking about that ten-thousand-dollar deposit. Did you tell Carter about that deposit? . . . I don't want that sort of thing to happen again. I thought I made it plain that the Banks case was in the hands of the Homicide Squad."

A frosty smile showed on the inspector's face as he listened to Digby's explanations, and when he spoke again, he said crisply, "We've turned up a very important piece of evidence. Miss Conley found a snapshot of the King girl in Carter's apartment. It shows her in a bathing suit, with a lighthouse in the background. . . . Oh, you do? . . . Oh, she did? . . . When was that? . . . O.K." He hung up hard.

"Well?" Bruce said.

"Digby said the Sharp girl showed him the snapshot Monday," the inspector said. "It was in the apartment."

"There could be more than one print of it, inspector," Detective O'Reilly suggested.

"Of course." Inspector Harrison's eyes lighted. "You gave one print to the King girl and you kept another for yourself. Is that it, Carter?"

"I recall what Ezra Vincent said yesterday," Bruce said. "'Produce the other earring,' he said. Well, inspector, I suggest that you produce the other snapshot."

"Undoubtedly you destroyed it."

"You damned fool!" Bruce said angrily. "In that case I would have destroyed them both!"

He turned on his heel and walked out of the office, and Inspector Harrison made no attempt to call him back. But immediately he rebuked himself for his shortness of temper. He had not meant further to alienate the inspector, but he had lost control. Inspector Harrison had been so obviously bearing down on him from the first. The inspector had been taking his cue from Arthur Cole, and it was plain now that the editor of the Express held an abiding enmity for Bruce.

Laura was waiting at the city desk. "Everything all right, Bruce?"

"Everything is perfect," he said. "Come on, and let's not talk about it."

On the way downtown in a taxicab he asked the driver to stop at a delicatessen. He bought a chicken already cooked and potato salad, pickles and beer, and as they went on again, Laura said, "So this is your idea of cooking? Thank heavens. I was afraid you were one of those men who could whip up a soufflé or a sauce Bearnaise. I object to men who show a girl up in the kitchen."

"No one would expect you to cook, anyhow," he said.

"Why not?"

"Laura, look at yourself. Look at that expensive dress."

"It's not expensive. It's ——"

"I don't care what it is. All I know is it wasn't designed for kitchen work."

"Naturally not. I'm a fashion editor. But, as a matter of fact, I can cook. I was keeping house for my father when I was fifteen. I'm not completely useless." She turned her head, looking piqued and a little puzzled. "I don't know how to take you, Bruce," she said. "One minute you're sweet and friendly and the next you're a thousand miles away, looking as if you despised me."

"Do you know something?" he said. "You said you objected to men who could cook. I guess I object to the world of fashion. I guess that's it. Men who can cook seem to deny the adequacy of women. High fashion seems to deny the adequacy of men. So, you see, I resent it."

"You make that rather obvious," she said.

"I keep looking for faults in you," he said. "For instance, your fingernails are too long."

"They're very serviceable for raking a man's face from forehead to chin," she said. "I'm thinking I might use them."

"And you're too much concerned about clothes," he said.

"I have to be. That's my job."

"And your values are a little sophisticated for my taste," he said.

"Suppose you just stop the damned cab and let me out?" She had started to say it lightly, but her voice ended high and angry, but then he saw tears in her eyes. He had not meant to hurt her.

"Laura," he said softly, "the point I was making is that I'm afraid I'm falling in love with you."

Her laugh was forced. "And you don't like the idea?"

"I don't like the idea at all."

"It doesn't appeal to me, either," she said.

"I think maybe it does."

"You can go to the devil," she said.

He tried to kiss her, but she turned her head away. He put the sack of groceries on the floor of the cab and tried to put one arm around her, but she fended it off. He settled back and said, "I go out of my way to provoke you, don't I? I seem to want to make you angry. That's love, isn't it?"

There was a long pause before she said in a very gentle voice, "Bruce, why are you doing this?"

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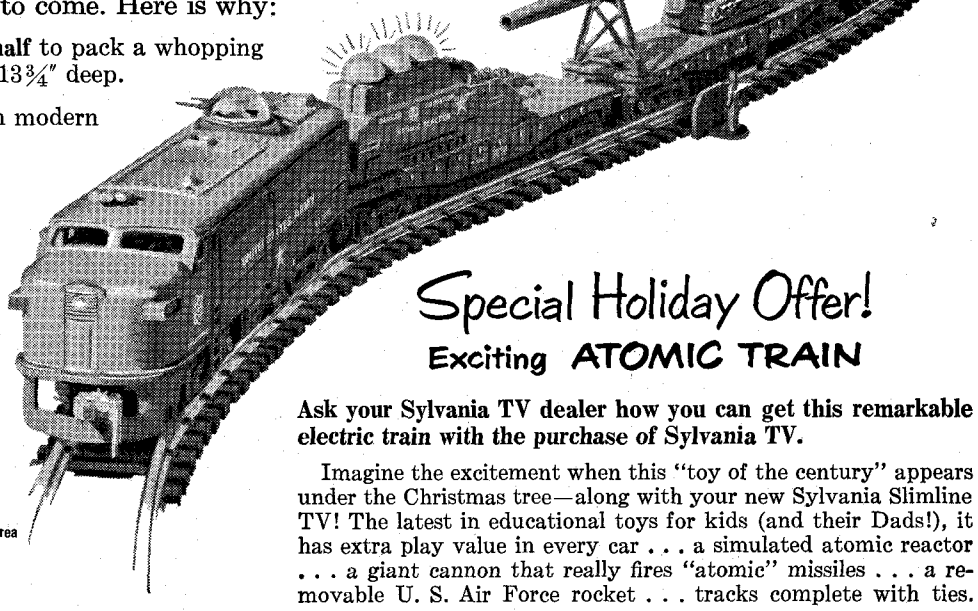

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"I said it was because I was falling in love with you."

"But you resent it?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

He made no answer. The cab was slowing as it turned a corner and she let the centrifugal force pull her against him, her shoulder touching his. She turned her head a little and her lips brushed his cheek.

"Darling," she said, "I'd never hurt you."

He felt a surge of warmth and knew that she was right. He had known deep sorrow. He had built protective barriers around his emotions. He had fought against becoming emotionally involved, and also he had been worried about Pam and the life he would make for her.

"Let me ask you something," he said. "Are you falling in love with me?"

"Maybe," she said.

"But maybe not."

She said quietly, "Bruce, I'm not sure that you're ready for anyone to fall in love with you."

"Why not?"

"I think you know why not," she said. "All this situation with Pam, all this worry. You're too upset emotionally to even think about such things."

He picked up the sack of groceries as the cab crossed Fourth Street and said, "Maybe you're right."

"And you're not ready yet to share Pam with anyone," she said. "It's you two, isn't it? You don't want it to be three just yet."

"No, you're wrong," he said. "That isn't it."

It was only that he wanted to be sure, he thought, very sure. He could not trust himself. She was right that he was emotionally upset. She was ——

Quietly he said, "You're an understanding woman, Laura."

"Now that's the nicest thing you ever said to me," she said, and got out of the cab.

By the time he had paid the fare she had moved on into the vestibule and was waiting for him. As he got out his keyring he saw through the slit in his mailbox that there was mail, and he opened the box. There was one letter, and as he held it to the light in the vestibule he had a premonition, and looked up in alarm at Laura. His name and address were lettered in crude block capitals and the postmark was that of a station in Greenwich Village. He ripped the envelope open. There were two lines of thick, penciled printing in the center of a page of white paper and they said: GET YOUR KID OUT OF TOWN AND DON'T BRING HER BACK.

Without a word, he handed it to Laura. He heard her suck in her breath; then she said in a whisper, "This is horrible. Bruce, she did see him in Beacham's. She didn't make it up."

"He's been watching us, following our movements," Bruce said. "He knows all about us."

"What are we going to do?"

He looked at the dark houses of this familiar street and felt the still, watchful menace of the night. He said violently, "I'm going to get out of town! I'm going to take Pammy a thousand miles from here!"

They went up the creaking stairs, and Molly Conley opened the door for them. Pam was still up, wearing a yellow dress, pirouetting across the living room, calling out, "The things came and we've been having a fashion show. Pop, this is the dress. May I keep it? Pop, why don't you look?"

"Beautiful," he said. "Of course you may keep it."

He drew Molly aside and walked with her back into the hall, where he showed her the anonymous note. She read it tight-lipped, and went at once to call Lieutenant Digby. Laura was chatting with Pam in her bedroom and Bruce paced the floor while Molly made the call. She read the text of the note in a low voice; then passed the receiver to Bruce, saying, "Digby wants to talk to you."

"Now don't worry, fella," Digby said firmly. "We'll watch out for Pammy, and we'll get working on that letter. It might give us a good lead. I'm coming down there right away. It was mailed down in the Village, Molly said. That's something to work on, at least."

"It says to get Pam out of town," Bruce said. "That's exactly what I intend to do."

"Now don't panic," Digby said. "It will be all right. We'll look out for Pam. You could send Pam away, if you wanted to, but the point is you couldn't go with her. I don't know whether you realize just how deep you are in this. Inspector Harrison won't stand for your leaving town."

"The hell with Inspector Harrison," Bruce said.

"He thought he had you on Charlie Pearl's saying that you knew the King girl," Digby said. "He thought he had you on that snapshot."

"I know he's doing his damnedest," Bruce said. "But he can go to hell."

"Now don't take that attitude, Mr. Carter," Digby said softly. "He's the inspector, you know, and you've got to respect the rank and authority, especially the authority. He could hold Pam as a material witness, you know. He could slap her into protective custody in the Children's Society. Do you want that to happen?"

"No," Bruce said.

"Then why don't you take it easy?" Digby said. "I'll be down there in ten minutes. We'll get working on this."

TO BE CONTINUED

"Not only that! I said defiantly, I'll wager my house, my car, my wife, my kids and my twin Dalmatians that you're bluffing."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Abduction of Martha Jones (Continued from Page 35)

"Everything's swell," I said, "but I can't talk now. We have to go to the hospital to see how Grace is."

I hung up the phone. The way my father told it, two minutes after I hung up they were out of their cabin and bags packed and driving ninety miles an hour. They drove all night and showed up at six A.M., exhausted, and my grandma went to Coronado to rest, and that vacation my father built the lanai.

"That does it," said my mother. "We couldn't get away when I was pregnant and we can't get away now. Not without the children. When we're old and gray, then you can take me on a vacation."

"I want to take you on a vacation while you're young and pink," said my father.

"Thank you," said my mother, "but it's impossible."

So my father decided this summer on his vacation to paint the house. "Next summer," he said, "we will take the children camping and Big Sur will never be the same again, but this summer I will just paint the joint. Some vacation."

The more he thought about it, the madder he got. "Everyone in the office is talking about the ocean or the mountains or the desert," he said. "Me, I take a high dive off the ladder into a paint can."

"You wanted a big family," said my mother. "Whose idea was it to have five children?"

"I love each and every little monster," said my father, "but I also love you."

He didn't say anything more, but he was working undercover, and a couple of weeks later he sprang the news about Mrs. Klopfer.

"She had six children of her own," he told my mother. "A wonderful sitter. She's not like your mother, going to come apart at the seams over every little crisis."

"Playing with matches behind the davenport ——"

"Well, they're older now," said my father. "With Mrs. Klopfer on the scene, we could take a chance."

"I'm sorry," my mother said. "Occasionally I still have nightmares dreaming about that wild ride home from Yosemite. I just couldn't relax away from home."

So my father brought home the paint. Nights he used to stand out in the garage and look at it and mumble.

Then one night he came in and threw his paper on the table and lifted my mother right up off the floor.

"I have news," he said. "I have reservations for a motel for the two of us. For a week. I have engaged Mrs. Klopfer."

"Let me down," said my mother, her eyes sparking. "I won't go."

"This is an order," said my father.

"I know how you feel," my mother said, "but I just won't go."

"When the time comes," said my steely-eyed father, "you will either get in the car quietly or I will pack you like a suitcase. Take your choice."

So my mother burst into tears at my mean father, and he broke her spirit; after two days of not speaking to him, she said, all right, she'd go. She didn't want to go, but he forced her, my mean father.

"Where is it I have to go?" my mother sobbed brokenly.

"Well," said my father, "call it Lake Minnetaska."

"I never even heard of it," said my mother. "A million miles away, I bet. In the mountains somewhere. What mountains?"

My father was pacing the floor. "The Bessarabian Range!" he shouted.

"Utah," said my mother, collapsing. "I won't go as far as Utah."

"It's not in Utah," said my father, and went out to the garage and stared at the paint cans.

Nobody could talk my father out of it. And now they were ready to go, and suddenly there was a knock at the door and in walked the terrible Mrs. Klopfer into our kitchen. We never even saw Mrs. Klopfer before, and she was round as a basketball.

"Good morning," said Mrs. Klopfer. She took the spoon out of my mother's hand. "Honey," she said, "you look as sweet and fresh as a bride. Kiss the children good-by and have a wonderful time. . . . Open your mouth, sonny."

"That's Frankie," said my father. "The housewreckers on the floor are the twins, Jim and Jerry. Watch out for them. The creature with the book on her head is Grace. Going to be a famous movie actress. The boy with the cap on backwards is George. He's studying to be a detective; notice the handcuffs on his belt."

"I love talented children," said Mrs. Klopfer. "You two run along now."

My mother took off her apron and hugged and kissed us and tried not to cry, and two minutes later the car was going down the street, with my mother looking forlornly back at the house.

"They're going to Lake Minnetaska in the Bessarabian Range," I said.

"That's real nice country around there," said Mrs. Klopfer, spooning cereal into Frankie. "Do you like angel-food cake? See if you can detect some eggs in the refrigerator."

She took the cereal box away from the twins. "I have a kite in the back of my car," she said. "It will fly higher than that missile."

Grace, with her book, was walking out of the kitchen. "My oldest boy's a carpenter on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot," Mrs. Klopfer said.

The book fell off Grace's head and she never noticed. (*Continued on Page 102*)

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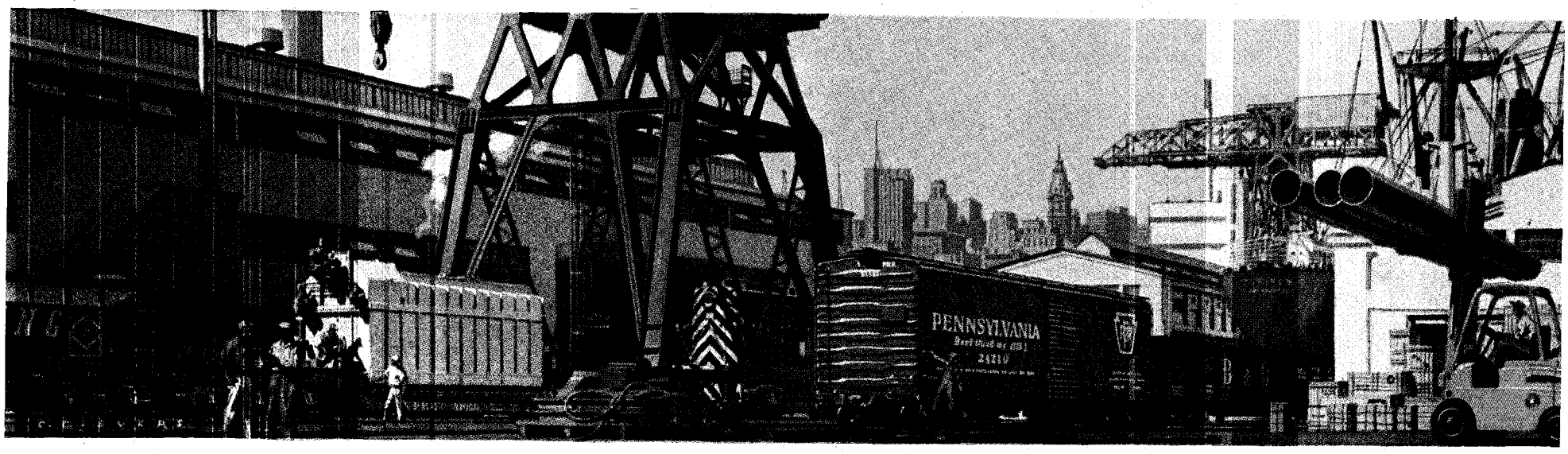

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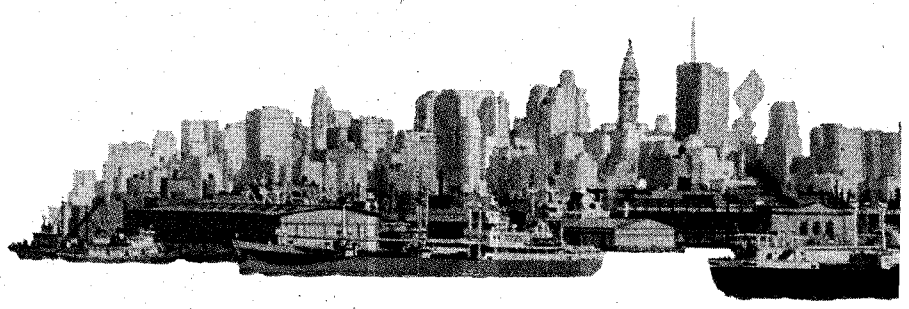

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(*Continued from Page 100*) "Oh, Mrs. Klopfer," she said, all trembly.

I went next door and called for Tommy Whelan. I tried to put the handcuffs on him and he got sore.

"I don't like that game," he said. "And my mother said you have to stop fingerprinting me. She's sick of me coming home with my fingers all black. I saw your parents leave. That place they're going—that Messarabian ——"

"The Bessarabian Range."

"Whatever it is, it isn't in California. I asked my father. He said there isn't any such place."

"I guess my father knows what he's doing," I said.

"I thought you hated your father."

"Certainly I hate him," I said. "He deserted his family. Kidnaped my mother. Left us with old lady Klopfer. Why wouldn't I hate him? But that doesn't mean he doesn't know what he's doing. There's a big wall map of the United States in my father's study. Let's go and find out just where Lake Minnetaska in the Bessarabian Range is."

We went over the map from Maine to California and from Washington to Florida and we couldn't find Lake Minnetaska in the Bessarabian Range.

"Well, I know where your father went," Tommy Whelan said, "but I don't know if I should tell you. He deserted his five children, kidnaped his wife. It figures. Where your father went is Russia. Behind the Iron Curtain. You'll never see him or your mother again."

"You're nuts," I said.

"We proved it's not in the United States," Tommy said. "If your father was taking your mother someplace foreign, like Paris, would he make a big secret of it? If he was taking your mother to Paris, he'd of bragged on it, and your mother would of bragged on it when she was playing bridge with the other women at the neighborhood club last Tuesday. It figures?"

"It figures," I said, "but why Russia?"

"He probably had some secret plans hidden in those suitcases," Tommy Whelan said.

"My father's not a scientist," I said. "He sells bakers' supplies. He calls on bakers all over Los Angeles County. You think he's running off to Russia with some new kind of bread pan? You're nuts."

"Well, maybe he just flipped," Tommy Whelan said. "I heard him talking across the fence to my father the other night. I heard him say to my father that big families are wonderful, but sometimes all those kids drive him right out of his mind. He just flipped, probably. If you're such a hot detective, why don't you find out where your father went? All you do is handcuff the little kids on the block and get my mother on my back by fingerprinting me. Some detective, you are! My mother said you're so dreamy you couldn't find a pork chop in a butcher shop."

"Is that so?" I said. "You better go on home before I put a fingerprint right in your eye."

So Tommy went home mad and I went downstairs, and Mrs. Klopfer was talking to the twins.

"Angels they are," she said. "And all the stories I heard about that pair. Lunch in an hour, Sherlock. No crime wave on Laurel Street this morning?"

All I knew about my father was that he drove south on Laurel Street. Then I remembered that when he had backed the car out of the garage he'd said the tank was almost dry. I got my bike and pedaled four blocks down Laurel to the highway and the gas station where my father traded.

When the attendant had finished with a car, I said, "You know Mr. Jones? Lives on Laurel, about six feet tall, blue eyes, brown hair, scar back of his left ear, last seen wearing a tan sports jacket ——"

"Filled the tank for him a little while ago," the fellow said. "That's some description, sonny." He saw my handcuffs. "What are you, a private eye?"

"Which way was he heading, north or south?" I said.

"Crossed the highway toward town," the man said. "Now that I think of it, his wife looked upset. She's usually so cheerful. What's wrong?"

"Just asking a few questions, mister," I said. "Thanks."

I pedaled into town and went in the bank and hit pay dirt with the first teller.

"Bud Jones?" he said. "He came in as soon as we opened this morning. Said he was on vacation."

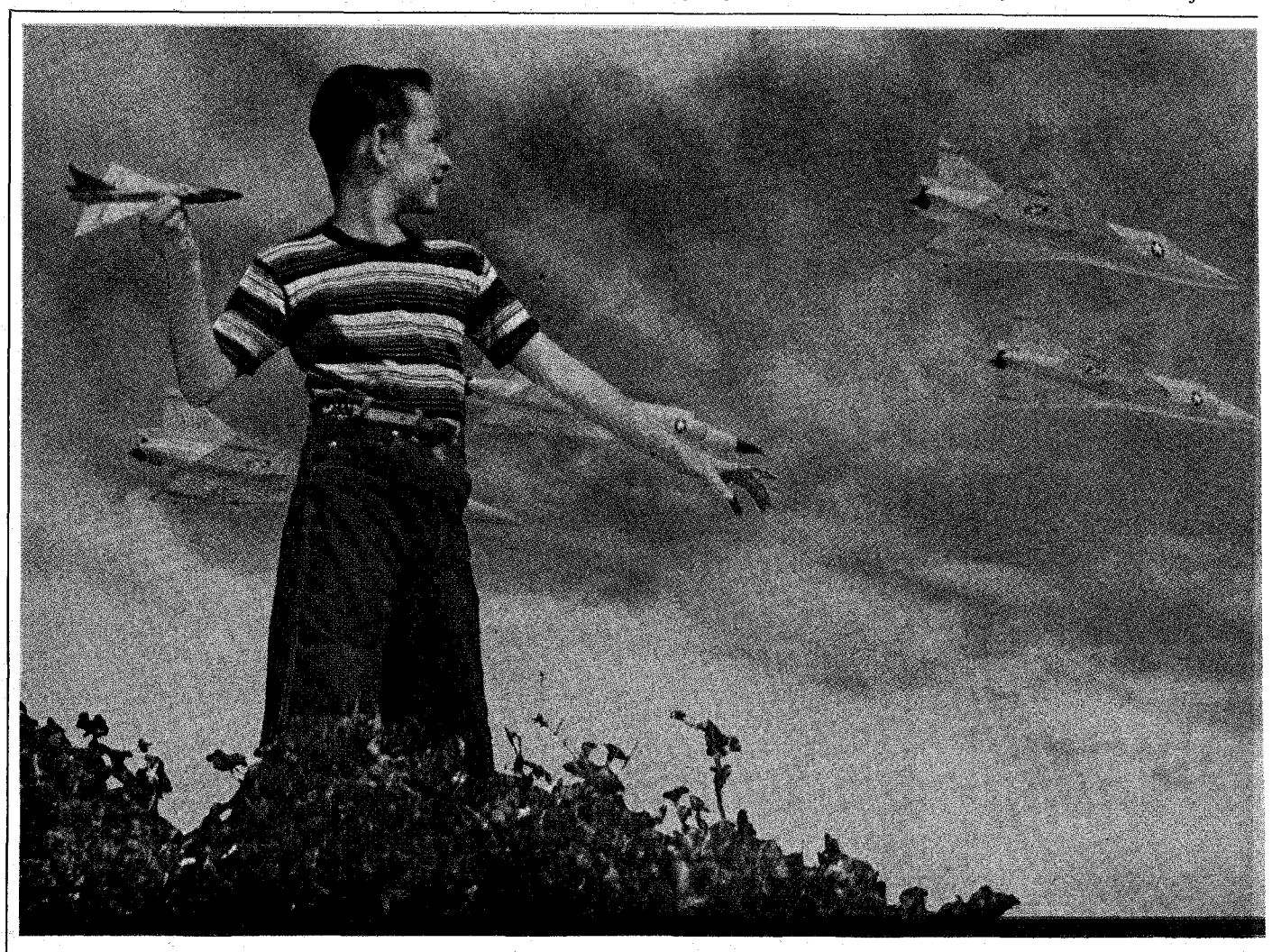
"He mention where he was going?" I said. "It's important."

The teller scratched his head. "I remember what he said. He had a funny kind of grin. Said he was going the last place anyone would expect him to visit."

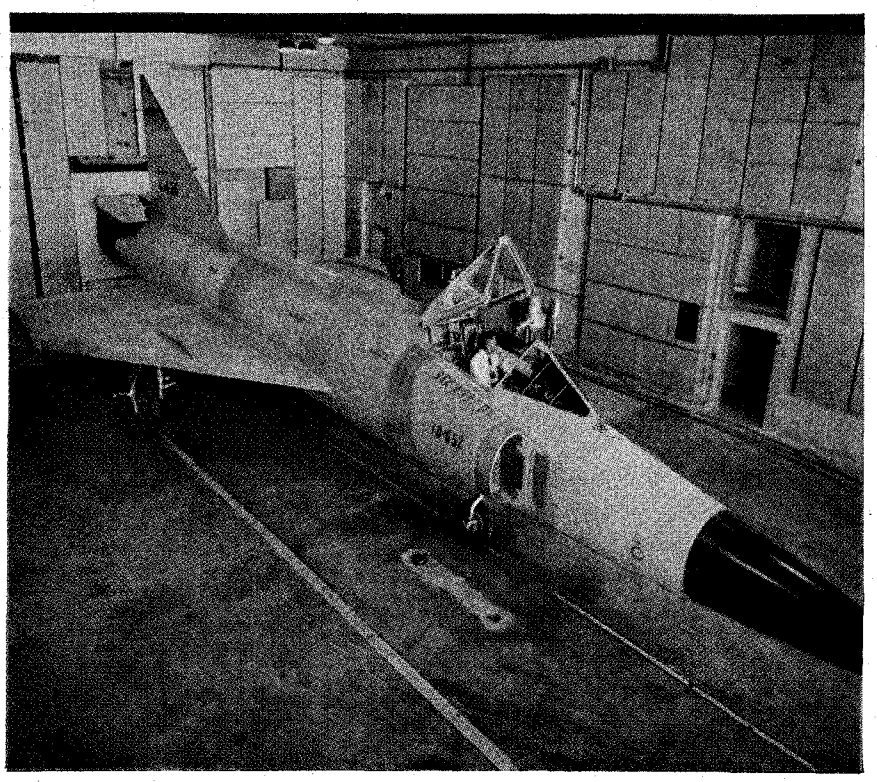
I just stood there. And then the teller said, "You're holding up the line, son. Anything wrong?"

I shook my head and walked outside. I didn't know where to go and I was pushing my bike along the sidewalk when Mrs. Robertson stopped me. She was outside the Book Den, running down the awning.

"Oh, George," she said. "Your father was here a little while ago to pick up a book he ordered, but it wasn't in. It just



The jet . . . the "hush house" and the traile



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arrived in the first mail. He ordered it a week ago."

I went inside and Mrs. Robertson handed me a book. The title was The Secret Behind the Curtain.

"He seemed so disappointed that it wasn't in," she said. "Maybe you could take it to him."

"I'll take it," I said, "but it won't do any good."

"Why, what do you mean?" she said. "Is something wrong?"

"It's just a routine investigation, ma'am," I said.

I didn't know where else to go and I pedaled my bike home.

I went into my father's study. I sat there thinking that I really liked my father. Even if he was mean to us and to my mother, he was still my father, and in lots of ways he was a good guy. I thought of the times he took me down to the tennis court. I thought of all the times Tommy Whelan used to skunk me on the tennis court until my father taught me a twist service. I thought of how my father jumped high in the air to show me how he used to hit an overhead. I remembered how my father missed the ball and hit his knee with the racket and dislocated his shoulder. How many fathers would dislocate a shoulder and limp around on one leg for a week just to get their son to beat Tommy Whelan at tennis?

Suddenly I got an idea. If my father was vanishing behind the Iron Curtain, naturally he'd have to have a contact. Maybe there was some clue in his study. I couldn't find anything, and then I remembered that when my father changed his clothes, he had a top drawer in his dresser where he emptied his pockets.

I went into my parents' bedroom and opened the dresser drawer, but there was nothing there except cuff links and some packs of matches. I picked up the matches. There were five packs. There was one from Geary's Plumbing Supply, and the Tally-Ho Restaurant, and the Smoke Shop, and the 101 Motel, and Einlicher Beer. I was studying them when Mrs. Klopfer called me for lunch.

"Your ma left instructions that you should all have a rest after lunch," Mrs. Klopfer said when we finished.

The twins were heading for the back door, and Mrs. Klopfer shouted, "Halt!" and they halted, and she said, "March,"

Third-Grade Thanksgiving Project:

Pilgrim Cut-outs

By Geraldine Ross

Small careful fingers, tracing these,
Know it cannot be done with ease.
The Pilgrims shunned mere prettiness,
All prideful froth of mood or dress,
And yet, behind a mien austere,
One finds a quiet beauty here,
Dependable as rocks or trees
Or love or pity on its knees.

Like a kind hand upon the head,
Like nourishment in homemade bread
Is this painstaking childhood act
Of snipping Pilgrims into fact.
Scornful of hues like gold or red,
They choose deep browns and grays instead,
Absorbing trust and truthfulness
From prim white cap and simple dress.

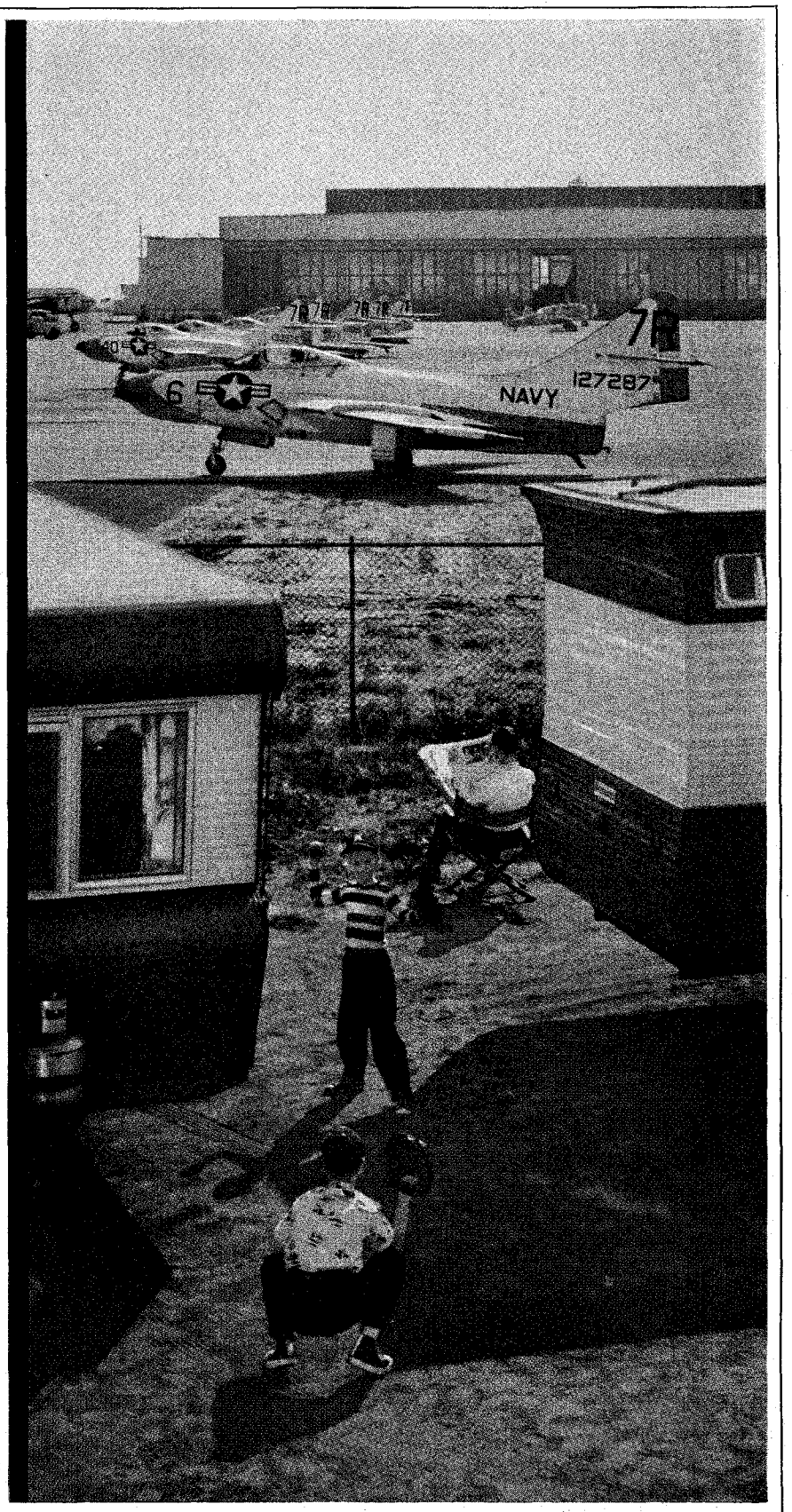
It will not hurt to put away
Gay pasted symbols for a day.
The mind needs purple, rose, and blue,
But it needs sober colors too.

and they turned and went into the bedroom.

"Devils, I heard they were," Mrs. Klopfer said. "Little angels they are, not leaving my side all morning."

Grace went to her room with the book on her head, and I was in with Frankie. I took off my handcuffs and left them on the bed and lay there until Frankie was asleep.

Finally I got up and opened the door a crack and saw Mrs. Klopfer asleep in the living room with her mouth open. I closed the door and went across the room and unhooked the window screen. I skinned out the window and got my bike, and twenty minutes later I was talking to an



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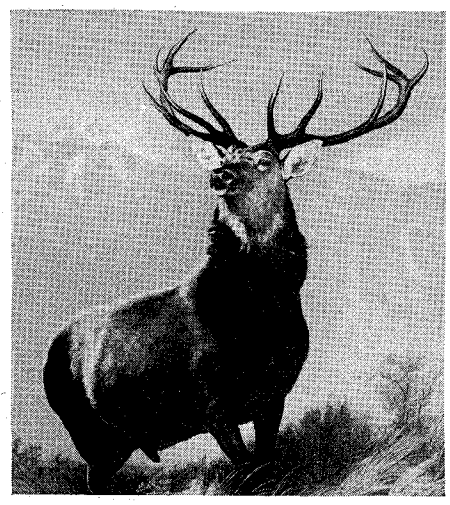

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old man with a mustache in Geary's Plumbing Supply.

"Are these your matches?" I said. "I'm looking for Mr. Jones. I'm his son."

"Bud Jones?" Mr. Geary said. "You must be the kid he was telling me about. Lives in the bathroom, drives him nuts."

"That's my sister," I said.

"Well, anyway," Mr. Geary said, "did your father decide on putting in that half bath? Is that what you came to tell me?"

I couldn't get anything out of him. He wouldn't talk about anything except the half bath, and I left and went to the Tally-Ho Restaurant, but it was closed, and the man in the Smoke Shop thought I was trying to buy cigarettes and told me to beat it.

It was the middle of the afternoon almost when I hit the 101 Motel. It was a new motel on the west side. No sooner did I get off my bike than I saw our car. It was parked out front.

My heart started thumping and I went into the office. "Telegram for Mr. Bud Jones," I said.

The owner shook his head. "No Jones," he said. "Nobody by that name registered here."

I should have realized. Naturally, my father would not be so stupid as to register under his own name. Already he'd changed his identity. Probably he was waiting for a plane to land after dark.

"My mistake, mister," I said.

I went outside and wheeled my bike past the office. On beyond, there was a big swimming pool. I left my bike on the grass beyond the pool and then sneaked along one side of the motel. There were drapes in front of all the windows, but not all of them were pulled tight. An old lady getting dressed saw me and screamed, and I ran around back of the motel and started looking in windows on the other side.

Suddenly I saw my father. He was sitting in the motel room with a bottle of beer in one hand and his shoes off, and he was reading a magazine. My mother was nowhere in sight; then she came out of the bathroom wearing a frilly, filmy kind of thing.

She put her hands on her hips and stared at my father, and I heard her say, "Lake Minnetaska. The Bessarabian Range. What a phony."

My father took a cigar out of his mouth and gave my mother a hard grin and put back the cigar.

"There he is!" somebody screamed.

I heard footsteps, and the old lady I'd scared and the owner came running across the grass toward me. I took off around the back of the motel where there was an orange grove, and they never had a chance.

I stayed out there for maybe ten minutes, figuring what to do. I thought if I went home and got all the kids and Mrs. Klopfer and we all came down to the motel, then maybe my father would have a last-minute change of heart.

Then I realized what a dumb thing I'd done, leaving my bike in plain sight near the pool. I sneaked from tree to tree, and when I got closer I lay on the ground and wriggled toward the lawn back of the pool.

People were sitting around the pool, and then I saw my mother and father come out, and they were walking toward the pool when my mother stopped.

"That looks like George's bicycle," my mother said.

"It couldn't be George's bike," my father said. "There must be a million bikes that look like his. Not a soul in the world knows we're here. Not our children, not our friends, not our neighbors, not my boss. Not even Mrs. Klopfer. We're registered under an assumed name and the FBI and Scotland Yard and the Sûreté combined couldn't find us."

"All the same," said my mother, "I'd feel better if I knew who owned that bicycle."

I lay flat in the grass. My mother took a swim, then went off out of sight with some lady, and my father got up on the diving board. He did a jackknife, and when he hit the water I raced across the lawn and dived for my bike.

I was pedaling like mad for the orange grove when this darned old dog came out of nowhere. I swerved and the bike skidded and I went over the side and the bike landed on me. When I turned my head, there was my father in the water, staring at me.

One time in the ocean I saw a sea lion watching me, just his head sticking out, and then the head disappeared. The same thing happened to my father. His head stared at me like the sea lion and then my father's head disappeared. I waited and he came up a second time and shook his head and climbed out of the pool.

"I was hoping it was a mirage," he said. "Come here, George."

I walked across the grass and the flagstones, and my father flopped into a chair and put his head in his hands.

"What happened?" he said. "The twins set fire to Mrs. Klopfer?"

"Father," I said, "please take us with you to Lake Minnetaska in the Bessarabian Range. I even brought your book."

The only time some families get together and talk is around the refrigerator during the television commercials.

DAN BENNETT

"That whodunit I'd ordered?" my father said. "I'll never have time to read it. I'll go home and paint the house. I hoped for one week, seven days, but I guess it was too much ——"

"You were coming back?" I said. "You didn't kidnap mom? You were coming back to live on Laurel Street?"

My father stared at me, then put his hands on my shoulders and pushed me into a chair.

"George," he said, "you're bigger than I realize and I should have taken you into my confidence. You know how your mother is about leaving you children, and she has her reasons. But some day, son, when you grow up and get married, you'll want to spend a little time now and then with your wife. You'll have children and you'll love them, but you'll want to be alone with your wife once in a while."

"Sure," I said. "But Lake Minnetaska. The Bessarabian ——"

"I made those names up," said my father. "I was determined to have a vacation with your mother. I knew she was afraid to go away, and I got to thinking that we have some fine motels in our own town. They have a pool here, an excellent restaurant. But who ever heard of a man taking a vacation in the town where he lives? It sounds absurd; your mother would have said it was ridiculous. So I didn't tell her where we were going. I even registered under an assumed name. I didn't want any of our local friends to find out where we are. They'd have come to see us. I ordered some books and we have magazines and TV and an air-conditioned room. We're having a ball. We can call home for ten cents and if any crisis arrives, we can be home in five minutes. How in blazes did you find us?"

"I guess I'm a pretty good operator," I said.

"When Hoover retires, the country will be in safe hands," my father said. "Well, the jig's up."

"Where's mom?" I said.

"Oh, she ran into a woman from Saginaw," my father said. "Your mother grew up in Saginaw, you know. She didn't know this woman, never heard of her, but they're buddies and she's visiting with her, gassing away. Come on. I'll tell her the vacation's over. It was wonderful while it lasted." My father sighed and put out his hands. "Put on the handcuffs," he said. "I'll go quietly."

I remembered seeing a movie once. I got up and shook hands with my father.

"Mister," I said, "I made a mistake. I thought you were someone I knew, but I never saw you before in my life. Have a good vacation."

I went over to my bike and rode home. I got into the house the same way I'd left, and Frankie was still asleep. I went into the living room, and Mrs. Klopfer was sitting on the floor by the piano with her hands behind her. She was very red in the face.

"George," said Mrs. Klopfer, "do you know where your parents are?"

"Sure," I said. "Lake Minnetaska in the Bessarabian Range."

"Well, call them and tell them to start home," Mrs. Klopfer said. "And when you've done that, call a locksmith."

"Why do you want a locksmith, Mrs. Klopfer?" I said.

"Why do you think?" Mrs. Klopfer said. "Because those darned kids handcuffed me to this piano."

I went around and looked, and sure enough they had.

"What did they do with the key, Mrs. Klopfer?" I said.

"If I know those little devils, one of them swallowed it," Mrs. Klopfer said. "Don't stand there talking, George. Get busy."

"Take it easy, Mrs. Klopfer," I said.

I went out in the back yard. The twins were there, and so was Grace. "I'm going to tell on you," Grace was saying. "As soon as mamma and daddy come home, I'm going to tell ——"

"That kind of talk won't get you anywhere, Grace," I said. I held out my hand. "Give me the key," I said. "I don't want any trouble. Just give me the key and I might let you use my fingerprint outfit."

The twins looked at each other, and Jerry's hand went into his pocket. He gave me the key and we went back into the house. Frankie was sitting on the floor talking to Mrs. Klopfer.

"I have the key, Mrs. Klopfer," I said.

"Turn me loose," said Mrs. Klopfer, "and I'm off and running."

"Don' go," Frankie said. He threw himself in her lap. Grace began to cry. Jerry punched Jim in the nose and they both began to bawl.

I unlocked the handcuffs and Mrs. Klopfer said, "Now, now, I can't have that. I'll agree to stay, but no more shenanigans. Angels you're going to be from now on, all five of you."

The phone rang and I answered it. It was my mother.

"Oh, this is a lovely place," she said, and she described their room and the swimming pool and the restaurant and the lady from Saginaw.

Finally Grace got on the phone, and then the twins, and last was Frankie.

"Land sakes!" said Mrs. Klopfer. "That phone call is going to cost a fortune, all the way from Lake Minnetaska in the Bessarabian Range."

I just sat and smiled at Mrs. Klopfer. After all, I'm no dummy. And a big-time detective knows when to be inscrutable.

THE END

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The Bank That Has No Secrets

(Continued from Page 37)

This estimate does not include the thousands of New Yorkers and out-of-towners who stop and peer into the bank, by day and by night. To take care of the after-dark trade, the management keeps the bank fully lighted until one o'clock in the morning. Currently, it is one of the city's leading sight-seeing attractions.

Chief among the eye-stopping innovations in the bank's design is the bold location of the vault. Instead of being hidden in the basement—where, as any schoolboy knows, a bank's treasure chest belongs—this one squats massively on the first floor, facing Fifth Avenue. Some early observers took this to be a form of defy to Willie (The Actor) Sutton, whose last professional coup before his latest imprisonment was wrought upon a Manufacturers Trust branch in Queens. The management denies this. Primarily, it says, the vault is another form of advertising; it serves, too, as an unmistakable symbol identifying the structure as a bank—the bank's name appears, in large letters, only on its 43rd Street side. As to possible burglary or holdup, the complete openness of the bank and its vault is held to be a deterrent.

Among its other achievements the bank has seriously undermined an ancient tradition that depositors, being squirrels by nature, are conditioned irrevocably to privacy in their banking affairs and will never give it up. A checkup made just after the glass bank's second birthday showed that the rate of instigation of new accounts was three times what it has been in the branch's former quarters, a conventional office building located just across the street.

Some people do remain wary of banking in the public eye. A mink-coated matron was heard to remark to her escort after one look into the bank, "That is not for me. I couldn't bear to have my deficit showing." Originally, the management itself had anticipated some reluctance on the part of depositors to be seen at the most exposed teller positions. It was surprised to note that these positions turned out to be the most popular of all.

"Which leads to a tentative conclusion," one of the bank's officials observed recently, flicking an imaginary speck from his lapel, "that there is more than a little ham in the most of us."

The consciousness of being constantly on display—before sidewalk crowds, workers in nearby buildings and parties passing through on conducted tours—has brought out the latent ham at all employee levels. It has thereby had the effect of raising morale and increasing efficiency. "You can't help being alert and pleasant when you know that you are performing in a showcase," is the way one girl employee explains it. Other employees credit the spacious and self-effacing setting, which tends to focus attention upon the human occupants of the showcase; still others credit the air-conditioning, which circulates washed air throughout the building and maintains a constant temperature and relative humidity. To those on the inside, the traffic noises of midtown seem muted and remote and the bank itself a quiet, luxurious enclave in a rackety, hurried world whose atmosphere is polluted with soot and exhaust gases.

Spruce executives have become sprucer and sprucer. They report that in a business whose stresses give it high rank among breeders of ulcers they go through the day relaxed and feel no fatigue when it is over. A more noticeable effect on personal habits and grooming is observable among the 200-odd girl employees who, not surprisingly, are even more sensitive of being on continuous display. They wear their best attire to work and spend more than the average time customarily set aside for submission to the beautician's skills. This, of course, entails an extra strain on their personal budgets, but eight hours a day of sartorial smartness on what amounts to a public stage has compensations of its own.

A minor disadvantage is that a girl looking forward to a heavy after-hours date doesn't dare to come to work with her hair done up in tight pin curls, to be fluffed out just before closing time. Pin curls just don't seem appropriate to the carefully contrived surroundings. Nor does any other gaucherie in appearance. A girl who transgresses the unwritten rules of stylish decorum is held to have spoiled the picture for everyone. She is subjected to subtle but cutting form of tribal censure and, usually, sins no more.

The glass bank came into being by way of an odd sequence of indirect influences. In embryo, it began its first tentative stirrings in the mind of a man named Horace C. Flanigan during the early days of the depression of the 1930's. The locale was Detroit. Flanigan, a vice president of Manufacturers Trust Company, was there on a business trip. Detroit had been earliest and hardest hit by the financial debacle. Flanigan's eye was assaulted by the sight of its many abandoned branch banks. Their windows were begrimed and their classically columned façades were streaked by weather and pigeons. A few had new tenants, but they were a low-rent, undesirable lot—poolrooms, rowdy night clubs, racing handbooks and the like.

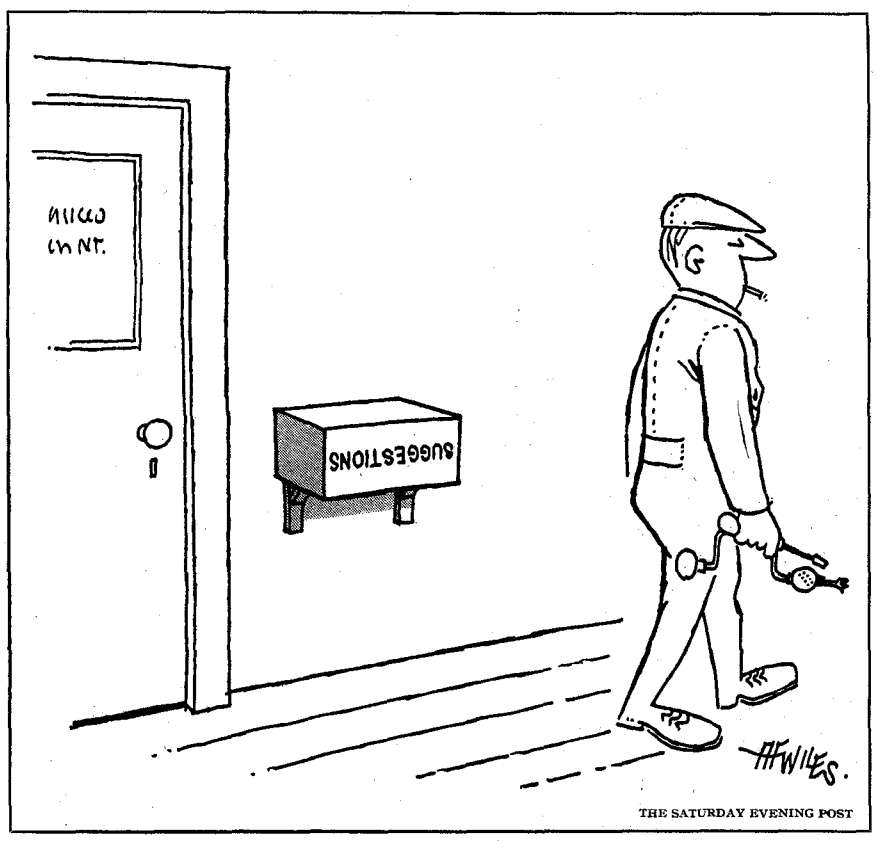
It was painfully plain to Flanigan before he boarded his train for New York that the banks whose real estate was most vulnerable in a major economic squeeze were those which operated extensive networks of branches. An abandoned branch, having been designed solely for banking purposes, was not rentable to any other kind of respectable business unless completely remodeled, and the remodeling cost was prohibitive. What branch banking needed, Flanigan decided, was an easily convertible type of branch building.

The idea rolled around in the back of his head for the better part of two decades before he was able to do anything practical about it. Then, in 1951, he was elected president of Manufacturers Trust and fell heir to a substantial number of branches—the count as of today is 112. Almost immediately he tackled his pesky problem. At the time, no consideration of esthetics motivated him, and glass was something that was used in making windows. But for years he had been vaguely annoyed by every bank building he had ever seen; this included the main office of Manufacturers Trust on Broad Street in the downtown financial district. It was, and still is, a typically massive horror of the stodgy old-fashioned mold, with fat granite columns irrelevantly guarding the entrance.

The friendly, homy approach to banking was already well under way and, to Flanigan, the austere and antiquated surroundings in which the welcome note was struck made it sound discordant. There was nothing friendly about the imitations of Greek temples and Bessarabian jails within whose thick walls the business of banking was transacted.

Flanigan took his problem to the architectural firm of Skidmore, Owings and Merrill, one of whose partners, Louis Skidmore, was a friend of his. An abrupt man who hates to waste words or time, Flanigan quickly stated his one fixed requirement—easy convertibility—and reached for his hat. One of the partners told him candidly that they had never designed a bank. This seemed to cause Flanigan no worry. "One other thing," said Flanigan as he made his departure. "I want a kind of bank that has never been built before."

The partners relayed the brief instructions to half a dozen of their younger staff members and put up a prize of thirty-five dollars for the best creative design. Within a few months a strange thing happened. The contestants, working independently, all submitted designs of the glass-box type. Another strange outcome of the intramural contest was that the winner turned out to be Charles Evans Hughes III, a grandson of a famous Chief Justice of the United States. This was sheer meaningless coincidence, but Flanigan and the Skidmore people



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FAST

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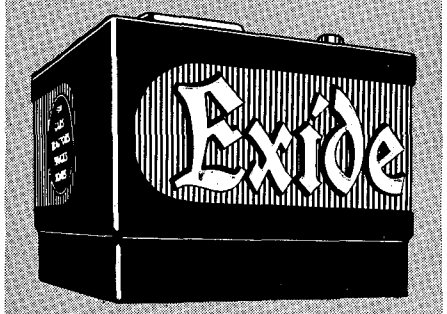

WHEN IT'S AN Exide . . . YOU START

This pipe CAKES automatically

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YELLO-BOLE

Lined with real honey — that's the secret

Special lining of real honey carbonizes (top to bottom) with the very first pipeful. This locks the honey flavor into the imported briar bowl for the life of the pipe. No breaking-in is necessary. Yello-Bole starts sweet, smokes sweet, stays sweet.

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BY THE MAKERS OF KAYWOODIE PIPES, N. Y. 22

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chose to consider it a favorable omen for their joint enterprise.

The Hughes entry underwent many refinements as the firm's experts in design, materials and construction worked it over, but the basic box-of-glass concept remained. A scale model was put together and given to Flanigan. He put it on his desk at the main office and kept it there until he got used to it. He called in his colleagues one by one and asked them what they thought of it. Most of them said that they liked it. A few suggested changes of one kind or another, but Flanigan, to the delight of his architects, ruled against any compromise of the basic design. As a sop to his rerental qualms, Flanigan showed the model to two nonbanking friends. One, a publisher, offered to take the building off his hands before the ground was broken. The other, a department-store president, said that it would be ideal, with not too heavy an alteration cost, for a high-class women's specialty store. That settled the qualms. Flanigan gave the go-ahead signal, and the structure was completed late in September, 1954.

In Flanigan's paternal eye his special baby had no faults. For a week before the bank's official opening, in early October, he celebrated its birth proudly with a lavish round of luncheons, cocktail parties and dinners, all of which were given on the bank's premises. All told, more than 2000 guests were entertained, among them bankers foreign and domestic, industrialists, public officials, the socially prominent, publishers and assorted friends of Flanigan.

To set the marathon celebration in motion, Flanigan signaled C. C. Philippe, the banquet manager of The Waldorf-Astoria, and Philippe took over like a field general. Everything that was used or served came from The Waldorf, which ran a two-way automobile convoy system when a party was in the making or in progress. Before the series was inaugurated came carpets, lounge seats, chairs and tables.

For each of the affairs the convoy first brought the serving personnel, then the napery, the chinaware, the glassware and the table silver. At formal dinners each guest used up twenty pieces of chinaware and glassware, including glasses for each of the wines and liqueurs; and ten items of table silver. The hot courses were cooked, or almost cooked, in The Waldorf's kitchens. Before being served they were finished off at the bank in portable stoves fueled with bottled gas. No dishes or other utensils were washed on the scene; they were convoyed back to the hotel for that inglorious ritual. The convoy was made up of pickup trucks, taxicabs, station wagons and other varieties of rentable rolling stock. When in full cry, it resembled the line of Paris taxicabs carrying reinforcements to the first Battle of the Marne.

For the biggest of the dinners, at which 275 guests were served, the following troops were deployed at the scene of action: eighty-four waiters, eight captains, one headwaiter, three assistant headwaiters, four bartenders, six stewards and four cooks. Back at the hotel six dishwashers and six florists were kept busy. The latter, in order to keep their creations fresh, made corsages and table arrangements at the last possible minute.

At the predinner reception the guests had a choice of cocktails, highballs or sherry, and, at a special bar, clams or oysters. The canapé trays bore cargoes of hot *feuilletés* of Roquefort and Cheddar, anchovy sticks and tiny *cornets* of smoked salmon and prosciutto.

The soup course was Consommé de Florida with pearls of avocado pear. Next came Terrapin Maryland, with Chablis Montée de Tonnerre, 1950; then the main course, Baron of Lamb with Original Anna potatoes and thin French string beans sauté, served with a red Bordeaux, Château Lafite, 1947.

After that, the menu got a little plainer. There was a round of *pâté de foie gras* with Salad Forestière; and for dessert a pineapple *glace* topped with strawberries and bits of pineapple, and doused with Grand Marnier. The final touch was Haitian coffee, with a choice of four liqueurs; cigars for the gentlemen and cigarettes for the ladies.

One of the few adverse critics of the revolutionary bank was an anonymous writer for Harper's who, while conceding that it was "lovely to look at," rapped it as "a leading contender in the current competition for the Ostentatious Underconsumption of Space" and as "the most uneconomical piece of architecture since the Pyramid of Cheops." Actually, the site was so small that a skyscraper, with the bank occupying the lowest floors and rent-paying tenants settled in the floors above, would have been an economical blunder. The zoning regulations would have required an off-street loading space taking ten feet from one side of the lot. And to protect the air rights of neighboring tall buildings a periodic series of setbacks would have had to be made. These requirements would have progressively narrowed such a building to approximately the width of a flagpole before it approached the vertical dimensions of a skyscraper.

In other ways the bank profits by the closeness of its tall neighbors. Its glass panels, a half inch in thickness, have been tempered to withstand a maximum direct blow of 100 miles an hour. As no wind in the immediate area has ever been clocked at anywhere near that velocity, and as the bulk of the nearby skyscrapers forms a protective windbreak for the bank, the safety factor built into the glass is sufficient to allay any fears that it may shatter during a storm. Nor was it necessary to use tinted glass—such as the green glass of Lever House, on Park Avenue—to protect the employees' eyes from the glare of the sun. Thanks to the shade cast by its bulky neighbors, the glass bank gets an average of only one hour a day of direct sun.

Throughout, the bank has a subdued, rich look, with many kinds of marble, rare woods and colored fabrics skillfully blended. Some of the floors display plantings of philodendron, fig trees and Australian umbrella trees. The fronts of the teller positions on the first two floors are of Macassar ebony, a dark brown variety with black stripes. They are topped with Italian marble. There isn't an old-fashioned teller's cage in the place. Officers' desks, which are out in the open, repeat the Macassar-ebony note.

The first-floor tellers handle Christmas Club and special checking accounts—ten cents a check, no minimum balance required—installment-loan transactions and certified checks. Moving stairs lead to the second floor—which is really a cantilevered mezzanine. Here payrolls, commercial accounts, travelers' checks and letters of credit are handled. The third and fourth floors are devoted to real estate, personal loans, bookkeeping, mailing, storage of records and other functions of the well-dressed bank.

The fifth-floor penthouse of the modernistic Manufacturers Trust Company bank building in New York. This area is reserved for directors, executives and important customers.

The whole building exerts a powerful tug on Flanigan's affections, but his especial pride and joy is the fifth and top floor, which is a penthouse set back on three sides. The resultant terraces are planted with flowering trees and bushes of widely varied kinds. The penthouse is what would be called "officer country" in Navy terminology. Its corridors are luxuriously carpeted and everywhere are paintings and sculptures of the abstract school. They were selected by Eleanor Le Maire, a consultant in the decorative arts. Miss Le Maire would pick up an abstraction and have it installed. Flanigan, jolted on seeing it for the first time, would stew over it for a week and then, almost invariably, O.K. its purchase. He has never professed to understand the abstractions, but has explained that "they seem to belong in a building of this kind."

Several private offices in the penthouse are set aside for the convenience of customers from out of town who would otherwise have to use their cramped hotel rooms for the transaction of business. The Macassar-ebony note is sounded again in handsome tables in the directors' room and the executives' dining room. As Flanigan is fond of good food exquisitely prepared, the fare in the dining room is of excellent quality. The kitchen and serving staff consists of a cook, two waitresses and an authentic English butler. The flat silver and china were carefully chosen to carry out the idea that men of some cultivation lunch and sometimes dine on the premises.

Flanigan's uptown office occupies a corner of the penthouse. Its Italian marble floor is partly covered with a Moroccan carpet. The walls are paneled in teakwood and there are curtains of bronze-green silk woven in Scotland. Flanigan works at a bronze table desk with a Macassar-ebony top.

Last year, at sixty-six, Flanigan relinquished the presidency of the Manufacturers Trust empire and became chairman of the board. This gave him more spare time for fussing around the glass bank and for getting used to the new abstractions that Miss Le Maire continues to send over. The job of interior titivation is still unfinished and Flanigan is not the kind of man to turn in an unfinished job on anything.

"He watches over that glass bank," one of his associates remarked the other day, "as if it were a national monument."

And so, architecturally, it may be.

THE END

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My Forty Years in Pro Football

(Continued from Page 30)

twelve to fifteen yards from the tackles. They're great pass targets, and after our quarterback hits them with the ball they can run like halfbacks.

Back there in the middle 1920's, Grange was virtually a one-man show. We drew a sellout crowd of 36,000 for Red's pro debut against the Chicago Cardinals, and I'm positive we could have sold at least 30,000 more tickets had space been available.

Grange turned in a fine job despite limited practice, although the fans who expected Red to run wild with the football were disappointed. He gained a total of ninety-two yards, but he made no long runs. Paddy Driscoll, the Cards' star punter, saw to that. Paddy, who today is the Bears' head coach, kept angling long, rolling kicks out of bounds. This ruined our plans to feature Red's ability as a punt-return specialist. The game ended in a scoreless tie.

Financially, the game was a huge success. The Bears' share of the profits was $24,000. This equaled almost to the penny the total profit we had managed to make previously in five complete seasons!

Then began a grueling barnstorming tour. We played ten games in seventeen days after Grange joined the club, carrying a squad of only eighteen men. The team was a physical wreck when we knocked off temporarily before Christmas.

A crowd of 65,000 turned out for Grange's fifth game, against the Giants in New York's Polo Grounds. We won, 19 to 7, as Red scored the clinching touchdown by running thirty yards with an intercepted pass in the final period. However, he also acquired a painful neck injury that day when Joe Alexander, the Giants' center, upended him with a crunching tackle.

That was the start of a series of bothersome injuries which plagued Red. His physical ailments were soothed somewhat by all the money his manager, C. C. Pyle, was accumulating.

I can still remember the morning when I sat in the Pullman washroom with Pyle and Grange about an hour out of New York. Pyle was shaving with an old-fashioned straight razor.

"Son," he said, turning to Red, "this is the blade that knows no brother. We are going to take a deep cut at the dough on Old Broadway, let the gyps fall where they may."

In New York, Charley opened up store in his hotel suite, and within two hours collected a total of $25,000 in certified checks from half a dozen advertising-agency representatives for a variety of Grange testimonials.

Those were happy days, but the atmosphere turned a bit grim when Grange, still suffering from neck miseries, reinjured a badly bruised left arm during a 9–6 defeat by the Providence Steam Rollers—his first losing pro game. The rest of the fellows were in pretty bad shape too. When we moved on to Pittsburgh we played the first five minutes with only ten men. Then the referee complained, and I called for a volunteer from the ranks of our stricken bench warmers.

The choice finally narrowed down between Ed Healy and George Trafton, who were nursing painful Charley horses, but were partially mobile. Reluctantly, Trafton finally limped into action. Pittsburgh walloped us, 24 to 0, and Big George put in a miserable afternoon on the field, while Healy convalesced in snug comfort on the bench.

But the worst was yet to come. En route to Chicago, our train stopped for a ten-minute layover at Elkhart, Indiana, where Trafton and his sidekick, Healy, hobbled across the tracks to grab a quick sandwich at the station lunch counter. They had barely started on their hamburgers when Healy glanced out the window and made a disturbing discovery.

"George!" he screamed. "The train's leaving!"

Having sounded the alarm, Healy raced out of the lunch room, bounded across the tracks and, grabbing the handrail of the last car, neatly swung himself aboard.

But Trafton wasn't that lucky. From the train window, I caught a last glimpse

Morning Care of Husbands

By Jane Merchant

In mercy, spare
Him conversation.
With silent, kind
Commiseration
Supply his plate
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Till he gets over
Getting up.

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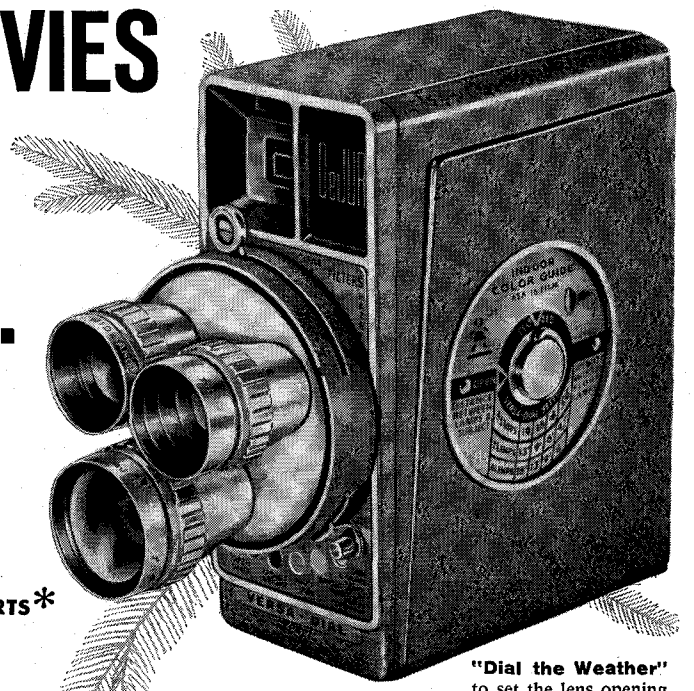

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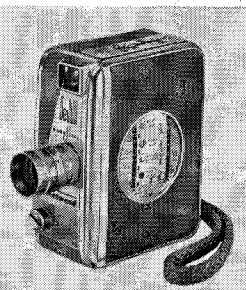

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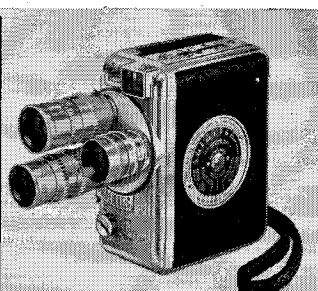

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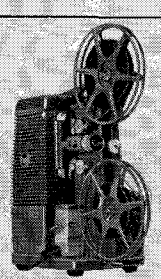

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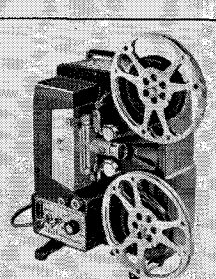

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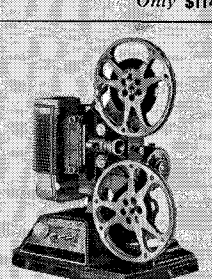

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of Trafton standing in his shirt sleeves in the bitter cold on the station platform. He appeared highly incensed, and was waving his right fist, which contained a partially consumed hamburger.

As I say, those were happy days. During the Christmas holidays, we took off on another eight-game exhibition swing down through Florida and out to the West Coast. At Los Angeles, the magic of Grange's name lured 75,000 fans to the Coliseum. Overall, from the time Grange made his debut with the Bears on Thanksgiving until our final game at Seattle, Washington, on January 31, 1926, the Bears played before 360,000 fans in eighteen games.

I believe that as a result of our Grange tour, pro football for the first time took on true national stature. Financially, the tour was a bonanza. Counting gate receipts and assorted promotional and testimonial moneys, Pyle and Grange cleared about $250,000, which they shared equally. The Bears netted slightly more than $100,000—the first financial cushion we'd managed to accumulate.

After that, Red Grange and the Bears parted company for a couple of years. For the 1926 season, Charley Pyle started a whole new nine-club circuit called the American Professional Football League. Pyle's league, which included a New York team with Grange as the star attraction, lasted only one season. In 1927, Charley got a franchise to operate his New York Yankees in the National League.

But his luck was beginning to run out. In the third game of the season, Red Grange was injured, ironically enough, playing against the Bears in Wrigley Field. Red's right knee was badly twisted—the damage was diagnosed later as torn ligaments—and although he played sparingly the rest of the season, the injury became aggravated. Red wound up on crutches for six months, and was out of football entirely in 1928.

Red came back into football with our club at the start of the '29 season. Although no longer the flashing runner or the tremendous drawing card of his earlier years, he was still a great player, with great football instincts, and he was still destined to take part in two of the most important single plays in pro-football history. But that's getting ahead of the story.

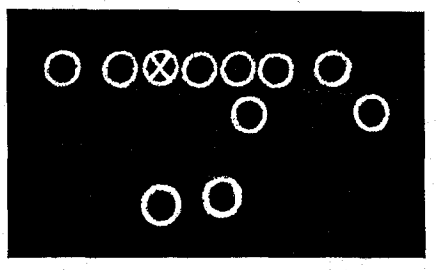
Despite the return of Grange, the Bears almost fell out of the league in 1929. Dutch Sternaman and I had some differences of opinion on what kind of an offense the Bears should be using. Dutch owned half the club and certainly was entitled to his opinion, but our wrangling tended to undermine the players' confidence and performance. We won only five games, lost eight and tied two.

That dismal season finished me as a coach for the time being. Fortunately, Dutch and I were in perfect agreement on hiring a new coach—Ralph Jones, of Lake Forest Academy. Jones had been at Illinois from 1913 to 1920 as Bob Zuppke's backfield coach. Both Dutch and I had played for Ralph and had great confidence in his ability.

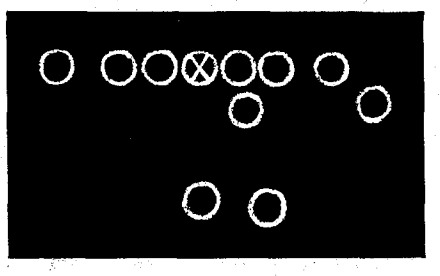
Jones revived the Bears and produced a championship team in three years. But even more important, Jones developed a new formation—the man-in-motion T—which was to revolutionize offensive football. Because what Jones accomplished proved to be of such overwhelming importance, I'd like to take a brief time-out to underscore a few rather technical points.

First, neither Jones nor anybody else connected with the Bears invented the T formation. The basic T is the oldest formation in football. I doubt if anybody actually invented it, although Walter Camp undoubtedly fathered the T way back in 1880, when he proposed the legislation which reduced the number of players on a team from fifteen to eleven. Camp also put over a rule dividing the eleven players into seven linemen and four backs.

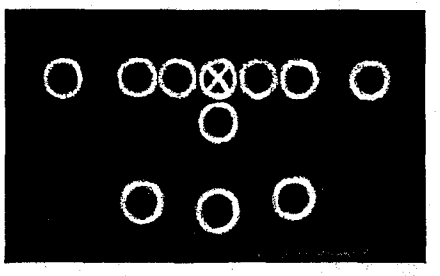
Consequently, I've always contended the T simply evolved. It was the natural way for the eleven players to line up, with three blocking linemen on each side of the center, the quarterback behind the center, the fullback behind the quarterback and the halfbacks stationed close up on either side of the fullback and directly behind the guards. The backs were in good position to power straight ahead on quick-opening plays between the tackles. However, they lacked mobility. They had trouble breaking loose as pass receivers, and they couldn't run wide around end effectively.



A. WARNER'S SINGLE WING.



B. NOTRE DAME BOX.



C. BEARS' 1920 T FORMATION.

When Jones took charge, the Bears were using a loosened version of the original T formation, with our halfbacks split a yard from the fullback and our ends split a yard from the tackles. So far as I know, we were the only prominent professional or college team still using the T. The big controversy in those days centered around whether Pop Warner's single-wing offense (Diagram A) was more effective than Knute Rockne's Notre Dame box (Diagram B), or vice versa. Nobody was paying any attention to the Bears' old-fashioned T (Diagram C).

A quick glance at those three basic diagrams reveals why the Warner and Rockne offenses had eclipsed the T. Warner's powerful single wing put four blockers on one side of center—the strong side—and concentrated the backs behind the strong-side blockers. From the single wing, the backs could hit up the middle or go outside tackle with equal effectiveness. It was an excellent passing formation too.

The Notre Dame box actually was quite similar to the single wing, except that Rockne's formation retained a balanced line, and Rockne's fullback played a bit wider than his single-wing counterpart. Rockne also believed in man-for-man blocking, while Warner liked to put two blockers on the defensive tackle.

So much for the basic formations. Jones quickly modernized the Bears' T (Diagram D) with three innovations which combined to spread the opposing defense and open up our own running attack tremendously.

First, Jones split our ends two yards away from the tackles.

Second, he spaced our halfbacks wider, so that they lined up about four yards behind the tackles—straddling the outside leg of the tackles, to be exact.

Third, and by far the most important, Jones converted one of our stationary halfbacks into a man-in-motion. That is, the halfback started running laterally toward the side line while the quarterback called the signals, and by the time the center finally snapped the ball, the halfback in motion was out wide on the flank. From this flanker position, the halfback either could move downfield quickly as a pass receiver, or cut back and block the defensive end.

It was this vastly improved blocking angle, with the man-in-motion moving outside the end and then coming back on him, which made the T a really balanced and versatile running formation. Now the Bears could run outside as effectively as they powered through the middle.

The Bears first used the man-in-motion against the Packers at Green Bay on September 28, 1930. Although the new formation piled up yardage consistently, fumbles at critical moments completely stalled our point production. The Packers whipped us, 7–0.

However, we came out of that game confident that the man-in-motion maneuver was sound football, and—thanks to some quick thinking by Red Grange and our quarterback, Carl Brumbaugh—we also made a discovery that practically doubled the striking power of the T. Brumbaugh tells the story like this:

"During the first half, Red was going in motion to his right—the regular move for a left halfback—and the Packers kept shifting a man over to cover him. Finally, Red got tired of being used as a decoy. During a time-out, he suggested a change. He'd take a step to the right as usual, then reverse and go in motion toward the left side line.

"'Maybe that'll give the Packer defense something to think about,' he said. And it did. The first time Red went in motion to the left, the Packers' fullback followed him out. That left no backer-up, and our fullback, Bronko Nagurski, pounded through the spot vacated by the fullback for a good gain. The next time, their defensive halfback covered Red, and I lobbed a pass to our end, Luke Johnsos, in the spot the halfback should have been covering. On the third play, nobody followed Grange out, so I tossed a lateral to Red and he ran for a first down. On the next play, I fumbled the snap from center, and another touchdown chance went up in smoke!"

The man-in-motion maneuver as such was not new. Amos Alonzo Stagg used a "flier"—similar to the man-in-motion—in the early 1900's. So did many other coaches. But Grange was the first to go in motion opposite to the regular pattern. His impromptu decision to fake to the right and then reverse to the left demonstrated how a smart quarterback could use a wide-ranging man-in-motion to pick holes in the opposing defense the entire width of the field—literally from side line to side line.

The other big play involving Grange—and also Nagurski—took place two seasons later in what surely must have been the strangest football game of all time. It was the only professional-championship game ever played indoors, and it was staged on a dirt floor only eighty yards long.

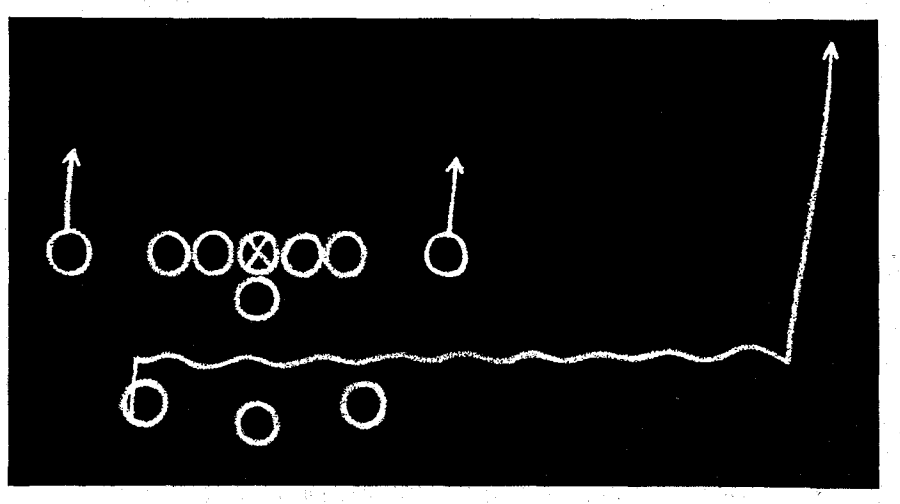
In order to appreciate to the fullest the significance of that game, it is necessary to understand pro football as it was played back in 1932. Defense predominated to an alarming degree.

We went through our regular schedule with a record of six victories, one defeat and six ties. Three of the ties were scoreless. Anyway, this strange record left us tied for first place with the Portsmouth Spartans on a percentage basis.

Our final league game against the Green Bay Packers—champions for the three previous years—had been played at Wrigley Field in the worst snowstorm you could find outside the polar regions. The long-range forecast for the following Sunday—when we were to play Portsmouth for the title in Chicago—called for even worse weather if possible. The idea of a championship game in deep snow and sub-zero cold seemed out of the question. But where else could we play it?

Luckily, a Salvation Army benefit circus had just closed in the Chicago Stadium, and the floor of the building was covered with a deep layer of well-packed dirt. There was room only for an eighty-yard football field, but at least the players and spectators wouldn't freeze, and it probably would be a truer test of skills than a game played in ice and snow.

The Bears and Spartans had played to two ties in the regular season, and in the fourth quarter of the title game it appeared they were headed for another. There had been no score, and there seemed little (*Continued on Page 110*)



D. BEARS' 1930 T FORMATION (with Man-in-Motion).

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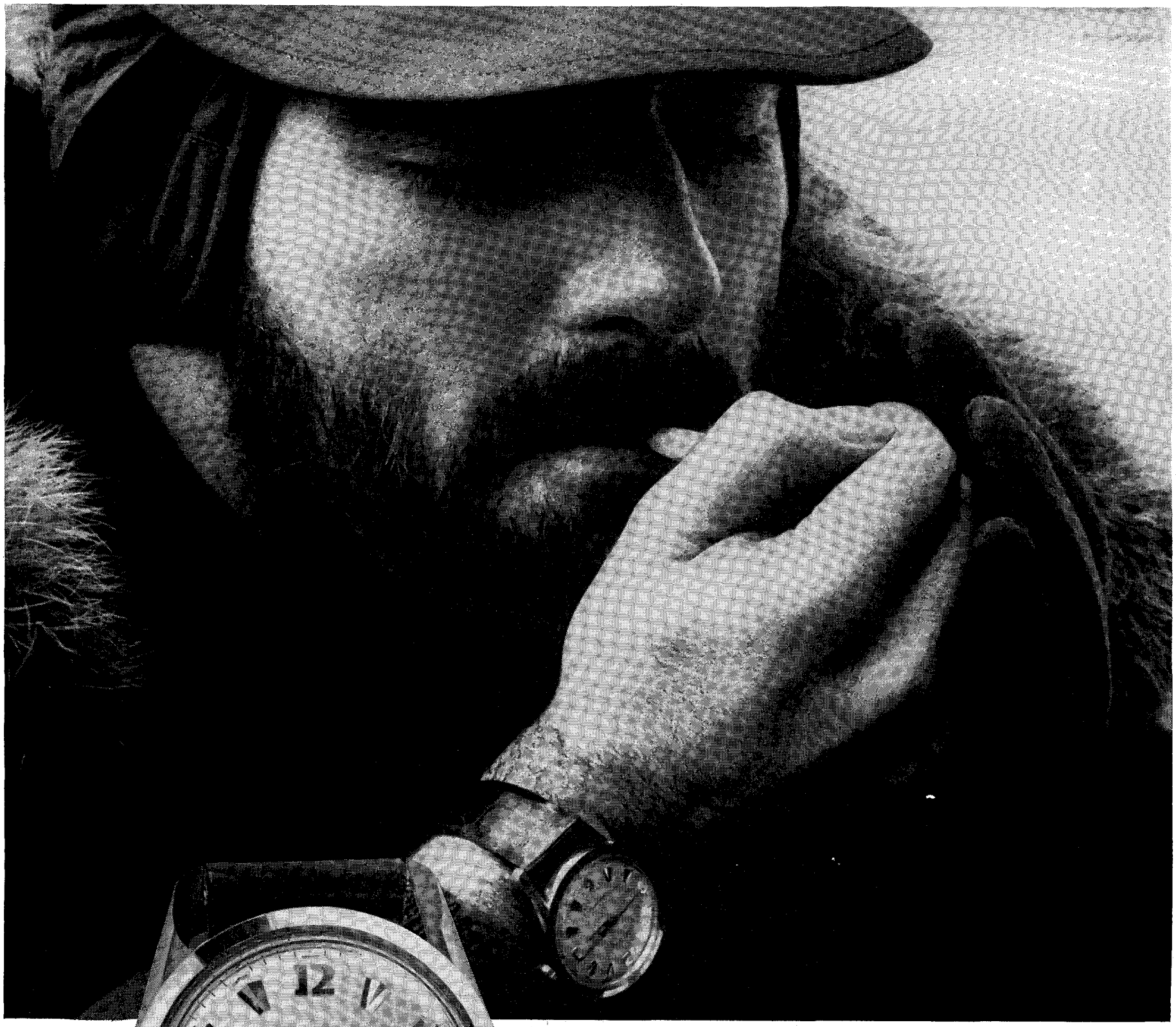

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(*Continued from Page 108*) likelihood there would be one. Then Dick Nesbitt intercepted a pass thrown by Ace Gutowsky, the Spartan fullback, and it was the Bears' ball only seven yards from the goal line.

Nagurski crashed through for six of the needed yards. But the last yard was tougher. Twice Bronk carried, and twice the Spartans stopped him without gain. On fourth down the Spartans massed to stop Nagurski again. It seemed they had guessed right, for Bronk headed for the line. Then he stopped, backed up and tossed a little lob pass over the pile-up into the arms of Grange for a touchdown.

Portsmouth screamed that the play was illegal. Their contention was that Nagurski, when he threw the pass, wasn't five yards behind the scrimmage line, as the rules then required. But the touchdown was allowed. A moment later the Bears added a safety, and won the game, 9–0.

Offhand, that game seems only an oddity, but it was to trigger a football revolution. The annual meeting of the National Football League was scheduled for the following February. As chairman of the rules committee, I felt that some drastic measures must be taken to make our game more attractive to the public. There had been too many tie games in 1932, too many dull ones. Attendance was down, and most of us were in financial difficulties anyway, in those depression years.

In George Marshall, the owner of the Washington Redskins, I found an ardent and enthusiastic backer. In fact, he had more ideas about dressing up the sport than I. So, we went to work to open up pro football, and we did a thorough job of it.

Our first step, in light of that disputed touchdown in the championship game, was to remove the five-yard restriction on forward passes. We made it legal to throw a pass from any point behind the line of scrimmage. We also adopted a special rule which had been in force for that indoor game. We provided that whenever a runner was downed within five yards of the side line, the ball be brought in ten yards from the side line. Previously you had to run the ball from the spot where it was downed.

We still didn't feel we had done enough to step up the scoring potential, so we decided to move the goal posts onto the goal line. This, we felt sure, would stimulate field-goal kicking, which, in turn, would increase the scoring and eliminate the bugaboo of so many tie games.

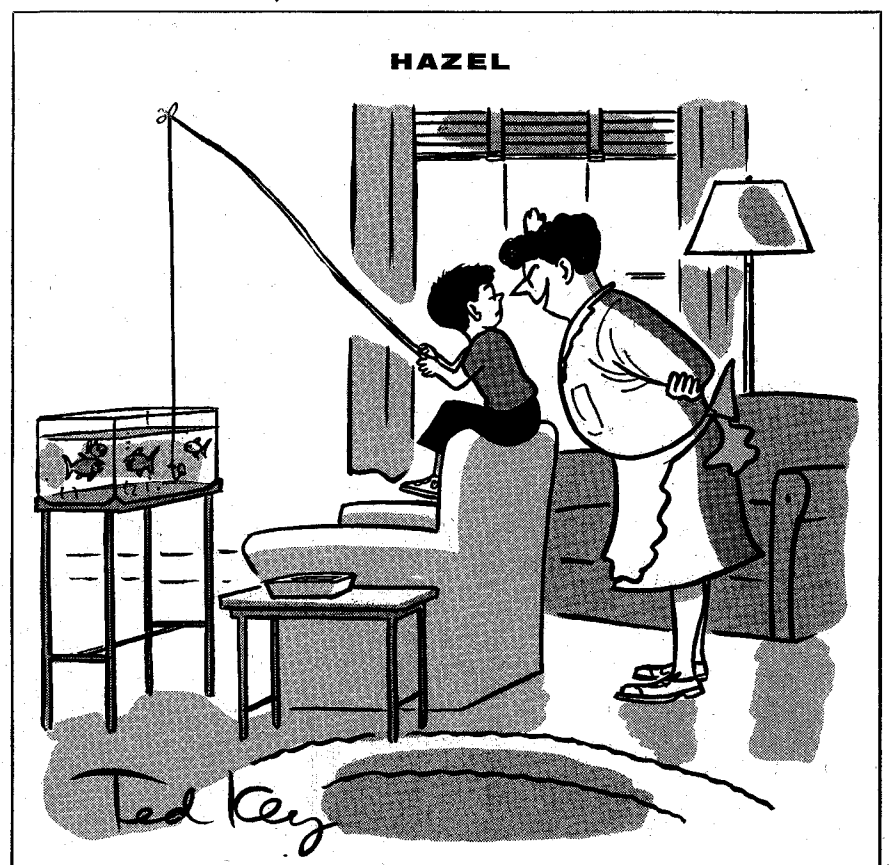
The results of these 1933 rule changes exceeded our wildest hopes. Scoring increased tremendously, the forward pass became a much more deadly weapon, and an era of great field-goal kickers was launched, with our Jack Manders as a pioneer. The number of tie games was cut in half in 1933—the Bears played only one.

It was also a year of change within the Bears' organization. The drab season of 1932, even though it brought the Bears their first championship since 1921, had found the club operating at a deficit of $18,000. Dutch Sternaman decided he wanted to devote his full time to his oil business, so I agreed to buy him out. The price was $38,000, to be paid in a down payment and in notes maturing in six and twelve months.

I couldn't have made it without the help of friends. George Trafton's mother purchased stock. So did Jim McMillen, one of the best guards who ever wore a Bear uniform—or any other, for that matter. So did an old school chum, Ralph Brizzolara. Even with their help I'd have been licked but for my mother and my close friend, Charlie Bidwill. Mother bought $5000 worth of stock from her savings. Charlie not only bought $5000 worth of stock but also arranged a $5000 bank loan that saw me through.

Bidwill was an early Bear fan. He remained friendly to the Bears even though he purchased the Chicago Cardinals, our cross-town rivals, that same year. He was one of three new owners coming into the league in 1933 who stayed on and contributed tremendously to the development of pro football. The others were Bert Bell, now our commissioner, who established the Philadelphia Eagles with Lud Wray, and Art Rooney, still operating the Pittsburgh Steelers.

Raising money to buy the Bears was just one of the problems I faced in 1933. Ralph Jones resigned as coach to become athletic director at Lake Forest College.



"Any luck?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

There was precious little time in which to find a replacement. None of the men I wanted was available. And so, reluctantly—believe me—I decided to resume coaching myself. In making the announcement to the press I added, "For this year only!" It turned out to be an awfully long year.

In order to take full advantage of Nagurski's tremendous straight-ahead power and his ability to throw short passes, we exploited to the utmost the controversial play that had won us the '32 title game. When the defense would gang up to stop his thrusts at the middle, he'd fake his plunge, straighten up and toss passes to our ends cutting across.

Bill Hewitt was on the receiving end of most of these passes, and often he'd flip a lateral of his own to the other end—either Luke Johnsos or Bill Karr. Few men loved football or played it with greater abandon than Hewitt. He flatly refused to wear a headgear; said it bothered him. So his bare head made him stand out on every play. Actually, he'd have stood out under a bushel of headgears, he was that good.

We had one play which called for him to carry the ball on an end-around. In practice before the 1933 season started he often clowned it up by throwing a pass to Johnsos from it. On the last day before our opening league game with Green Bay, Bill overshot Johnsos so badly with this goofy pass maneuver that the ball smacked up against the clubhouse.

It made me a little peeved. "There won't be any clubhouse on the field at Green Bay tomorrow, Bill," I growled.

Bill laughed. He also laughed at Green Bay the next day. The Bears were losing, 7–0, with only two minutes of playing time remaining. With the ball in our possession on the Packer thirty-five, Hewitt took the handoff from quarterback Carl Brumbaugh on what everyone in the crowd, including me, thought was a routine end-around. But just as he was tackled he threw a pass to Johnsos in the end zone for a touchdown.

That wasn't all. We kicked off, held for three downs and the Packers were forced to punt. Hewitt blocked that punt and recovered for a touchdown. In less than two minutes he had turned a 7–0 defeat into a 14–7 victory. This was only one of many dramatic triumphs for the Bears in 1933. The sports writers began calling us "the storybook Bears."

The league had been split into two divisions for the first time that year—another idea originated by George Marshall. In our championship playoff with the New York Giants, the lead changed hands six times. Harry Newman, the Giants' great quarterback, completed ten of eleven passes, seven of them in a row. Jack Manders kicked three field goals, and in the end they provided our victory margin in a 23–21 thriller.

On the final play, Red Grange, once the best of them all on offense, proved himself a master on defense. Dale Burnett had taken a pass from Newman and was tearing downfield with Mel Hein at his side. Only Grange was between them and the goal line. Red sensed that Burnett planned to toss a lateral pass to Hein, so he made a high tackle, wrapping his arms around Burnett in such a way that he couldn't get rid of the football.

In 1934 the Bears swung away from the T formation, but not entirely and not without a very good reason. The reason was Beattie Feathers. A fast, elusive, hard-running halfback from Tennessee, Feathers was schooled in the single wing, and he was the type of runner who could do his best only from this formation. What's more, we had the ideal blocker to spring him loose—Nagurski!

The Bears went through the entire league schedule of thirteen games without a defeat. Feathers, with the Bronk clearing the way, carried the ball 117 times for 1004 yards, a record which stood until 1949, when Steve Van Buren, of Philadelphia, gained 1146. However, Feathers averaged 8.6 yards per carry, while Van Buren averaged only 4.4.

Many fans consider the 1934 team the greatest ever to represent the Bears. Others favor the 1941 team, which was just building up a full head of steam when the war came along to wreck it. The '41 team, however, did lose one game on its way to the championship. In 1942, on the other hand, the Bears were undefeated in an eleven-game schedule.

Looking back to the '34 and '42 seasons, I often wonder whether it isn't better to be lucky than good. Those two great Bear teams, the only ones ever to play through a complete National Football League schedule without a loss, did not win the championship! Each was beaten in the title playoff by a team it had trounced during the regular season.

Luck played a major role, especially in '34. Feathers, who made the Bears fly that year, sustained a shoulder separation. As a result, he missed the last two games of the season and the title playoff.

The playoff game which ruined the season for the '34 Bears is too well known to chronicle in detail. It was played in the Polo Grounds, New York, in near-zero weather, and on a field which was frozen and slippery. Even without Feathers we took a 10–3 half-time lead, and our lead might have been insurmountable if two touchdown runs by Nagurski hadn't been disallowed because of penalties. Still, we felt we had a comfortable margin. We were mistaken.

Steve Owen, the astute coach of the Giants, had dispatched emissaries to round up a bunch of rubber-soled shoes, figuring they would give the players better footing on the icy field. At the start of the second half the Giants came out wearing sneakers. They now could maintain traction, the Bears couldn't, and before that awful second half was over, we had taken a 30–13 licking.

Not too long thereafter we played the Giants again in an exhibition game in Los Angeles and beat them, 21–0. The game was memorable not only because we got a measure of revenge on the Giants but because it was the last Red Grange ever played.

With only a few minutes remaining, Red popped into the open from our twenty. But Red was thirty-one years old, and eleven rugged seasons had taken away much of his once-blinding speed. At midfield he stumbled, and Cecil Irvin, a big 230-pound tackle, caught him from behind on the Giants' thirty-nine.

Red turned and walked slowly to the bench. "I just couldn't make it, George," he said. "My feet kept getting heavier and heavier."

It was the end of an era. Up to then, football had been essentially a running game. Thorpe was a runner, and so were Grange, Feathers, Bronko Nagurski, Ernie Nevers, Clarke Hinkle, Dutch Clark and many others whose names had dominated the headlines in the sports pages. Benny Friedman, the old Michigan star, had made the forward pass a potent weapon in the late 1920's, but the potentialities of the aerial game had not been properly exploited or explored. Now an exciting new era was just around the corner.

Editors' Note: This is the second of three articles by Mr. Halas. The last will appear next week.

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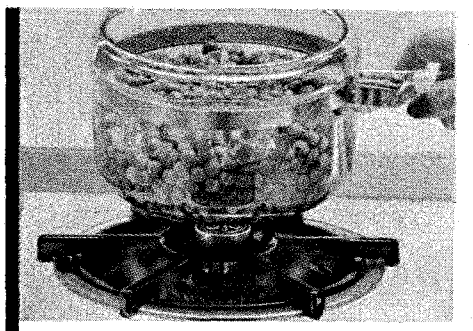

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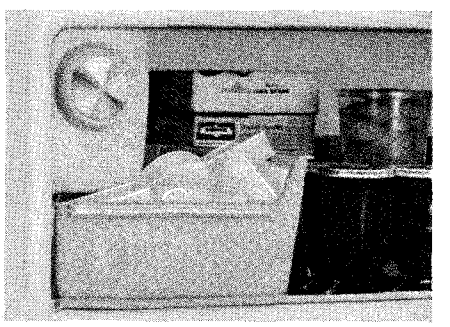
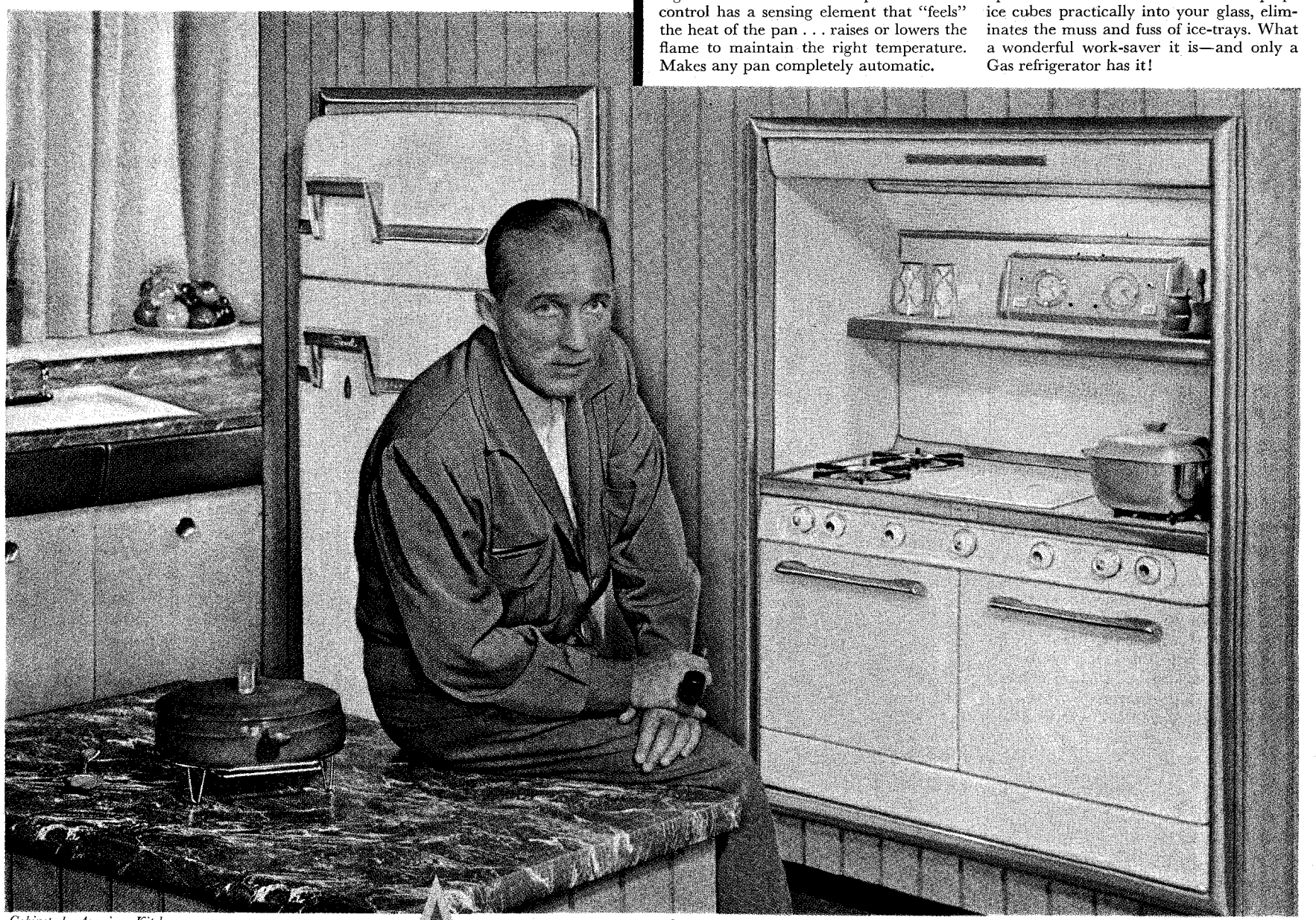


ONE ICE-CUBE—OR DOZENS! Here's a close-up of the wonderful ice-maker that plops ice cubes practically into your glass, eliminates the muss and fuss of ice-trays. What a wonderful work-saver it is—and only a Gas refrigerator has it!



Cabinets by American Kitchens

See these New Freedom† Gas Kitchen appliances at your Gas company or Gas appliance dealer's.

**Trade Mark Reg. & Patents Pending. A product of Western-Holly Appliance Co., Culver City, Calif., and McGregor, Texas, and Wedgewood Appliance Co., Vernon and San Francisco, Calif. A development of "World-Wide" Rheem Mfg. Company.*

ONLY GAS does so much more...for so much less!

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Watch "Playhouse 90" with Julia Meade on CBS-

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†Reg. A.G.A.

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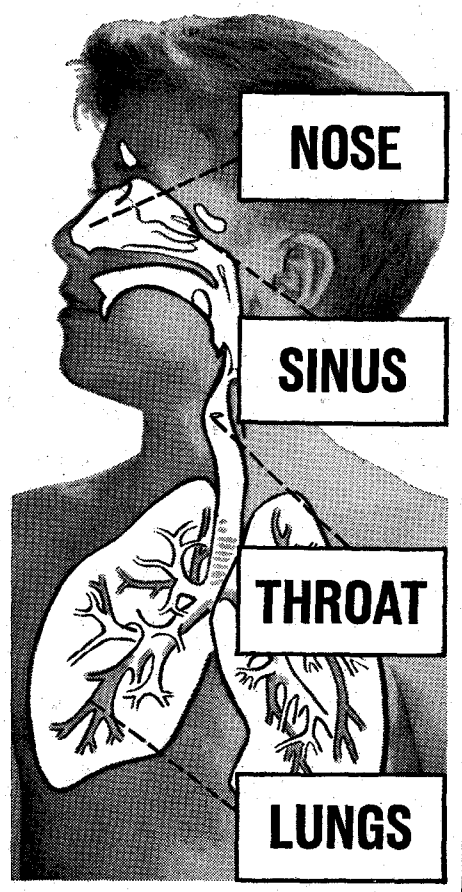
VIRUS COLD OR ASIATIC FLU?

New Instant-Acting Chest Rub Speeds Relief Through



- CREATES MORE MEDICATED VAPORS, FASTER
- ACTION PENETRATES FASTER AND DEEPER
- BRINGS UP TO 6 TIMES MORE CIRCULATION OVER THE AFFECTED AREAS

Now, from Anahist research comes this new wonder formula for chest misery accompanying virus colds or Asiatic flu. New SUPER ANAHIST INSTANT-ACTING CHEST RUB speeds more medicated vapors faster through nose, sinus, throat, lungs . . . while its deeper penetration breaks up congestion . . . and increased blood circulation flushes away stagnant cold "poisons." Get this new greaseless, stainless cream, today. © 1957, ANAHIST CO., INC.

SUPER® ANAHIST
Instant Acting
CHEST RUB

A Remarkable Medical Development from Anahist Research Laboratories

Keeping Posted

First, Last and Always

Novelist **Nicholas Monsarrat** (page 38) and his family are shown in their home, Stone House, which is atop a hill in sixteen acres of parkland outside Ottawa. He speaks of such problems as lawn mowing (10 acres), leaf raking and snow clearance, "but after six years of prewar writing, six in the British Navy, seven in South Africa, where I was director of the British Information Service, and now four in Canada, it is the first home I have ever had, and the last. We love it!" He says his sons, Marc, three, and Anthony, two, waste little time in talking; mostly they eat, and break their toys—and they greet every visitor with Old World courtesy. Besides writing such masterpieces as The Cruel Sea and The Tribe That Lost its Head, Monsarrat wins scads of cups with his 30-foot Dragon-class yacht, racing every weekend out of Montreal. On another score he's less distinguished: "Recently I went to New York to see My Fair Lady, but couldn't get in."

The Monsarrats.

A Triumph of the Spirit

Jane Merchant.

Jane Merchant, of Knoxville, is an inspiring young woman for two reasons. One is that her poetry suggests such a wide and perceptive range of living. There is love, courage and sympathy in both her serious and her lighter work—she happens to be in a whimsical mood on page 107. Her first book of poems, The Greatest of These, won the poetry prize of the League of American Pen Women, and was called "a good companion" by Carl Sandburg; and her new book, Halfway Up the Sky (Abingdon), including material from the Post, is equally companionable.

Jane Merchant, because of a bone ailment, has been invalided since childhood, seldom venturing to leave her bed. She is deaf, most of her communication being with a pencil and pad. She could not go to school, but with her mother's help she educated herself. Her writing thoughts commonly evolve from what she sees outside her window. She does her own typing, is her own business manager, and most of her publishers either don't know she is handicapped or have learned of it from others than herself. All this is the second reason why she is such an inspiring person.

Tales of the Authors

Pizza Party at the Post.

Some folks adore pizza pie, others can exist without it. **Richard Gehman's** pizza article on page 32 and George Lazarnick's delicious pictures so excited the pizza addicts around the Post editorial rooms that one noon they sent out for a prodigious amount of the Neapolitan stuff and did away with all of it. The gourmands in the photo: associate editors Fred Nelson, John Bird and Bob Johnson; secretaries Leona Rogowski, Anne Robertson, Patty Henneberger, Rita Janney and Arlene Ewer.

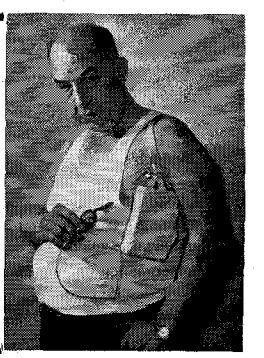
Henry Pringle (page 43) recalls that **Lionel Walford**—"he's called Bert by scientist colleagues and by many species of fish"—was a delightful collaborator, though slightly peripatetic. Their work period was punctuated by Walford taking scientific trips to Rome, then Tokyo, then Lisbon.

James Merriam Moore, page 31, enlisted in the Army in 1911, planning to stay in three years and then be a lawyer. It was a long three years. Colonel Moore is recently retired, after having served with distinction through World War I, an uneasy peace, and World War II.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"How I Trapped My Fellow Cops"

A brave officer sweated it out as an agent inside his own department and uncovered the crooks in policemen's uniforms. And they unwittingly led him to a spectacular roundup of big-time gamblers.



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